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A NOVEMBER NIGHT

By Sara Teasdale

THERE! See the line of lights,
A chain of stars down either side the street—
Why can't you lift the chain and give it to me,
A necklace for my throat? I'd twist it round
And you could play with it. You smile at me
As though I were a little dreamy child
Behind whose eyes the fairies live. . . . And see,
The people on the street look up at us
All envious. We are a king and queen,
Our royal carriage is a motor-bus,
We watch our subjects with a haughty joy. . . .
How still you are! Have you been hard at work
And are you tired to-night? It is so long
Since I have seen you—four whole days, I think.
My heart is crowded full of foolish thoughts
Like fragile flowers in an April meadow,
And I must give them to you, all of them,
Before they fade. The people I have met,
The play I saw, the trivial, shifting things
That loom too big or shrink too little, shadows
That hurry, gesturing along a wall,
Haunting or gay—and yet they all grow real
And take their proper size here in my heart
When you have seen them. . . . There's the Plaza now,
A lake of light! To-night it almost seems
That all the lights are gathered in your eyes,
Drawn somehow toward you. See the open park
Lying below us with a million lamps
Scattered in wise disorder like the stars.
We look down on them as God must look down
On constellations floating under him
Tangled in clouds. . . . Come, then, and let us walk
Since we have reached the park. It is our garden,
All black and blossomless this winter night,
But we bring April with us, you and I;
We set the whole world on the trail of spring.

I think that every path we ever took
Has marked our footprints in mysterious fire,
Delicate gold that only fairies see.
When they wake up at dawn in hollow tree-trunks

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And come out on the drowsy park, they look
Along the empty paths and say, "Oh, here
They went, and here, and here, and here! Come, see,
Here is their bench, take hands and let us dance
About it in a windy ring and make
A circle round it only they can cross
When they come back again!" . . . Look at the lake—
Do you remember how we watched the swans
That night in late October, while they slept?
Swans must have stately dreams, I think. But now
The lake bears only thin reflected lights
That shake a little. How I long to take
One from the cold black water—new-made gold
To give you in your hand! And see, and see,
There is a star, deep in the lake, a star!
Oh, dimmer than a pearl—if you stoop down
Your hand could almost reach it up to me. . . .

There was a new frail yellow moon to-night—
I wish you could have had it for a cup
With stars like dew to fill it to the brim. . . .

How cold it is! Even the lights are cold;
They have put shawls of fog around them, see!
What if the air should grow so dimly white
That we would lose our way along the paths
Made new by walls of moving mist receding
The more we follow. . . . What a silver night!
That was our bench the time you said to me
The long new poem—but how different now,
How eerie with the curtain of the fog
Making it strange to all the friendly trees.

There is no wind, and yet great curving scrolls
Carve themselves, ever changing, in the mist.
Walk on a little, let me stand here watching
To see you, too, grown strange to me and far. . . .

I used to wonder how the park would be
If one night we could have it all alone—
No lovers with close arm-encircled waists
To whisper and break in upon our dreams.
And now we have it! Every wish comes true!
We are alone now in a fleecy world;
Even the stars have gone. We two alone!

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Here snipe and other shore birds of a dozen varieties appear in their appointed seasons. —Page 525.

"GOOD HUNTING"

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

AT the delectable old country-seat where I am invited for shooting in November, there are no beaters to drive half-tame birds out of well-planted coverts; no skirmish line of "sportsmen" deployed upon portable stools and appropriately dressed in brave English checks; no obsequious servants to load and hand us guns; no gallery of women to applaud our skill.

We work for our shots, my host and I and our two congenial friends, the dogs—his idealistic young pointer, my philosophic old setter. We start out at frosty dawn and tramp all day through the russet and red of the autumn woods

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and fields, wading across luscious-smelling swamps, breaking through cat-brier thickets which tattoo our legs and would make English tweeds retire in shame to the rag-bag. There are no game carts to bear home the trophies of carnage, no game-keepers—and for that matter there is sometimes but little game.

Yet I wonder if any of my fellow lovers of the most ancient and the most royal of sports is lucky enough to have a better time with a truer sportsman in a more delightful corner of the country than has been my portion almost every season since my host and I were boys together at college shooting clay pigeons on the gun club.

I

EXCEPT to those who kill to live, or live to kill, the game bag can no more gauge the joy of shooting than money-bags the success of life. Indeed, I know sportsmen, good shots at that, who say they find more contentment in the lean bag than in the full one, basing this doctrine not upon the grim philosophy of the Stoics, but upon sound Sybaritic principles of pleasure. More than enough for a feast dulls the fine edge of appreciation in the shooting of game as well as in the eating thereof.

For my part, except when on the Western plains, I've seldom had enough of either! But I agree that to get the keenest zest out of shooting I must not only work but wait for my shots. As a mere matter of skill, it is more of a feat, of course, to execute a right and left on driven pheasants rocketing overhead than to score a double on "straightaway" quail flushed over dogs. But, for one thing, you miss the fun of the dogs. And so do the dogs, God bless them. If the object of shooting in the field is simply to test your skill, why take the trouble to go into the field? You may get muddy and tear your clothes. Why not slaughter live pigeons at the trap and be done with it?

Not that we are of that modern breed of sportsmen who pursue game with the camera. We were trained in the old school. We have not learned to interest ourselves in the introspection of birdies and bunnies, nor to be thrilled by the left hind footprint of the skunk. We are still so incompletely evolved from savage ancestry as to love the chase more than most of the joys of life—and for this I offer no apology and ask no palliation. I suppose we might try to tell you (and ourselves) that we carry several pounds of steel and lead all day through bush and bog until utterly exhausted, all for the beneficent purpose of bestowing a swift and painless death upon quail and woodcock which in the ordinary course of nature would meet a violent or a lingering end. That is one of the familiar sophistries of sport, and sport is one of civilization's compromises with barbarism. There is still a good deal of the savage left in all of us, including those who will not admit it, and it might crop out in ways more harmful to society, less beneficial to the individual. (It has been known to happen.) Some men, perhaps, do not need a safety-valve in order to remain social. Others do.

But with equal candor I can say that although some seasons bring us "big days" down there on the old place, days of barbaric delight which stand out in recollection like a crimson swastika on a white blanket, yet there have been still other days, failures according to the game book in the hall, which stand out like pure gold against the fading weave of happy memories.

Good shooting, in fine, can help make a good day's sport, but poor shooting cannot mar it, provided time, place, and companionship be perfect. . . . So there may be hope for our descendants!

II

To drain the quintessence of enjoyment from a shooting trip you should time it to come at the end of a long sentence of hard labor. It should loom up ahead of you as something to work for, to live for; a goal toward which you are struggling like a long-distance runner. Then with your holiday comes the voluptuous peace of an athlete breaking training. "Toil that is o'er is sweet," but it is so much sweeter if followed by active indulgence in your favorite form of play than by passive loafing, which kills so many vacations.

And yet more important than all else, I

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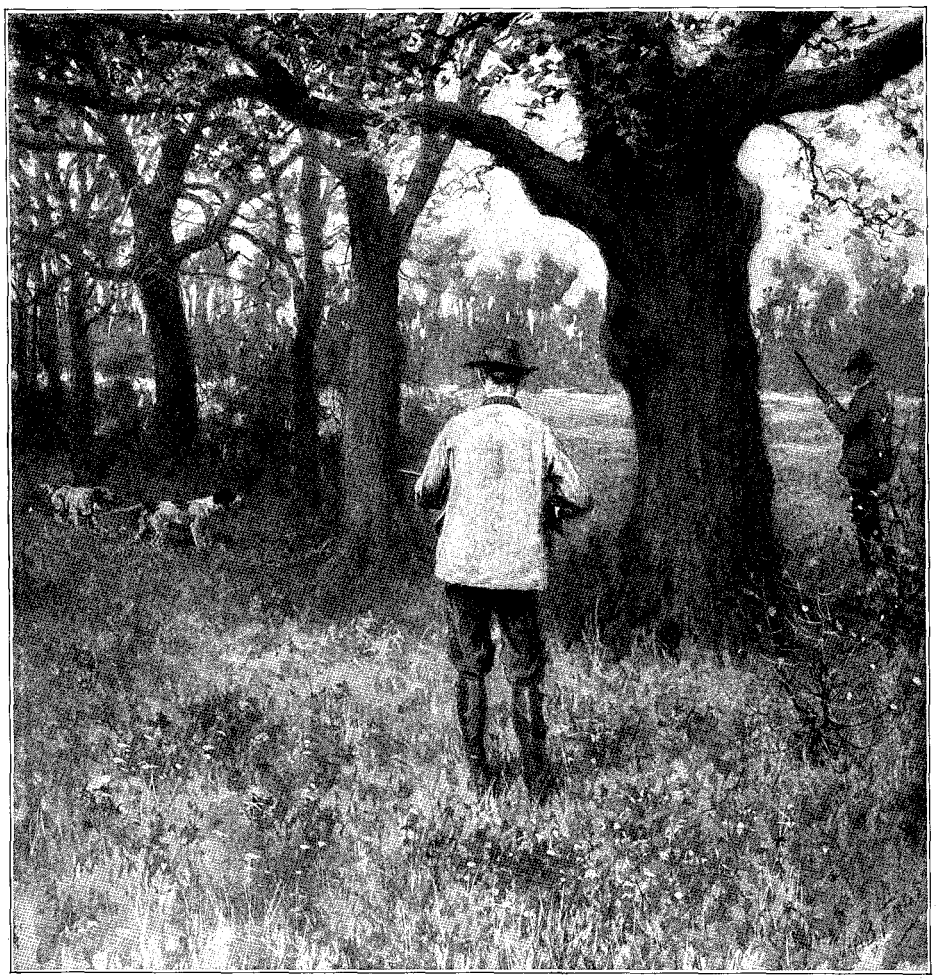

We carefully work down the length of the hedge, putting up singles and doubles.—Page 524.

think, is the choice of your playmate. How many lifelong friendships have started over guns or the talk of shooting! How many congenial brothers, from all over the world, are discovered by members of the freemasonry of sport! Wherever found, in the smoking-rooms of clubs, steamers, or sleeping-cars, and whatever their station of life—for the true democracy of outdoors is too robust for artificial distinctions—they nearly always turn out to be real people, likable, reliable fellows, the sort instinctively trusted by women, adored by children, and abjectly worshipped by dogs. Their faults may sometimes be those of conviviality or recklessness, but of cupidity or smallness rarely.

My friend Billy and I first met in a cloud of powder smoke. For there were clouds in those days: our youthful cannonading at the traps began before smokeless powder came into general use. And since he first invited me, in Professor Woodrow Wilson's class-room, to shoot quail and ducks with him on a Thanksgiving holiday, two generations of dogs have matured from yapping puppyhood, retired to the dignified leisure of the fireside, and, alas! have slipped away to the happy hunting-ground. Gawky young saplings have grown into self-centred trees with self-respecting branches. Certain well-remembered scenes of hot fusillades in the past have been changed by

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time from "ideal cover" into underbrush too thick to shoot in; while other nooks and corners, once commonplace, are now in their turn acquiring the look of those thrillingly correct backgrounds to A. B. Frost's shooting-pictures.

We've been at it so long, indeed, that we work together as a team as well as any pair of dogs we've ever shot over—better, in some respects, for we aren't jealous of each other's successes, as they often are; we don't try to bluff about our failures, as they have been known to do. And when the day's sport is over and all four of us are taking our well-earned rest by the fire, the dogs sometimes snarl and have to be separated; we, as it happens, have never yet fought—even over politics or religion, though we differ in both sufficiently to make conversation. And so, since time and occupations now allow us to meet but rarely during the rest of the year, the annual oiling up of guns means more than companionable indulgence in our favorite sport. It means the reunion of two old friends who know each other's ways and like them.

As for the place where I enjoy these blessings, doubtless it was not designed originally for a game preserve, but it would be hard to find a better location for one within such easy reach of town. The broad acres, remote from the railroad, inconvenient for poachers, and completely hidden from the highway by several miles of woods, lie tucked away upon a sunny, sequestered neck of land between a small river, in which there are sometimes trout in the spring, and a great bay, in which there are always ducks in the fall. The land is no longer used for farming, and one might suppose it had been laid out expressly for quail, as we in the North incorrectly term the Bob White, known as partridge in the South and recognized as the king of American game-birds in all sections. Each of the many fields is enclosed, not by fences (which are more or less dangerous to climb with a loaded gun, and a nuisance in any case), but by deep borders of trees of ancient planting, like the bauks of English estates. These, locally called "hedges," though that has always seemed to me a frivolous term for such dignified oaks, make perfect cover. When the dogs locate a covey in the open and we have flushed and shot at the birds on the rise, they scatter, after the manner of quail, for the nearest hedge, but, also after the manner of quail, they seldom fly beyond the first one they come to. So, bidding the dogs keep close, we carefully work down the length of the hedge, putting up singles and doubles. The undergrowth is thick enough to make the birds lie close, and the trees are not too thick for shooting. But you must shoot quick. It makes a good sporting chance.

After a day or two of this our legs give out, for after all ours are only human legs, and we have but two apiece. Of late years we have observed—with amusement, if not with alarm—a growing tendency to take the car when going "down neck" to "Injun Point," "Little Boat Place," "Big Boat Place," or any of the remote portions of the estate. Indeed, as there are usually openings through the hedges, and all of the fields are level and most of them unploughed, we sometimes stay in the car, plunging and bumping about through the long grass, until the dogs strike a scent. Then we jump out, shouting "steady" and "careful," flush the covey and follow where they lead. It is something like the method of shooting quail in the South, only there it is done on horseback. Cross-country riding by motor is, so far as I know, a new sport of our own invention.

When we have had enough quail-shooting, or even before that point is reached, we chain up the dogs, by this time also fagged, and, arising before dawn, set sail by starlight in a "scooter," laden with duck decoys, for one of the low-lying points which the salt meadows thrust like fingers into the bay. There, luxuriously resting at full length upon the soft mud and sedge, with rubber blankets and hip-boots intervening for our comfort, we listen to the soporific breezes in the rushes, or to each other's ideas for correcting the universe—which also, at times, has a soporific effect—until a bunch of broadbill, redhead, or black ducks comes hurtling in over the decoys. Then we neglect the rest of the universe entirely.

That, of course, is just what we are there for—to forget. No other means, as the late President Cleveland used to

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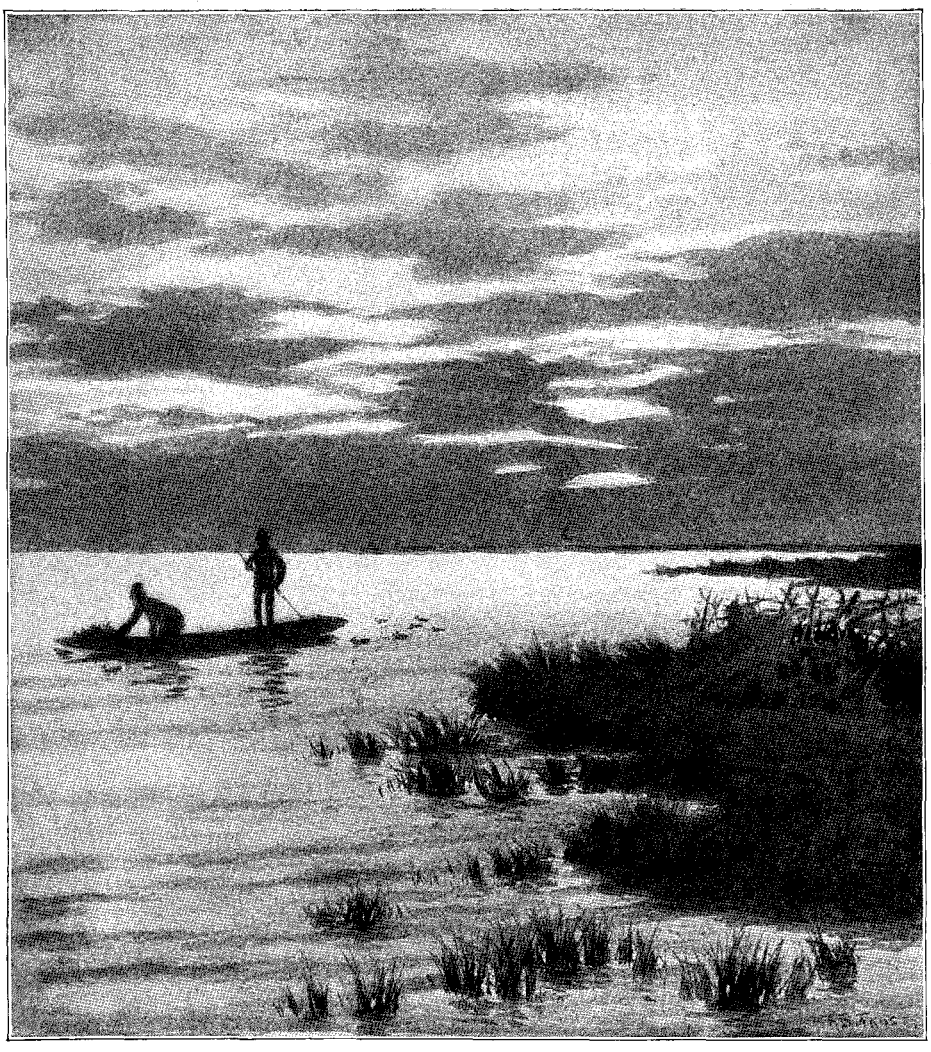

Putting out decoys.

Set sail by starlight in a "scooter," laden with duck decoys.—Page 524.

say, is quite so successful for the purpose as shooting. Such is a man's absorption that frequently one of us asks the other, seated scarcely a yard away, "Did you shoot, too?"

A mile of the outer beach across the bay belongs to the estate, and here snipe and other shore birds of a dozen varieties appear in their appointed seasons. In the woods near the house ruffed grouse are found—infrequently enough to be appreciated. And down in the rich black loam of the river banks, under low-lying alders, hides the elusive woodcock, often in considerable numbers, though when to hunt and where to find that most mysterious and beautiful of all our American birds is usually a different matter. Occasionally even deer are seen in the woods, though no attempt is made to shoot them.

That is a goodly variety of game for a country place within three hours of New York by rail, just a pleasant afternoon's run by motor over roads famous for smoothness. Nor is this place stocked with game, except occasionally in the case of quail, when the winters have been too severe or the foxes and owls too prolific for the coveys to survive.

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III

BUT, for my part, an annual pilgrimage to the scene of these delights would be a gratifying privilege, even without the felicity of friendship or the fun of shooting: An ancestral homestead, built half a century or so before the Revolution and occupied by the direct descendants of the builder for at least a part of every year since—except when the British occupied it, the family having fled for safety to a neighboring State. The William of that generation (for I suppose he would resent being called Billy as much as his present namesake would object to being called William) was too entirely well known and hated by the English to take any risks for his household, having already taken quite enough for himself by signing the Declaration of Independence and raising a regiment which he was now leading as a general in the field—a grim, determined William, judging from the portrait which hangs in the hall over the sword he fought with and the pen he also risked his life with—in order, I suppose, that his descendant and I might kill quail. . . . Well, William immortalized himself as a patriot, but I'd rather go shooting with Billy.

William was of the fourth generation back from the present, and third down from the original ancestor who acquired the land, so the story goes, on a gambling debt from a neighbor whose descendants, as it happens, are neighbors to this day. The latter still have on fading parchment the original grant for the whole tract from the royal William and Mary. "He remained an exile from his estate for seven years," a local historian writes of William the Signer. "The devastations committed on his property were very great." But fortunately, although the family silver, so carefully concealed, was never recovered, the old house itself, for it was old at the time of the Revolution, was not destroyed. With an added wing or two, in keeping with the rest, it remains to this day as it was then, a serene and dignified expression of early Colonial simplicity—long and low and lovable, well-proportioned rooms and many of them, low-ceiled, party-raftered, and with twenty-four small panes in each of the many old windows.

In the woods near the house ruffed grouse are found.—Page 525.

Gleaming white against the dark protecting woods to the north, nestling close to the ancestral sod, and caressed by an enormous linden-tree which towers high above the sturdy chimneys, the house smiles upon a wide expanse of velvet lawn, level as a billiard-table and undefiled by flower-beds or bushes. This is bound at a restful distance by a noble oak frame, also of ancestral planting. It is a mile or more to the water, and two vistas have been

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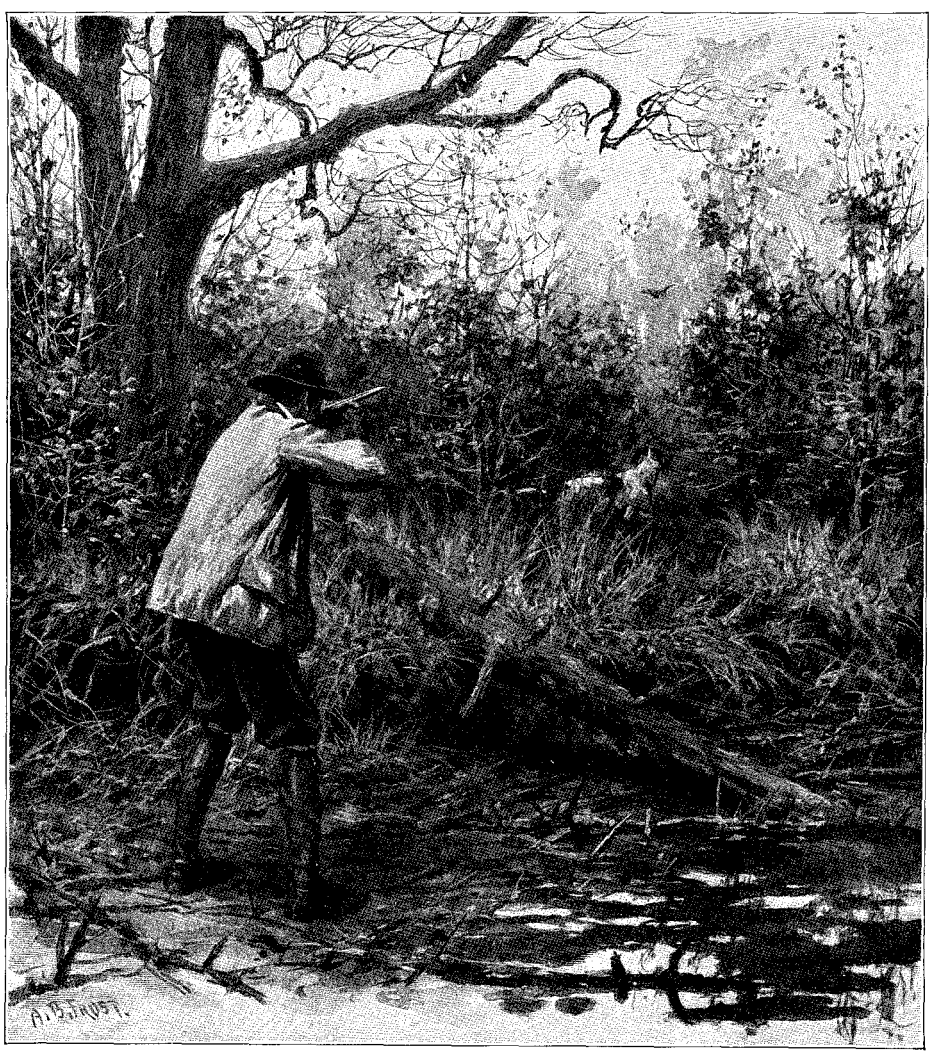
cut through the trees to catch the gleam of the silver bay and—beyond the tawny dunes of the outer beach—the crisp blue band of the thrilling sea.

It is a stalwart old house, constructed in days before American builders were given to putting on Georgian airs and graces. The plain clapboard exterior suggests that tranquil disdain of decoration which our best modern architects now display in some of their chaste domestic exteriors—certain of Charles Platt's, for example—as if quietly aware of being exquisitely correct in line and proportion but aristocratically oblivious to whether you know it or not. Out of sight, but not many miles down the coast, numerous smart country homes rear their conspicuous heads, each looking just as expensive as it can, or, if it can't, then self-consciously "artistic." The summer crowds rushing by on the train to the resorts of fashion would never guess, from the desolate little station bearing its name, the existence of this venerable estate hidden by its thick wall of woods, far removed from the highways infested by screeching motors, meditating on the past in unmolested seclusion.

Up in the garret are rough hide trunks, studded with brass nails, containing flow-



Down in the rich black loam of the river banks hides the elusive woodcock.—Page 525.

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ered waistcoats, poke bonnets, mob caps. Under the stout hewn rafters are hand-made chests and home-made casks, gathering dust. In dark corners lie candle-moulds, spoon-moulds, and quaint cushioned saddles—all waiting patiently. . . .

As in other old houses diamond scratchings may be found on some of the old wrinkled window-panes. Now, the general had two beautiful daughters, who were asked in marriage, so the family tradition runs, by two swains who later in the course of human events became Presidents of these United States, but, if I may quote one of his great-great-granddaughters, the humorous annalist of the present generation, "Unmindful of the laments of collateral posterity the daughters rejected them for the superior charms of an army surgeon and a gallant colonel." Perhaps it was one of these belles who, either before or after her great decision, felt impelled to express her views of the world upon the window of her boudoir—"Life is a blank." Whatever may have been the cause, the results were curious, for the diamond slipped upon the glass, the "l" in "blank" became an "e" and the "k" declined to become at all. So "Life is a bean" remains to this day the message the fascinating lady left to collateral posterity and to its numerous house-parties; thus showing that even in the good old times of soft sighs and subtle swoonings, of lace frills and silver snuff-boxes, ironic reality had a mischievous trick of touching high romance with low comedy.

Out in the shadowed garden, recently restored, is the same path once trod by this ennuied lady's dainty slipper when she ventured forth to gather what were then called "posies." Down the lane are the same oaks beneath which the beaux and belles of those days strolled and courted. Young people stroll there still at times; only now they wear linen or duck dresses, and knickerbockers or flannels. And it is highly improbable that their dialogue is adorned with such long and complicated compliments as in those days. Otherwise it is not so vastly different, I fancy—more stately then, less artificial now.

Meanwhile, in any case, the oaks themselves have grown more stately than ever, and the garden path once merely bordered with box is now completely canopied by it from end to end. . . . So, after all, there are advantages in belonging to the present generation even for purposes of romance and picturesqueness. Older generations cannot enjoy the tone of time which they create for those who follow after. The glamour of their day did not exist for them. A dull, prosaic age they doubtless considered it (witness "Life is a bean") until, peradventure, they took a certain never-to-be-forgotten stroll down the lane or through the box. Then it did not matter. For there are older things than oaks, and more beautiful than gardens.

IV

My first expedition to this entrancing spot had the added delight of a memorable surprise. Though I had occasion later to learn how much he loved it, my shooting pal had told me nothing about his country home except to say that it was "an old farm-house—pretty plain," and to hope that I would not mind! Now, even in those youthful days old houses were a passion with me, and so, at the end of our long, cold drive by night past an Indian reservation and through what seemed an interminable forest, when I found what kind of "an old farm-house" it was, it was love at first sight for me. Here were broad fireplaces built before the nation was founded, with full-length logs blazing cheerily in them; bewildering passage-ways with unexpected steps leading up into one room, down into another; whimsical doors with latches which would not stay latched; antique furniture which had not come from shops; grandfather clocks placed there by grandfathers; and an ancient gun-room with long fowling-pieces left there by previous generations of sportsmen—almost everything, in fact, orthodox old houses ought to have, except, to be truthful at the risk of seeming to be carping, there were no ghosts. Clinging to it all, from cellar to garret, was that wondrous, that delicious odor of antiquity, so suggestive of life and its changes, so eloquent of death which does not change.

As it happened, good shooting in good company over good dogs, combined with bachelor hall in an old country-house,

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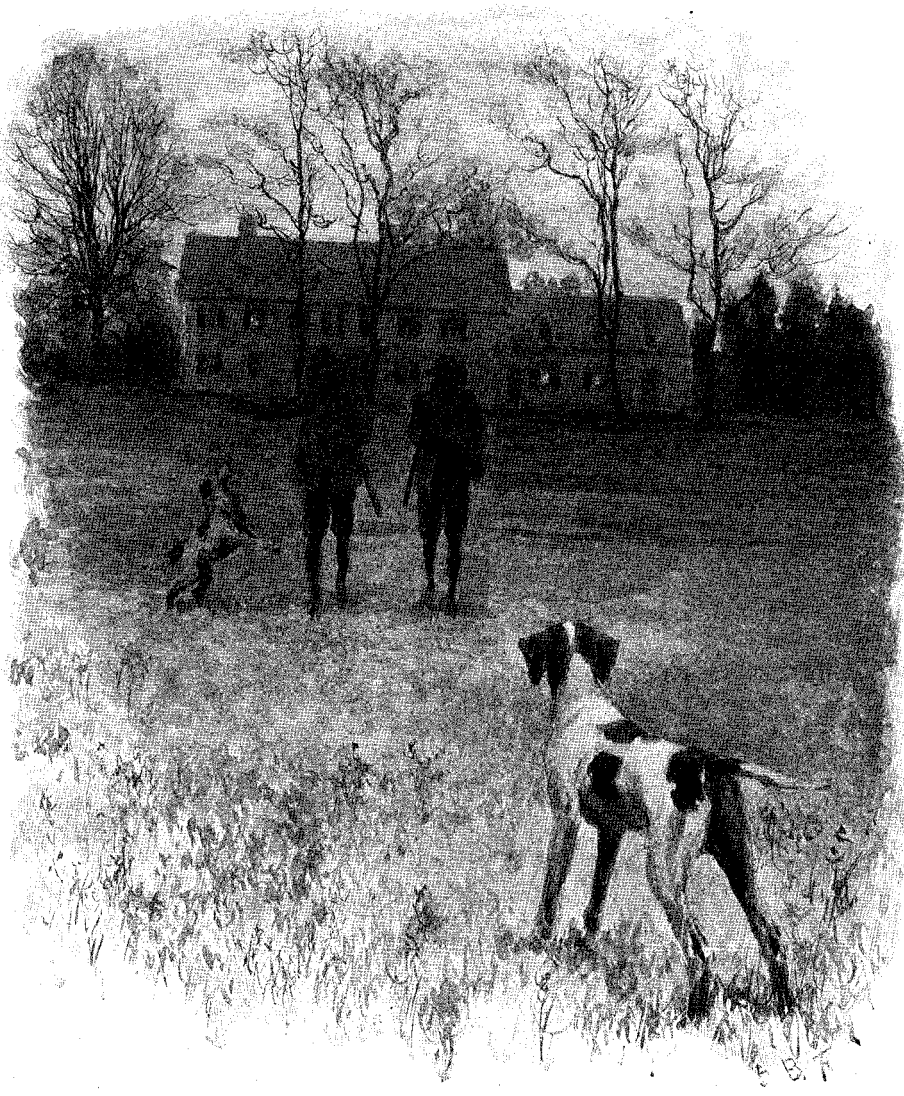

But, oh, the fun of those early morning starts!—Page 530.

mellow and remote, was a thing I had fondly dreamed and doubtless written about. But it is such a rare joy, even in youth, when life obligingly comes true to fiction. It proved too much for me. Despite the deplorable lack of a ghost, I could not sleep that night.

But for that matter neither did my host, and he had lived there all his life and his ancestors before him. The next morning, when with chattering teeth he came to wake me at chilly dawn, he explained that he never could sleep the first night before shooting. Well, even to this day, though the years have brought us deeper joys than good hunting and keener sorrows than bad weather, we are usually too excited to sleep much on the eve of shooting. He, it seems, is continually startled by the old horror of not waking until noon and I by the tantalizing nightmare of a shell stuck in my gun while a thousand birds are describing graceful parabolas about my head.

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"He's got 'em—come up!"—Page 531.

And to this day we still arise at an unearthly hour, like children on Christmas. This, of course, is quite unnecessary, unless we are going out on the bay after ducks, for quail are hard to find in the early hours, before they leave the woods to forage, and we are sure to get soaking wet in the long grass at dewy dawn and to be tired out before sunset in any case.

But, oh, the fun of those early morning starts! The hurried dressing by candlelight; the dark, stark silence of the sentient old house; the startling creak of the stairs, the surprising unconcern of the preoccupied clock in the hall, ticking loudly, tocking deliberately. And then the dazzling light and the welcome roar of the crackling fire in the dining-room; the even more welcome smell of the coffee bubbling on the old black crane; the hurried breakfast devoured with boy-like talk and laughter. And finally, lighting a pipe, "sweetest at dawn," and taking up our glistening guns, we carefully tiptoe out of the side door—having by this time, to be

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sure, thoroughly awakened the rest of the household.

But we're off at last! the long-awaited moment! Across the frosted lawn comes the cool, sweet breath of the woods. Above the clear-cut rim of the sea comes the inquiring sun. And from far out on the bay comes a muffled "thrump!"—some one is shooting ducks. We slip shells into our guns. We close the breach with a low clang that is music to our ears and to the dogs'. They are unleashed now, they race like mad across the whitened grass, then back again to us to make sure that it is all true—are we really going shooting together again? We are! We are! They leap and dance and lick our faces. They bark and whine and bump their silly old heads against our gun-barrels. For they too have been waiting and longing for this moment, understanding all the preparations, crying for joy at the sight of faded shooting-coats, springing to their feet at every movement of their gods. . . .

Perhaps we fail to strike the scent in "Great Lot," in "Ballroom Lot," or the "Lot Before the Door." Maybe even "Lucky Lot" fails us, though that used always to be a sure place to find a covey or two, as the name suggests—our own name, which in turn may be handed down and accepted unquestioningly by later generations like the many other local names with no other authority than custom. Possibly we find it necessary to work far out through "Muddy Bars" and beyond "Lun's Orchard" to the sweet-smelling cover among the bayberries down by the water.

The sun is getting high. It is nine o'clock. It seems like noon. Sweaters have become a nuisance. The dogs have lost their first enthusiasm. . . . Then suddenly—it is always when least expected—one of them, ranging casually by a clump of stunted bushes, stops abruptly as if instantaneously petrified. It is a most complete stop. His head was slightly turned to one side; it remains so. His tail is straight out behind. His eyes are fixed and glassy. His nostrils are twitching.

"He's got 'em—come up!" We both run forward, the shells in our pockets rattling. Thirst and fatigue are forgotten now.

The other dog has seen, heard, and straightway understands. He too comes up, but more cautiously. Watch him putting down one foot at a time gingerly, "backing up" his friend splendidly—until he too winds the birds, crouches suddenly, and stands as if frozen to the spot. It is a beautiful sight. Beyond, the brown fields fall away to the blue water. The dogs are silhouetted against it. There's a white sail out there.

"Be ready—they're lying close."

Our voices are high and tremulous.

"They'll turn and make for the woods—look out for a cross shot."

We take a step nearer. Though we cannot see the birds it is now a moral certainty that there is a covey of quail here within a few feet of us. And it is bound to rise in a second or two with a furious whir of wings which always alarms the novice and frequently confuses even veterans like ourselves. We stand with guns poised, our hearts thumping like trip-hammers. The dogs are trembling, but they are holding the point stanchly.

With no premonitory sound or movement there is a sudden roar, a speckled brown geyser has gushed up out of the grass at our feet, and a dozen quail are in the air at once, scudding at high speed for the woods, while we, remembering or neglecting to "follow through" with our cross shots, empty our guns after them.

V

How many did we bag?

We each scored a right and left, perhaps. Perhaps we both made double misses. Four birds or none, it doesn't matter much. Every care in the world was forgotten for the moment, and we have a picture to remember through the long days in town.

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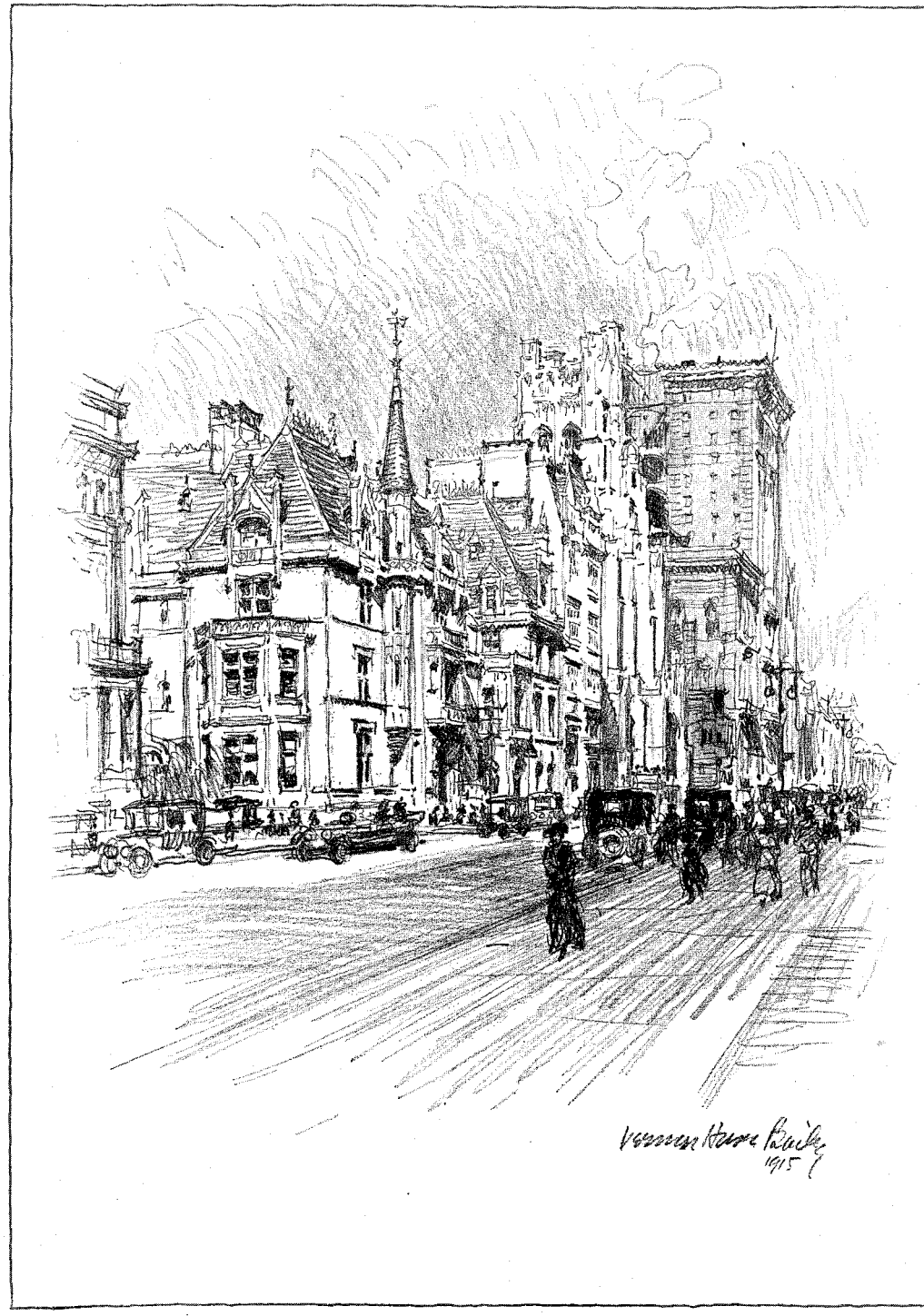

TWO NEW YORK SKETCHES

A bit of Fifth Avenue above 52d Street, harmonious in effect, combining residences and a business building. Just beyond is St. Thomas's Church, the University Club, and Hotel Gotham. This section has the effect of being finished although New York is constantly changing in appearance.

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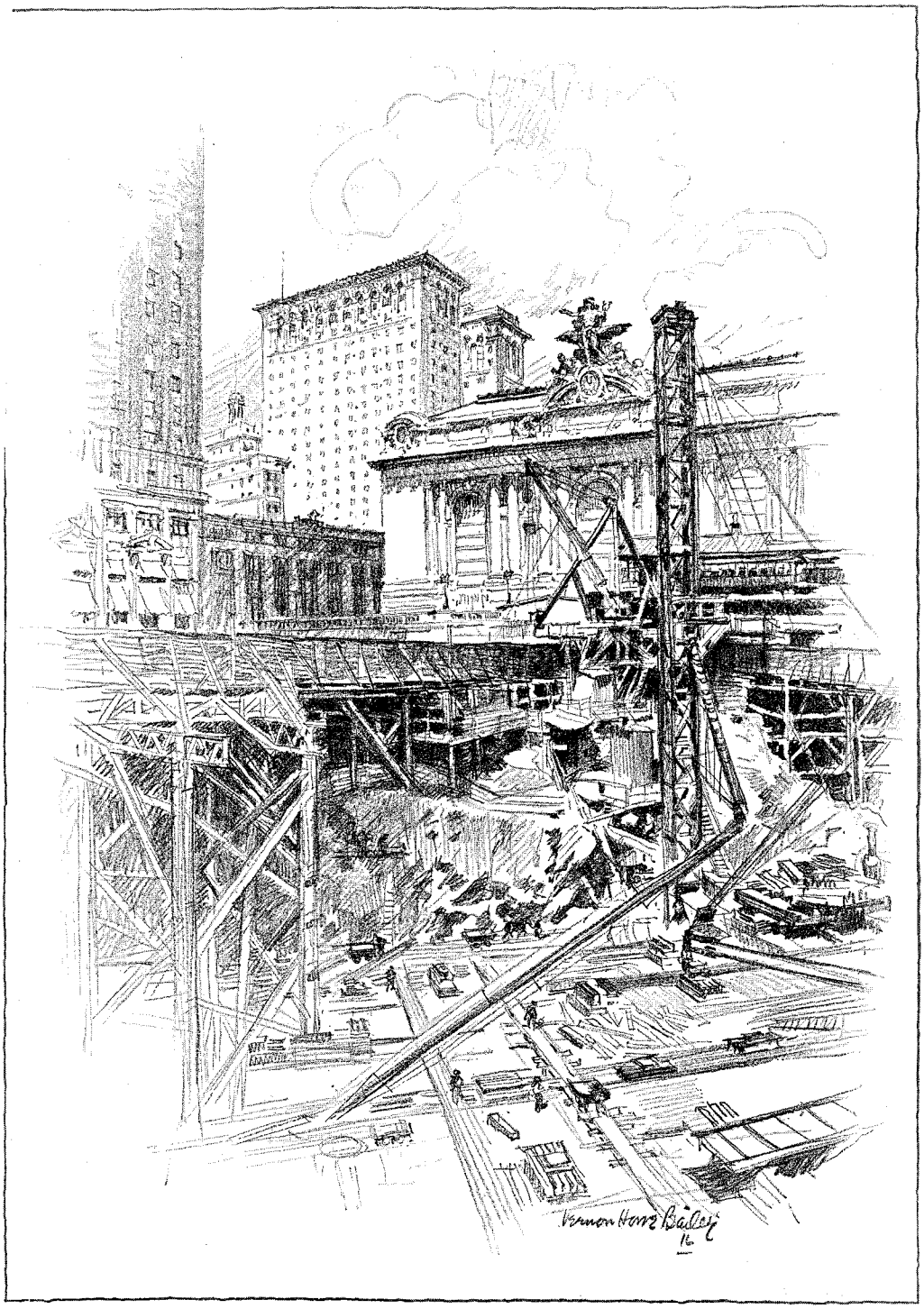

BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY.

The Grand Central Terminal, the building of which has formed the connecting-point of four subway systems and has created a great public centre. Not a building in the picture is fifteen years old, and the work of rebuilding is still going on. The excavation is on the site of the Grand Union Hotel.

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

The childish little figure that danced with rage before him.—Page 536.

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THE BELLS OF CULLAM

By Ethel Watts Mumford

Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball

LORD LOVALL STUART McCAMMERON of Abernethy and Lochan, was a grand golfer—"gowfer," he pronounced it, with a wonderful rounded "ow." He was sixty-five years old, stood six feet six in his spiked heather-brogues, and his temper was as short as his stroke was long and his accent broad. He was the admiration and terror of all the links from John o' Groat's to "Killiecrankie," and body and soul he owned "Wully" Forsythe, the only caddie to survive his fierce czarship of "the Game of Kings."

In his tyrannical way the old man loved the boy. It was his one concession to human weakness. Ice and iron he was to every other claim. He hated weakness, he hated it so viciously that he had cut out his own heart—though his tenants claimed he never had one—to satisfy that hatred. The countryside told in whispers how he had cast forth his only daughter, lovely, gentle Ann Linsey, because in her feminine softness she had given her heart to Duncan Gordon, who was "no wat, but a puir laddie frae the pass o' the Laicht." Ay, he had put her out, and she and her husband had gone to Canada, to be heard of no more, and the estate being entailed, there was but little cause to hope that lovely Ann Linsey would ever glad the wayside with her bonnie face again. But her father, having cast her from his house, to all appearances cast her from his mind also. Her name was never mentioned after the boards were nailed across the doors of the rooms that had been hers. Consequently the affection the dour lord displayed for Wully Forsythe was a miracle second only to that of Daniel in the lions' den.

To have passed through the ordeal of being his lordship's caddie, and not only retained this high office, but actually to have wrung favor from the taskmaster, argued a being little short of angelic. Could the good people of Abernethy have eavesdropped at the forming of this strange alliance, they would have understood the situation better, for Wully was far from being even a lesser cherub. At the age of eleven, undersized, red-headed, and freckled in flakes, he was as emotional a little liar as ever told himself to sleep with stories of hair-raising crimes, not the least frequent of which were the mental trouncings he gave his master. Wully was tender-hearted to foolishness, and sentimental as only a Highlander can be. Tears dwelt so near his red-lashed eyelids that he controlled them only by giving his tongue free rein. The Fates, in order to keep him from bursting when fury was upon him, had endowed him with language. He could swear!—heavens, how he could swear! It was this gift, which amounted to real genius, that performed the miracle.

It happened one hot August morning on the second day of Wully's incumbency of the position of caddie-in-chief. He lugged his master's clubs across the links, perspiration dropping from his bulbous brow, weariness cramping his thin legs as he strove to keep pace with the huge, tireless old man. The giant was having his own troubles. The unaccustomed heat put him off his game. He foozled, he tore the turf, he lost three balls in the Banlock tarn, and ended by breaking his favorite lofter. "What were caddies for but to be sworn at? Any able-bodied man could carry his own clubs." Thus he would have argued, and, therefore, with a clear conscience, he cursed Wully Forsythe right through the dictionary of anathema. The boy's eyes took on a misty look, furious tears gathered back of the pale blue, his nose pricked, and he swelled like a pink and freckled toad.

Lord Lovall continued his tirade, and, words failing, he struck the boy fair on the bare knees with the handle of the broken lofter.

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Then the dam broke. Tears dripped from Wully's eyes, his gash of a mouth opened to eloquence that swept over the great golfer's choice collection of insults, drowned it and flowed on unchecked. When he had used up every epithet known to the links, he invented new ones, derived from, the de'il himself would have to guess where. They were vivid, picturesque, biting as vitriol, spontaneous and all-embracing.

His lordship stood, his huge legs spread apart, his knotted hands on his hips, his shoulders bent forward, and his great leonine head overhanging the childish little figure that danced with rage before him.

Wully capped the climax by snatching up the head of the golf-stick and casting it at the giant's shin, where it landed with a resounding crack. Having committed the crime of leze-majesty, Wully stopped short. He stood still, aghast, fully expecting to be beaten to jelly with any or all of the steel-tipped weapons he carried.

What happened was sheer cataclysm—Lord Lovall Stuart McCammeron held out his hand.

"I apologize, Wully. I should have been mair the man than to cast ma ill-will at a child. I beg yer pairdon."

Wully calmed down instantly, but he stood his ground.

"Ah accept yer lordship's apology," he said with the dignity of an archbishop.

Lovall's vast shoulders began to shake, and he turned away his face to hide the grin that would not be controlled. The boy had won. From that day the two were companions. Wully left his aunt's none too opulent home, and came to live at the castle. Up and down the land, as golf tournaments drew them, went the dean of the sport and his freckled squire, together, one and inseparable.

But success had made him overbold, and there came a day when Wully overstepped his bounds, a day that burned itself into the boy's mind and heart, a day of wrath, a day that threatened complete disruption. And the cause of his undoing was far-away Ann Linsey, and thereafter he hated her resentfully.

Came a letter to Factor Stevens, a letter from Canada—a pitiful, proud, brave letter. There was news, great news and sad news. Duncan Gordon was dead and gone—killed in the cave-in of a mine—and his son was born in black sorrow in a blacker world. There was also an enclosure addressed to his lordship, in a shaking hand.

Factor Stevens sat for long in the office, thinking. Who dare present that letter? Not he! He was manager of the vast estate, and had no will to forfeit his job. He was minded for a moment to destroy both communications, for who would ever know? But his conscience smote him cruelly and he mumbled excuses to himself under his breath. With the thin foreign paper scorching his pocket he sought out the minister, Stewart Campbell, at the manse. Campbell looked at the envelope directed in that quavering hand, and his spirit sickened—he was a mild little man. Face the Lion of Lochan with that message—not he! He had four motherless children, and the manse was comfortable, "the minister's pool" in the salmon river, a rich one, and the "glebe" rented well. But Ann Linsey's letter must, for all that, reach its destination.

He rose, donned his flat black hat, seized Stevens's arm, and led him across the cobbled street to the long gray schoolhouse, over which presided Dominie Farquarson, a man of learning and resource. They found him seated at his back door, a pipe in his mouth, Epictetus in his hand. And there, with the babble of the Banlock burn in their ears, they set the matter before him. "He stood well with his lordship—better than any. It would be his place to deliver the letter." Dominie Farquarson wrinkled his shrewd eyes.

"Afreed fer yer jobs?" he said. "Weel, so am I." He shifted his pipe and raised his book. The visitors, with sinking hearts, departed.

Stevens looked blank, the minister scratched his gray head and pursed his lips. And then came Hepsey McLean bobbing down the street, a basket of "scattern" on her arm, her withered face framed in a red knitted cap, as enveloping as an aviator's.

"It's Hepsey," said Campbell hopefully.

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"Ay, it's Hepsey," said Stevens with a sigh of relief.

They headed her off and conducted her to the quiet of the lane back of the fish-shop. And there they consulted her, as did every one in Lochan and Abernethy.

She shook her old head and clacked her withered lips. "Auch, ay!" she murmured, and wiped the tears from her rhumy eyes. "There's but one in the world can tak that letter tae his lordship and live," she said, "and that same is Wully Forsythe, the caddie."

The two harassed men looked at each other.

"It's Wully," said they in one breath. "Wumman, yer recht."

"And Wully's in high favor noo," Stevens added. "His lordship has made the score for the bell at Cullam links, and made the bell at Lorcan, too, within the month. It's the Lord's doin', I'm thinkin'."

"Tell his aunt, the widow Forres," suggested Hepsey. "She'll send for the lad, and then ye can win him to it, he's as soft as a girl. Get him tae greet over Ann Linsey, an' yer got him. Auch, ay," she sighed, and took up the basket and went her way.

Thus it came about that Wully was sent for. Very flattered he was when the two great men of the village made much of him, assured him that he alone could be trusted with the all-important communication, complimented him on holding his unique position of caddie for well over a year; and Wully, swelling with self-importance, wept over her leddyship's misfortunes, and, between pride and pity, was swept off his common-sense feet.

He hid the letter in his inside pocket and returned to the castle. As he trudged on his gait became heavier, his courage began to ooze, his braggart pride collapsed like a pricked balloon. He was a very frightened, very unhappy, and, after all, a very little boy of only twelve. But his word was passed to deliver that letter. He had no alternative.

He sought admittance to the library, where his lordship never read, but often sat of a lonely evening. His master looked up, his lion's eyes glaring at the intruder.

"I didna send for ye, lad," he growled.

"Please, sir," Wully shuffled, "it's ma rapoort." He handed his school report to the giant, who glanced at it.

"Gude, gude—it'll do."

"An'—an'," Wully's heart was beating hard.

"Oot with it," his lordship commanded. "What hae ye done the noo?"

Wully fumbled in his breast, clutched the envelope, and brought it forth with a trembling hand. "I brought yer lordship a letter," he squeaked, like a cornered mouse, and placed the missive on the great oak table under his master's eyes.

The change that came over the old man was terrifying. His face became livid, his eyes blazed with ungovernable fury. He rose with one terrible up-sweep of his gigantic figure.

"Throw that letter in the fire!" he thundered, "*throw* it!" Shaking like a blown reed, Wully took up the letter and tossed it on the embers, where it blazed for an instant and fell to black wisps. "And now"—the great hand fell upon the boy's shoulders; he was lifted clean off his feet, shaken till his teeth rattled and his eyes started from his head, and thrown across the room, where he fell asprawl, his head within an inch of a stand of heavy armor that would have killed him outright had he struck upon it. Half stunned, he looked up into the contorted face of his chief. "Listen tae me!" Lord Lovall bellowed. "If ever ye dare to bring me such a letter—or to mention that name, or by word or deed mind me of that limmer—that day I'll kill ye, Wully Forsythe, dead wheer ye stand."

A heavy dog-whip lay on the table. His lordship seized it and brought the lash down with all the force of his huge body on the boy's quivering shoulders again and again. Wully did not cry out. He clambered to his feet, covering his face with his skinny arm, and shrieked:

"I resign, damn ye, I resign!"

His coat was torn open in half a dozen places, and the blood glowed on the white shirt beneath.

Lovall, with an oath, cast the whip onto the hearth and, crossing his great arms, seemed to press back his rage within himself. When he spoke again his voice was calm.

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"Tell Mar, the gillie, tae wash yer back, Wully—and be on the links at six thirty, the morn."

The boy lifted his livid face. "Ye links 'deil,' I hae resigned! I telt yer."

"At six thirty," said his lordship. "Ye canna tell me, Wully Forsythe, ye didna ken ye shudna have come tae me with that letter. Ye got yer pay fer comin.' Ye ken what tae expect shud ye offend again. Now we understand one another. At six thirty, the morn."

Stiff, sore, and outwardly sullen, Wully was on the links when the mists cleared, but deep in his heart was overwhelming thanksgiving—he was not to be cast out. Once more the strange friendship was cemented. The two took up their united life, one and inseparable—the giant of ice and iron; the romantic, sentimental boy.

The weary, dreary fogs of Glasgow drifted before Lord Lovall McCammeron's windows overlooking the gray and crowded street. The grand old golfer sat wedged in an armchair, two sizes too small for him, and surveyed the boy. Wully was now thirteen. The years had pulled him out long and narrow and peppered him with more freckles. His hair was auburn, and his blue eyes held back the sympathetic or tempestuous tears with a harder pucker, a parody and unconscious imitation of his lordship's challenging eye. Time had been unable to hack or hew another wrinkle on McCammeron's face or filch a cubit from his upright stature. Grimmer of expression it could not have made him, but at the moment satisfied pride had relaxed the gashes from nostril to chin that bounded his iron mouth on the east and west.

"Wully," said he, "it's a great honor they have conferred upon us, d'ye mind it, lad? To be made custodian of the golf bells at the Glasgow Exhibeetion! It's the highest tribute the united governors of all the links in Scotland could pay, and I hope ye'll realize it."

Wully flushed magenta under the freckles.

"I ken," he nodded. "It's grrand!"

"We will now go forrmally to the exhibeetion grrounds and prresent ourrselves," his lordship announced, rising with difficulty from the grip of the chair.

The boy rang a hand-bell, which brought forward a serving-man attired in a suit of shockingly loud plaid—his lordship's "service tartan." The whiskered valet presented his master with stick, gloves, and handkerchief, and helped him with his wide-skirted overcoat. Wully took up his cap and jerked the knees of his outgrown golf trousers. The dean of the links and his henchman were about to take office as custodians of the trophies; and the keeper of the Great Seal of England guarded a mere trifle compared to the glorious responsibility of the golf prizes of Scotland's ancient and honorable companies.

At the door of the hotel his lordship's barouche awaited him—he scorned such "kittle cattle" as taxis—and in state, Wully on the box beside the driver, was driven to the exhibition grounds. At the historical pavilion they were met by a deputation of officers representing the great clubs, the formidable links of the north and south countries, and Lovall Stuart McCammeron, Lord of Abernethy and Lochan, was conducted to the long, well-lighted room, where, on shelves and in cases, shone the priceless treasures that two hundred years of golfing had won and lost. There were high silver flagons bearing the hall-marks of the Georges, tankards and bowls of Queen Anne's time, platters and nefs and loving-cups, shields and beakers of all sorts and sizes and ages. A brave and glittering show they made, and each bore the score and the name of the match it commemorated, a feast for the eye of every true golfer—a silver record of mighty strokes and magnificent putting.

But it was not upon this gorgeous display that the eye of their honorable custodian dwelt with keenest pride, not the magnificence of hall-marked plate that rejoiced his sporting soul. Such plate one might gaze upon in many an ancient hall, many a castle boasted its carefully polished and hoarded testimonials to golf supremacy. But only once in a proverbial blue moon were the golf bells brought together for the vulgar herd to covet and wonder at. The golf bells! How their jingling music tinkled down the years, and how they shone and twinkled in the long central cases down

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the room. Each of the great links had its own show-case—and there the silver bells reposed. In shape like sleigh-bells, of varying sizes, strung on the slim rod of an ancient golf-stick that had itself made its grand record; each bell bearing a name, the winner of the club match of the year. There were brassies and lofters and putters galore, fitted close between handle and iron, with crowding bells. One read in quaint script names world-famous in their day, names forgotten, except for a mossy stone in the kirkyard, and on the dented "grelot" that commemorated a championship.

It was upon the golf bells that the Lord of Abernethy's eyes gloated. Here, indeed, was the *Great Trust.*

Wully's eyes almost popped from their tawny-lashed sockets as the keys of the cases were turned over to his master. For upon him would devolve the dusty honor of polishing these honored relics during the long months the exhibition would last. And as he looked at the serried ranks of silver his heart misgave him. There must be a million bells. It seemed impossible that all the golf associations of Scotland together for two hundred years could have accumulated such a collection. But the pride in his lordship's eyes brought an answering glow to his squire's. Without a doubt, to polish the golf bells of Scotland was a privilege, and meet for brag when one should be once again among the heather hills. But six months with a tooth-brush and silver powder!—when the open heath called, and the cloud shadows raced each other across bunker and tee—! Wully swallowed a sigh—a king may sigh at his coronation for thought of schoolboy freedom. There may have been a regret in his master's heart as well, for while the exhibition lasted the links would call in vain. When his lordship accepted responsibility he took it hard, and woe betide him who failed to realize it and abide by the law. So the days of guardianship began.

In the directors' room his lordship presided, grandly as a chancellor of the realm. In the gallery, after hours, Wully kept the "siller o' Scotland" bright. His days were free. He hung around the rooms, listening to the talk of the visitors as they gazed at the famous bells. Occasionally he proudly acted as exhibitor, pointing out the oldest and most famous trophies, speaking of the individual tone and tinkle, for now he knew them all like the voices of friends.

It was during these early days that he first met the Lady and the Baby. She was tall and slender and very pretty, with frail apple-blossom beauty. But the surprising thing was her interest in golf. As a rule, the women enthusiasts were gowned in tweed, well-set-up, outstriding females, with open-air manners. This was no wielder of the brassy; she was too slow of movement, too weak, too gentle. Then, too, she brought the baby when she haunted the exhibition. The baby was a strapping, solid person, who looked as if, given time and opportunity, he might achieve first-class caddiehood. The lady made Wully's acquaintance and asked him a thousand questions. She was more interested than all the tweeded champions. The friendship ripened. Wully so far forgot his manly importance as to take a fancy to the future caddie. Once or twice he dared to open the cases and run a finger over the tinkling bells, to the infant's delight.

Then the lady ceased to come. She had looked very white for a day or so, her step had dragged, even the preoccupied boy had noticed it. Then for a week her slim figure in its plain, threadbare black, did not show itself at the accustomed noon-hour. Perhaps she was only an exhibition visitor, and had gone away. Sorely Wully missed her. Often she had brought her lunch in a paper, and the baby's bottle strapped to a hot-water bag wrapped in a napkin, and the three had sat out-of-doors, in the sunny esplanade, and eaten their "piece." She might at least have said good-by, thought Wully, strangely annoyed at this lack of courtesy. He had taken much pains to show the lady everything of interest, and she had appeared to drink in his words, never tiring of hearing of the prowess of his lordship and all the details of the great matches they had won together. She even loved to hear of Abernethy and the castle and the collies, and all the little happenings on Abernethy links. Yet she could go away with never

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a word! Wully was very lonely in his foreign grandeur. More and more his master was surrounded and absorbed by banquets and addresses. He was writing articles, too, "On the development of the 'lofter' and the 'putter,'" "the maintenance of greens," and the "tabulation of bogies." Wully saw little of him now, and the frail lady in black with the large baby in white had come to mean a great deal in his empty days.

On the eighth day of her absence, a shock-haired youth clopped into the gallery and pounded sulkily up to Wully, sitting disconsolate in a corner under the great International Challenge Cup. The youth spoke in the heavy accents of the Glasgow dialect that defies transcription. The lady in black was ill, was the gist of his message, and asked that Wully come to see her. The youth thrust a slip of paper bearing an address in the heart of Glasgow's cheapest slum, and clopped out again.

Had there been any one to notice Wully's absences from that day on, he must have observed their growing length. Had any one been keen to follow his mental and moral processes, they would have seen a new wonder, a new responsibility, an abiding terror in his red-lashed eyes, and the pucker of his freckled forehead never relaxed. But no one saw and no one cared. The days lengthened into weeks. Several times Wully appeared at the exhibition rooms, shamefacedly carrying the massive infant. He sat long hours nursing the child in his lap, or guiding its unsteady rambles, his eye fearfully watchful of the door at the end of the gallery that led to the directors' room.

These were days of great official activities, and his lordship was busy meeting the "Committees on Art and Sculpture," the "Committee on Scottish Historical Exhibits," "Scottish Manufactures," "Caledonian Transportation," and all the other committees the great exhibition had brought together.

He never saw the astonishing spectacle of Wully Forsythe and his newly acquired child.

Then one day Wully absented himself wholly, only turning up after hours to assume his task as polisher-in-chief.

The morning following this truancy his lordship chose to devote to an inventorial examination of the treasures in his charge. Catalogue in hand, he came slowly down the great corridor, checking up the contents of each show-case with a vigorous stab of his gold pencil. All was in perfect order until his progress led him before the centre case. Suddenly he stopped short and his jaw fell. He looked again, unwilling to believe his perfectly healthy old eyes. A bell was missing from the Arran Links Club—the big grelot, with three dents in it, inscribed in running script: "John Manerchill, 1792!" His horrified glance rested on a second club loaded with its jingling trophies, thick as grapes on a stem. By Saint Andrew, patron saint of balls and brassies! The Killiecrankie Club was minus its bell of 1903!

Lord Lovall's heart stood still. In all his violent life he had never known shame or fear. But it was not for him to die unknowing their sting. He remembered opening that very case on the previous day, and passing the laden clubs from hand to hand of the members of the "Art Loan Committee"—and two bells were missing! He closed the glass door, beads of perspiration spangling his brow. With anguished care he inventoried the contents of the other cases. They were intact. He retired to the official room, a prey to all the devils of mortification and suspicion. Fortunately there was no one to whom the loss must be reported—he was sole custodian.

He sallied forth in vexation of spirit to walk the streets. To accuse the members of the visiting committee was out of the question. There had been twenty of them present. On no one in particular could he cast suspicion; a score of men could not collectively steal two golf bells. But he was responsible. His trust was broken. He could not hope that the theft would pass unnoticed. Yet to report the loss was to shame himself forever and cast suspicion upon twenty men sure to bitterly resent the imputation—it was a case of devil and deep sea.

Then Lord Lovall had an inspiration. He would replace the missing tokens. To have them fashioned in Glasgow was out of the question. The whole of Scotland would inevitably and literally ring with

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the scandal. There was nothing for it save a trip to London. He cancelled engagements, pleaded business with his solicitors, and fled in the night. He remembered the missing bells clearly. Out of all the thousands displayed he could have minutely described each one. The West End silversmith who made them to his order was mystified at the necessity of adding dents and scratches. The engraver in the East End, who marked the two pieces, asked no questions, doubtless never troubled to ask himself any. But his lordship trembled guiltily before both these humble artisans, to whom he gave his name as "Mr. James Wentworth."

That week in London was terrible. He hid from the millions he did not know, and who knew him not, with the craft of a Fenimore Cooper Mohican. He was haunted by the thought that the loss would be discovered before he could make his substitution. To ease his anxiety he wrote daily to Wully Forsythe, and received daily painful, tongue-in-the-cheek, pencil-chewed letters from the boy.

Apparently no one, not even the caddie, had noticed the mysterious disappearances. His lordship, in spite of his relief, made a mental note against his freckled squire. Wully *should* have noticed the loss. His work must be heedless, indeed, if he failed to note the absence of two of his sacred charges.

With his substitutes in his overcoat pocket, their tinkling voices gagged by bits of paper, the miserable custodian of Scotland's most honorable relics retraced his way to Glasgow. With furtive eyes he watched for a chance to replace the lost bells. All day he hovered guiltily at a distance from the case that drew him like a magnet. It seemed to him that the whole population of Glasgow and every visitor to the exhibition had given rendezvous in the "Golf Trophy Hall."

At last the great rooms were closed to the public, and Wully Forsythe, a strangely preoccupied and silent Wully, came in, rag in hand, to begin his ministrations. Master and man exchanged nervous greetings. His lordship found a lame excuse and sent his squire to search for a mythical muffler dropped somewhere in the entry.

At last he was alone. Hastily he tiptoed to the case, unlocked it, and thrust his hand into his pocket. He paused, open-mouthed. Mysteriously returned to their parent stem, the two missing bells gleamed at him. He gulped, slammed the glass door shut, staggered to a settee, and sat down heavily. Anger glowed in his heart. This was a hoax! a wretched wheeze evolved by some addle-brained joker among his confrères! They had made a fool of him; well and good. Find out the mystificator he would, and then he should learn that fooling with the wrong man is costly business. Boiling inwardly, but outwardly his dour pompous self, he stalked to the hotel. His ruminations of the night elucidated nothing, but left him a determined sleuth. He sought out each member of the suspected "Historical Loan Committee" and watched him keenly. They were a generation of deceivers. Not one showed evidence of guilt or concealed amusement. The Chief of Abernethy and Lochan descended to eavesdropping, to cat-footed trailing—all to no purpose. And then, four days after his return from hated London, the sword of Fate fell once more. The first and second bells were removed from the Cullam stick!

His brain whirling, the harassed custodian staggered to the directors' room. They dared to play with him! with *him*—the ferocious, fear-compelling, unforgiving Lovall Stuart McCammeron, whom no one in all the golfing shires dared so much as contradict! Were the culprit before him he would brain him where he stood.

But the culprit was not before him, neither could he summon him. For once in his life the rage of the old Lion of Lochan spent itself on unresisting air, his fury thwarted, his red-eyed madness inspiring no panic. It was a new experience. He was apoplectic with unrelieved anger. Yet he could not voice his fury without delivering himself into the hands of those who jeered him. He spent a day and a night of torment, sleepless, nursing his hot resentment. And it went hard with the whiskered, green-plaided valet, who had need of all his clan loyalty. Over and over in his superexcited mind Lovall turned the facts of the case. A

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thought obtruded. Could it be Wully Forsythe? He dismissed the notion with a shrug. But it returned. Wully had acted strangely. There was something fearsome and furtive in the boy's blue eyes. Wully had access to the cases, and Wully had been given the run of the town all day without restraint. The thought hurt him. His affection for the lad was deep as it was rough and selfish. That insidious suspicion pained him cruelly. He hated himself for harboring the thought—he who had never questioned any thought or act of his own. "I will na be unjust to the lad!" he told himself—he who had never thought in terms of justice. But the more his heart rebelled at the suggestion of his protégé's guilt, the more his slow brain tenaciously and logically clung to the theory. Emotionally torn as he had never been torn before, he threw trust to the winds. Know the truth he must.

He began to watch with the evil sharpness of a weasel in his level, leonine eyes, and with every uneasy, slinking action of the quarry his painful conviction grew. Had the lad been tossing pennies and pawned the bells, only to redeem and return them? A pang shot through him. He cursed himself for giving the boy no pocket-money. He paid his expenses, bought his clothes, threw him a tip at rare intervals; but had Wully any wants outside the round of his daily tasks, they must, perforce, have gone unsatisfied. His miserable benefactor controlled an impulse to offer the lad an allowance. First he must learn if it were, indeed, Wully who had committed the unspeakable theft. Were they not joint custodians of the bells, their honor jointly at stake? For such a crime there could be no forgiveness. He realized suddenly how complete and unquestioning had been his faith in the lad. Ay, *he had been weak!*

Weak he had been, but deep within his breast, unknown, unguessed even by himself, cataclysmic changes had taken place. Iron he had been, and iron he remained, but rebellious metal sloughs, disintegrates, and rots where the continuous, unseen currents of electricity work upon it, until, while the semblance stands, an unbending rod, the substance is ready to melt at a touch. Are not affections aroused and palpitant the electricity of the spirit? The love he had grown to bear the boy had quickened others long dormant and wilfully sealed with the stamp of oblivion. His anguish of heart stirred shrouded ghosts of other memories—there came tormenting visions of Wully and his letter, the letter burned unread.

The longer he brooded on his fears and the gnawing hurt of suspicion ate at his heart, the surer the weakening of his armor of tyranny. His sorrow and his fears, his parched and aching heart were breaking down his resistance; he was human at last, and he cursed himself for his weakness and vowed bitter vengeance to heal his hurt. But now he knew that punishment and vengeance would be of no avail, and regrets whispered to him from behind the closed and boarded doors of empty rooms away in Lochan Castle. He was near breaking down with the strain of his misery, the doubt and anxiety that made him even doubt himself. But none would have guessed from his frowning eyes and hard, set mouth that closed grimmer and more dour than ever.

Wully was apprehensively conscious of the watching eyes of his master. There was a dogged look in the boy's freckled face, a drawn twist to his gash of a mouth, a suspicious redness of the eyelids proclaiming the threat of tears; but he fully believed he had eluded his fate when, late one night, he left the exhibition buildings and, threading his way through the brawling Saturday night crowds, lost himself in the narrow streets of Glasgow's slums. The towering form of his lordship was no easy one to hide. He topped the crowd always, like a pine in a forest of saplings, and Wully's glances over his shoulders disclosed no avenging giant on his trail. But, keeping him in view, doubled over on his cane like a palsied cripple, retribution was following close. Many a tipsy street wag paused to jeer and leer at the stooping figure in gray homespun of Edinboro' cut, but they gave ground before the glare of the lion eyes and the fierce set of the great jaws. His lordship followed his caddie with love and pain, fury and fear at his heart, for what could a country-bred lad be doing in this city reek; a lad with his keep well doled

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"There's but one in the world can tak that letter tae his lordship and live," she said, "and that same is Wully Forsythe, the caddie."—Page 537.

him at the best hotel in Glasgow? The old man's heart bled with apprehension.

Wully turned in at the door of a gaunt building, black with the damps of centuries of Scotch fog, and hurried up flight after flight of stone steps in a passage as cold and clammy as a vault. His lordship followed. He dared not risk the ascent of the noisy stairs. He stood below in the dark, counting the landings as the boy's shadow crossed the glare of an oil lamp at each rise. Four—there was the sound of a closing door, then only the myriad sounds of a teeming tenement.

Stealthily the old man mounted from floor to floor. A woman came down from the fourth corridor with a word flung back. She passed him, eying him cu-

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riously and with trepidation—they send big men to collect the rents in such human hives. Impassive as Fate the grim intruder mounted the worn stone stairs and stood silent and tense on the last landing. With a firm hand he opened the door, for there was no mistaking the silver bell-voices that came from within.

Wully stood by a bed at the far side of the ill-furnished chamber, holding out his hands to a baby. On a faded blue ribbon, about the child's neck, hung the big, glossy bells of Cullam, tinkling softly.

Lord Lovall slammed the door shut, the baby sat down with a jolt, and the

Once or twice he dared to open the cases and run a finger over the tinkling bells, to the infant's delight.—Page 539.

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"I'm no!" shrieked the boy. "I'm no a thief!"

boy turned white as wax, the fear of death in his eyes.

"So!" roared his outraged master, "it's ye, Wully Forsythe! I'd 'a' told the devil in hell he lied if he'd told me ye waur a thief—a thief!" he bellowed. "A thief! a thief!"

"I'm no!" shrieked the boy. "I'm no a thief!—*He* wanted them, I tell ye, *he* wanted them. He waur sick and cried for the wee bit bells!"

"And ye give slum brats the honor of Scotland to play with—your honor and my honor, the trophies o' the links o' Cullam—you dishonored, thieving cummer, that spits upon the bread of kindness!"

The tears burst from Wully's eyes, and he swore as never before. Words tumbled from his quivering lips in a stream of fire, the epithets thinned to coherence at last.

"It's you, you, that should beg yer pairdon o' the Lord," he shrilled—"it's you! *He* wanted them, I tell ye. I *had* ta' bring them, and his mither awa' in the hospital. *I've* na a hairt of stain."

"What's that tae *me?*" his lordship said, and now his voice was cold as gray steel. He came forward, seized the ribbon at the baby's neck, and broke it with a snap of his huge fingers.

The child's pink fist closed on the cherished playthings and he set up a howl of protest. Wully, beside himself, struck with all his might at his master, tears of emotion raining down his cheeks.

"Shame! black shame to ye!" he croaked. "An' you his grandda!"

There was stark silence in the room.

Lord Lovall slowly drew himself erect, his great hand unclinched, the bells of Cullam fell and rolled across the floor with musical tinklings. The voice of regret behind the closed and barred doors of Lochan Castle was now a sudden call——

"Ann Linsey!" he whispered.

"Ay, ay," sobbed Wully, "his father's dead in Canada and his mither's in the hospital. I pit them back once, but he fretted an' cried for the wee bit bells, so I tuck them again—an' now ye can beat me, now ye can kill me, ay, 'kill me dead where I stand,' as ye said ye would—I'm ready."

As on that far day of his first defiance,

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Wully stood his ground, awaiting annihilation—never for an instant doubting that it was the end.

The Lord of Lochan leaned over the bed, lifted the baby in his arms, and glowered at it, his lips working. The iron of his armor was rusted away.

"Pit the bells in yer pooch, Wully," he growled. "We'll tae the hospital, lad. I'm takin' ma twa bairns hame."

"Pit the bells in yer pooch, Wully," he growled.

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RENEWING THE EARTH FROM THE AIR

THE ROMANCE OF THE SEARCH FOR NITROGEN

By L. H. Baekeland

Member of the Naval Consulting Board of the United States

THIS war, with all its grewsomeness, is forcing us finally to do what no amount of reason and appeal to common sense has ever been able to accomplish. It is a sad fact that suffering, sorrow, fear, and carnage should still be needed to make us think—the great majority of us merely hybrids—half-child, half-savage—unwilling to read the open book of wisdom until we get badly hurt. In the meantime we have kept on gnawing and rehearsing through thousands of years the literature and aims of bygone ages. Our race has studied eagerly the philosophy of the ancients, which tried to explain everything with all the artifices of polished rhetoric, fostering much superstition, much prejudice, and all that this implies, and in the meantime not even getting as far in real knowledge as to be able to explain such simple phenomena as rain, wind, or fire, or the cause of contagious diseases, nor to solve even such elementary problems of practical utility as to furnish us means of locomotion beyond what they were at the beginning of the history of the human race.

Then, much later, we ceased some of our lip philosophy and attempted to do better by resorting to the cross-examination of nature through direct scientific investigation; this laid bare an unforeseen amount of exact knowledge, an inexhaustible gold-mine, which provided us with means to control the until then most dreaded forces of nature, and to turn them into docile servants for our greater power of action and for greater comfort, revealing new resources for happiness, health, long life. But, some way or another, we cannot forget our time-honored habit of bungling. So we fail to utilize our scientific knowledge for the better aims, and in most cases we have gone much out of the way, taken great pains, to use it for wrong purposes.

Art, too, has had unending opportunities to add her gifts to make this world more agreeable, happier to live in. Then, again, we pride ourselves in the possession of more than one beautiful religion, including brotherly love and many other precepts which should tend to make men better and happier. But, when it all comes finally to a supreme test, our proudest scientific discoveries are put to sow mutilation, destruction, and sorrow; art and literature are brought into play to fan up the devouring flame of hatred and anger; even religion, under different names, is conveniently manipulated to condone the grossest outrages, and each one of the nations killing each other is invoking, in dead earnest, the support and indorsement of its own "only God" and its own interpretation of religion.

Some way or another we have kept on growing in knowledge and in resources, but certainly not in wisdom, and in the meantime our abundant treasures lie around, haplessly scattered about without order, like a lot of unpacked boxes of valuable material waiting only to be put to really good and orderly use.

There are on this globe about 1,500,000,000 inhabitants. Most of us, who lack the sense of proportion, at the mention of this big number, are apt to speak of the "over-population" of the world. Yet, if we spare a few moments' thought, we shall better know what this represents. There is, in my study-room, a geographic globe about fifteen inches in diameter. On that sphere, there is marked a little spot, about the size of the point of a pencil—at any rate, so small as to make it impossible to write the initials of its name—Lake Champlain—upon it. Yet, whenever Lake Champlain freezes over, there is good standing-room for every one of all the inhabitants of the earth, and then this lake would be considerably less crowded than some of the busy streets

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of New York. Indeed, strange as it may sound, every one, young and old, would find about one square yard to stand upon. Nay, more, if the very young and the very old would please to stand aside on the shores of the lake, the remainder of the total inhabitants of the world could arrange a skating-party, where there would be less crowding than is seen on a busy winter day on that skating-pond in New York's Central Park.

Sketching this picture is like visualizing the great tragedy of the human race—the few people of this earth do not begin to realize their immense opportunities and their unused resources; meanwhile, they have the insane feeling that the world is "over-populated." All our science, our religion, our art have not given us common sense enough to learn how to use them to live comfortably and happily—we, this mere handful of inhabitants on this immense world of ours. Nor does it look as if we were going to get to our senses before many generations to come, as long as we keep on muddling and blundering; as long as greed and vanity, lust for power, the main inheritance of the aims and thoughts of the past, together with some of our time-honored traditions, keep us in the cold, relentless grip of bygone ages. On the other hand, there is that undeniable possibility that those of the nations which may feel peacefully inclined and trust to luck by remaining unarmed, are liable at the most unexpected time to be at the mercy of the wild beast which lurks around, as the atavism of the primitive instincts of our race.

In the midst of this bungling humanity live some seers who have visions of the future. Decidedly different from the ancient philosophers who built their visions merely on the shifting quicksand of their imagination, our modern seers take their flights of fancy from the solid foundations of well-established scientific facts. Unfortunately, when they speak their voices are scarcely listened to, except by a very few, among the din and noise of the living habits of that humanity, half-child, half-savage.

One of these seers, in England, spoke some years ago. His name is William Crookes. The British crown, by putting a little "Sir"—the lowest grade of non-hereditary nobility—before it, could certainly not make it more imposing to the few who know the man and his work. As to others, the name of William Crookes means nothing as compared to that of Harry Lauder or Charlie Chaplin.

In 1898 Sir William Crookes, at a memorable meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, sounded a warning—an alarm call—to the human race. What he said was substantially this: "We are relying on Chile nitrates for our needed supply of fertilizer for our wheat-fields and other crops. The consumption of this fertilizer is increasing steadily with the rapidly rising food requirements of our race. But the nitrate deposits of Chile will be exhausted before the end of this century. What means shall we devise for obtaining additional sources of nitrogen supply so as to prevent starvation of the human race?"

All this may sound better to the average reader after we tell him more about it. The whole story is nothing less than a modern epos of applied science. The story began the day when chemistry taught us how indispensable are the nitrogenous substances for the growth of all animal beings, for building up their tissues. Generally speaking, the most expensive foodstuffs are precisely those which contain most nitrogen; and this for the simple reason that there is, and always has been in the world, at some time or another, a shortage of nitrogenous foods—proteid-containing foods, as scientists call them.

Germany's most serious problem, at this moment, is how to get enough meat or other proteid food for her population and for her army; she has plenty of potatoes, but potatoes contain little or no proteids—they contain mostly starch; hence her bread-and-meat ticket system. Agriculture furnishes us these proteid or nitrogenous bodies, never mind whether we eat them directly as vegetable products, like wheat or beans, or indirectly, as meat, milk, cheese, or eggs, from any animals which have fed on proteid-containing plants, or eat other animals which live on plants.

It so happens that by our reckless methods of agriculture the plants take the nitrogen from the soil much faster than it

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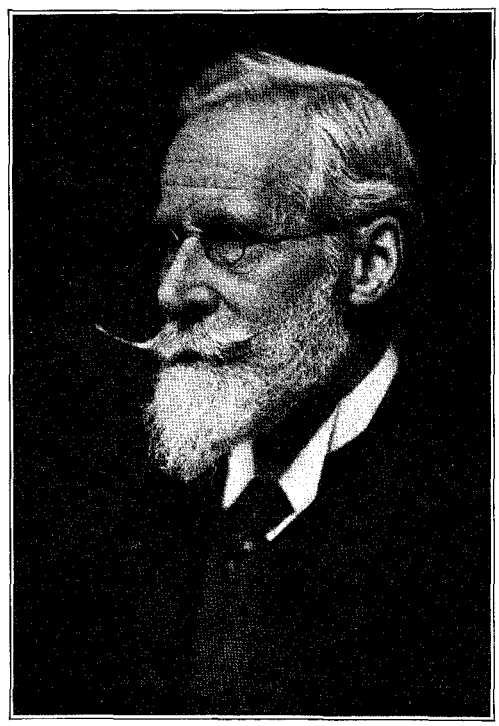
is supplied to the soil through some natural agencies from the air.

We should remember here that the atmosphere in which we live and breathe contains about four parts of nitrogen gas, mixed with one part of oxygen. But this gas, nitrogen of the air, can only be taken up by the plants under very particular conditions.

So our farmers, long ago, have found it necessary to remedy this discrepancy by enriching the soil with manure and other fertilizers. But, with our growing population, we have been compelled to resort to methods of intensive culture, and our fields want more and ever more nitrogen.

Since these facts have been established by the chemists of the last century, agriculture has been looking around anxiously to find new sources of nitrogen fertilizer. For a time an excellent supply was found in Peru, in the guano deposits, which are merely the result of dried excrements of birds, but the material was bought up so eagerly that, after a few years, the supply was practically exhausted.



From a photograph by G. C. Beresford.

Sir William Crookes.

Another source was found in the by-products of gas works and coke-ovens, which by the distillation of coal produce a certain percentage of ammonia, and the latter, as sulphate of ammonia, has come into increasing use as a nitrogen fertilizer. Here, again, the supply, although seemingly enormous, cannot keep pace with the constantly growing demand, even if we leave out of consideration that our coal-beds are not everlasting.

In 1825 a ship arrived in Europe loaded with Chile saltpetre as ballast; it tried to sell its cargo, but could find no buyer; so the cargo was thrown in the sea as useless material. This now seems rather funny; it was some time before it occurred to anybody that this Chile saltpetre, or nitrate of sodium, is one of the best sources of nitrogen for agriculture, as well as a raw material for the manufacture of explosives and the other industries which require nitric acid. The awakening appreciation of the great value of this Chile saltpetre has, since then, developed an enormous commerce; exploitation of Chile nitrate-beds has become not only a source of riches to the owners but to the Chilean Government as well, which lives on the revenues of the exportation tax which it levies on every pound of Chile saltpetre which leaves its ports for every part of the civilized world. So practically every agricultural country, ours included, pays direct tribute to Chile for its food-supply.

This naturally increases the cost of this material, aside from the fact that the Chilean nitrate-beds cannot last forever. There is some heated controversy going on whether they will be empty by the middle of this century or by the end; but, after all, every one must admit that it is merely a matter of years before this natural storehouse of this valuable product will be entirely exhausted.

Just as important as the problem of the rapidly vanishing supply of Chilean nitrates is the fact that any fertilizer can

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only be used to advantage when it can be supplied cheaply enough, and thereupon hangs the explanation why in some countries, like the United States, the use of fertilizer is so much smaller and the yields per acre are so much lower than in some European countries. For instance, the price of fertilizer costs him more than the value of increased yields. We are told that nitrogen fertilizer, here in the United States, by the time it is delivered to the farmer, costs about twice as much as it does in Europe, and thereby hangs another tale which will be taken up later on.

D. R. Lovejoy.

From a photograph by Campbell Studios.

Charles S. Bradley.

average yields per acre in Germany are more than twice as high as they are in the United States, and in Belgium they are still higher. It is significant, however, that in Belgium farmers use, on an average, more nitrogen per acre than the German farmers, and the latter use considerably more than our American farmers.

Free from all side considerations, nitrogen fertilizer is merely a labor-saving device. The same amount of seed, the same acres, and the same labor give considerably better yields by an increased use of nitrogen fertilizer. It seems obvious that a labor-saving device which is valuable with cheap European labor ought to be still more valuable with expensive American labor.

But no farmer can afford to use nitrogen fertilizer unless the price is low enough to make it worth while; otherwise the

The full warning of Sir William Crookes meant no more nor less than that before long our race would be confronted with nitrogen starvation. In a given country, all other conditions being equal, the abundance or the lack of available nitrogenous food has a direct bearing on the general welfare or the physical decadence of the population. The less nitrogen there is available for foodstuffs, the nearer the population is to starvation. The great famines in such countries as India, China, and Russia, were simply epochs of proteid-food deficiency, sad examples of nitrogen starvation.

And yet nitrogen as such, free and uncombined, is everywhere; it is so abundant that each column of air of our atmosphere resting upon every square foot of the earth's surface contains about 6½ tons of nitrogen. The amount of nitrogen in the

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air above one square mile of land, is about 20,000,000 tons, as much as the world will require in about fifty years. Unfortunately, free nitrogen is of no use as such, in this instance. It must be brought into some kind of a chemical combination before it is good for anything. Precisely there lies the difficulty of the problem, because nitrogen is one of the most indifferent, the most inert, of all chemicals. It is really too lazy to enter into combination, as most other chemicals do.

William Crookes' disquieting message of rapidly approaching nitrogen starvation did not cause much worry to politicians; they seldom look so far ahead. But to men of science it sounded like a reproach to the human race. Here, then, we were in possession of an inexhaustible store of nitrogen in the air, and yet, unless we found some practical means for bringing some of it into some suitable chemical combination, we would soon be in a position similar to that of a shipwrecked sailor drifting around on an immense ocean of brine and yet slowly dying for lack of drinking-water.

As the glimmer of a far-off beacon, indicating faintly a course to follow, there was the knowledge of a modest experiment, carried out as far back as 1785 by two Englishmen well known to science. One of them was aristocratic Lord Cavendish and the other democratic Priestley, whose restless thinking and liberal political opinions earned him his exile to the United States, where he lies buried.

They had shown, the one independently of the other, that if electric sparks are passed through air contained in a little glass tube, the oxygen was able to burn some of the nitrogen and to produce nitrous vapors. Chemists know how to convert these nitrous vapors into nitric acid and nitrates. At that time electricity itself was a mere toy, and nobody dreamed that some day it was to develop into one of our most powerful agencies. Such is the tremendous potency of some of these seemingly insignificant laboratory curiosities. It frequently happens that after they lie long dormant, half forgotten in the scientific literature, they blaze out as the starting-point of a revolutionary development of applied science.

Two American inventors, Charles S. Bradley and D. R. Lovejoy, in Niagara Falls, tried to build upon these meagre facts; they succeeded in creating the first industrial apparatus for converting the nitrogen of the air into nitric acid by means of electric sparks. As early as 1902 they published their results, as well as the details of their apparatus. To them belongs the credit of first demonstrating publicly that it was possible to produce nitric acid from the air in practically unlimited quantities. All that was necessary was enough capital and cheap electric power. Electric current as sold in Niagara Falls, at $18 a horse-power-year, proved the first bar to the commercial utilization of their process. Furthermore, their financial backers, frightened by the need of huge further investments, instead of developing the process gave up the attempt.

Two Scandinavian inventors, Professor Birkeland and Doctor Eyde, in the meantime, attacked the same process in a different way. They were no longer handicapped by expensive water-power. The abundant falls in Norway, developed under very economical financing, were able to furnish them current at a price three to five times less than at Niagara Falls. Furthermore, the apparatus they used was devised in considerably bigger units—1,000 to 3,000 kilowatts, as compared to the modest 12 kilowatt units of Bradley and Lovejoy—and after some years of strenuous work and expensive development the installation was gradually increased, so that before 1914 200,000 electrical horse-power were employed, and the capital invested amounted already to $27,000,000, to which further additions have been made later.

The process as used in Norway is the same process which the Dupont Powder Company is trying now to introduce in the United States. It is often called the "arc" process, because it is based on the oxidation of nitrogen of the air under the intense heat of the electric arc.

It is interesting to note that in this process only a relatively small fraction of the air is transformed into nitric acid. In fact, the Bradley-Lovejoy apparatus, which showed yields of conversion as much as two and one-half per cent, were

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even somewhat superior to those of their successors.

But the problem did not rest there. Other means of fixation of the nitrogen of the air were arduously pursued in several countries, and the development of the problem was pushed along by scientists and engineers of many countries, so that no race or nation can claim the exclusive credit of solving this epoch-making problem. Nor have these processes said their last word. All of them are still susceptible of immense improvements, and every one is liable to be superseded to-morrow by any newcomer.

For instance, before this war, the Germans pinned their faith on the so-called Haber process, which they considered as their "white hope" because it enabled them to fix nitrogen directly under the form of ammonia by uniting nitrogen gas and hydrogen gas in presence of a special substance which is usually called a catalyst. This is a rather mysterious scientific word, but it sounds much simpler if we say that a catalyst, in the chemical union of two bodies, like hydrogen and nitrogen, acts in about the same capacity as a clergyman in a marriage; after the clergyman is through with his work in marrying a couple, he is still free and eager to start the same operation over again with others, and the clergyman, like our catalyst, remains unimpaired.

The reason Germany entertained such high expectations of the Haber process is that it was claimed that it can be run with very little power. Germany possesses no waterfalls to speak of, and production of power by steam or gas engines is too expensive to be thought of with the arc process, which is very extravagant in power, as it consumes about three horse-power-year for every ton of acid produced. It begins to look, however, as if the broad statement that the Haber process requires little power has to be taken with some reserve, since it has been found that it involves compression of gases and heating, all of which require a not unimportant amount of power, so that, after all, the factor of power seems considerably more serious than we were led to believe at first.

But there is another process for the fixation of nitrogen of the air, which requires about five times less power than the arc process and has taken a formidable development. For the moment, at least, it has been developing away beyond any and all of the other processes. Here, again, it is interesting to note that the first step of this process was invented and developed by Americans. Nor is this process difficult to explain. Its first step began when Willson started, here in the United States, the manufacture of calcium carbide for making acetylene gas. This operation is rather simple, and consists mainly in submitting a mixture of quick-lime and coke to the action of the electric current. A high temperature is developed, and calcium carbide is formed, which has found abundant use for the well-known acetylene-lamps and private illumination outfits. The manufacture of this important chemical is now one of the leading industries of Niagara Falls. But Frank and Caro, in Germany, found that if you take calcium carbide and heat it, it can be made to unite with nitrogen gas and give a new compound which is called calcium cyanamid. However, an essential precaution must be observed: the nitrogen used in this operation must be free from the oxygen with which it is mixed in the air; otherwise, the process does not work. In order to make this separation of the two gases of the air, a roundabout method is used, which consists in liquefying air by submitting it to the combined action of an intense cold and great pressure, which permits the separation of the nitrogen from the oxygen by their relative volatility. Several of such processes for separating nitrogen and oxygen have been developed, of which the French process of Claude at present seems the most efficient one, although there again improvements are attempted right and left.

The calcium cyanamid, as such, is sold as an excellent and cheap nitrogen fertilizer, and was modestly working its way into the world on its own merits when suddenly the war broke out, and then the whole nitrogen problem took an entirely new aspect the day England prevented any further importation of nitrates into Germany.

Thus far we have spoken of nitrogen as the main source of our food-supply, as the element which procures life, health, and prosperity. But in war it becomes also the most terrible element of death and de-

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struction, for nitric acid is the all-important substance from which modern gunpowder and all explosives of war are made. Nitric acid, in reacting upon cotton, gives guncotton, also called nitrocellulose, the base of smokeless powder. In reacting upon carbolic acid it gives picric acid; with toluol, that colorless liquid extracted from coal-tar, it produces trinitrotoluol—better known as T. N. T.—and all these or similar substances form the base of all modern war explosives, whether they be called T. N. T., cordite, melenite, lyddite, or many other names.

If Germany had not succeeded in utilizing any of the nitrogen-fixation processes for making synthetic nitric acid, the war would have come to a stop long ago, and this notwithstanding the extraordinary organization of the enormous German army or the unprecedented size and variety of her armaments. Her 42-centimetre guns would be no more able to sow devastation and destruction than an automobile would be able to run after its supply of gasolene is used up.

It is true that Germany had foreseen such a possibility. On this account she had an enormous supply of explosives ready, and besides this was in possession of about 600,000 tons of Chile saltpetre, kept ready for further contingencies. After England joined the war matters began to look so much more serious that hurriedly about 200,000 tons more were imported, through neutral ports, and we are informed that, as a piece of good luck to the German army, about 200,000 tons were found stored in the port of Antwerp after the fall of that city. But, from all appearances, it looks now as if Germany, well prepared as she was, never expected a war of the present magnitude and duration. The amount of nitrate explosives which have been used in this war almost staggers description. Men competent to estimate have reported that during a few days' battle in some of the principal engagements more explosives were used than in the whole Franco-Prussian War. So the reserve of explosives and nitrates in Germany rapidly disappeared as snow melts before the sun, and some heroic measures had to be taken to replenish promptly her supply of nitric acid.

The main question was to get a process which could be extended fast enough to keep pace with the increased demands. To those unacquainted with chemical methods it seems rather unexpected that the exigencies of the situation should have dictated the choice of that harmless-looking cyanamid, which until then had been used exclusively for the peaceful purposes of agriculture.

The well-known chemical fact was remembered that this cyanamid, heated with steam under a high pressure, lets its nitrogen be converted into ammonia. It was remembered also that, when once you have ammonia, the latter, after being mixed with air, can be burned by the oxygen of the air—oxidation, chemists call it—and can be transformed thereby into nitric acid. Here again all that is necessary is a so-called catalyst, and the best catalyst for this purpose is platinum, and this is one of the reasons why platinum is now on the list of contraband of war. So in the end the issue of this war depends very much on the proper working of a catalyst! Such are the ramifications of modern chemistry. By these simple chemical means Germany is producing today her nitric acid at the rate of more than 300,000 tons a year. Many people erroneously imagine that all this was neatly installed before the war or was carried out a short time after the war was started. The real fact is that it took German chemists and engineers about a year and a half of the most strenuous and uninterrupted efforts before they had erected enough plants to arrive at the condition where they were independent for their full nitric-acid supply. It is estimated that $100,000,000 has thus been spent on additional equipment. Before the war the yearly output of the existing cyanamid works in Germany amounted to scarcely 50,000 tons. Since then it has been increased to about 600,000 tons. This has been done in a number of different localities by either adapting existing electric-power plants, or by erecting new ones for the production of this indispensable material. So that here again the drastic exigencies of war have called into existence an enormous industry for which there was scant enthusiasm in times of peace.

The warning of Sir William Crookes was scarcely listened to when it referred to

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insuring the food-supply of our race. But suddenly every country seems to understand its message, when the nitrogen-fixation problem carries within itself the elements of efficiency for war. Even the Allies, although they can import from Chile, are making now large quantities of nitric acid by the synthetic processes.

Our country, too, begins to awaken to the fact that no programme of national defense is worth anything unless we possess means of making ourselves independent of the importation of nitrates from Chile. In time of war a swift foe could easily cut us off from this source of supply. It seems simple enough to provide against this by purchasing a sufficiently large reserve of Chile saltpetre for cases of emergency; but this involves such an enormous outlay of money for purchase and interest that it is cheaper to erect a well-equipped plant which would give us cheap fertilizer in times of peace and nitric acid in times of war. Once more the imperious commands of the god of war compel us to act, where the voice of reason, in times of peace, was impotent to obtain attention. A few years ago, during our former administration, a bill was passed through both houses of Congress enabling a private corporation to erect a large water-power and chemical plant in the Southern States for the fixation of nitrogen of the air; this would have furnished us abundant and inexpensive fertilizer in times of peace and nitric acid in times of war. But, some way or other, the value of this effort was so much misunderstood that the bill was vetoed. In the meantime the Cyanamid Company, an American business enterprise with American capital, had to locate in Canada on account of lack of cheap power in the United States.

Present conditions had put additional emphasis on the urgency of the situation and new attempts of legislation of a similar nature have been made, putting aside the sum of $20,000,000 for a nitrate and fertilizer plant. A special committee of the National Academy of Sciences, in conjunction with members of the United States Naval Consulting Board, is now actively at work in order to be able to advise how this project can best be carried out. The fact does not seem to be sufficiently understood that, difficult as the problem is, its greatest difficulty is not in providing sufficient nitric acid in time of war. Such problems are then handled regardless of cost and nothing seems too expensive for war when war is raging; the main trouble, then, is to start hustling and to equip rapidly the immense plants required for such emergencies. Even with all the cleverness and abilities of our engineers and chemists, nothing worth speaking of could be manufactured within anything short of a year, and very probably much longer, if we take into consideration all the enormous and intricate machinery and equipment which has to be built to order and all the stoneware, pottery, and acid-proof containers which form a cumbersome but indispensable part of a general plant of the kind.

It is generally overlooked that the problem of nitric acid for war purposes, if intelligently handled, can be arranged in such a way as to give us a permanent national asset for the purposes of peace, by furnishing us with an installation where cheap fertilizers can be obtained in sufficiently abundant quantities to bring the yields of our acres up to what they should be and to what they are already in Europe—which, after all, means cheaper food. The importance of this can best be illustrated by the statement of Mr. F. J. Tone, former vice-president of the American Electrochemical Society, that, if all the power of Niagara Falls were utilized for making electric current, then the latter would be able to convert enough nitrogen of the air into fertilizer to increase our wheat crop 3,000,000 bushels *every twenty-four hours*.

As far as the matter stands at present, it is considerably more expensive to fix nitrogen under the form of nitrates than under that of ammonia or cyanamid. So in times of peace the latter ought to be relied upon, so that in times of war it could be converted into nitric acid, which does not require much additional installation. Furthermore, the fact that cyanamid requires from five to six times less electric current for furnishing the same amount of nitric acid than if the arc process is used means much as to the required size of power installation.

But now comes another consideration to interfere with all these plans. The rapid construction of our by-product coke-

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ovens is increasing considerably our supply of ammonia in this country. It is promised that, by 1917, from this source alone we shall have annually 400,000 tons of sulphate of ammonium. This, of course, involves that our steel production, on which the coke industry is dependent, should keep on at the present rate. The by-product coke-oven interests fear that if any of the synthetic processes are introduced there will be an over-production of nitrogen fertilizer, and that the price they can get for their by-product ammonia will be so much less. Such a condition seems hardly probable, in view of the fact that Germany too has an even larger production of ammonia from her coke-ovens, as well as from her gas-plants, and notwithstanding this she wants more nitrogen fertilizer all the time. As long as it can be obtained cheaply enough, there seems to be practically no limit to the market. In 1912 nitrogen fertilizers were already used at the rate of about $200,000,000 a year, and any decrease in price, and, more particularly, better education in farming, is bound to lead to an enormously increased consumption. So this seems to invite the suggestion that the by-product coke-oven interests should prepare to deliver their ammonia at cheaper prices than heretofore, and try to make up this difference by a slight increase of the selling-price distributed over all their other products. In fact, until now, this country has been importing steadily ammonium salts, amounting to about one-half of our entire coke-oven ammonia production.

The idea has been advanced also that ammonia from by-product coke-ovens could be used to manufacture nitric acid by a process similar to that which is used now in Germany with pure ammonia obtained from cyanamid. But insufficient attention seems to be paid to this little detail, that our friend "the catalyst" refuses to work with ammonia which contains certain impurities. To eliminate these impurities from by-product ammonia is no easy task, and involves additional equipment and increased expense. Furthermore, at present all our available ammonia, entirely converted into nitric acid, would only furnish a fraction of the immense war requirements of nitric acid now consumed by the Central Powers. At any rate, the Germans have preferred not to do it, although their gas-works and coke-production furnish them with considerably larger amounts of ammonia. Moreover, there was more than ample use for all this ammonia, needed in war time more than ever for fertilizer, for refrigerating-machines, and many other industrial purposes. All this is said without trying to belittle the importance of the by-products of coke-ovens, some of which, like benzol and toluol, are just as indispensable as nitric acid for the manufacture of explosives.

The production of fertilizers by the fixation of nitrogen from the air confronts us directly with the question of cheap natural powers. Every one of the hitherto successfully developed processes for fixation of nitrogen depends in the last analysis on very cheap water-power. For purposes like electric lighting or traction, or most chemical industries, a few dollars more or less a year expressed in kilowatt hours amounts to a mere trifle. But when it comes to making fertilizer at the very lowest possible cost, then every dollar counts, and here we are unfortunately face to face with the distressing fact that, with our present methods of financing, the fixed charges of our water-powers amount to about ninety cents financing and ten cents engineering. If engineers succeeded in increasing their efficiency of operation ten per cent, it would only amount to one per cent in the total cost. So, if any improvements have to be made, it must be in the financial side of the problem. Meanwhile every one advances his own arguments why it should be this way, and every one is more or less right—from his personal standpoint. Capitalists say: "Some of our government laws about the utilization of our water-powers are so uncertain and threatening that we prefer to invest in less risky enterprises." Then our rates of interest in this country are considerably higher than they are in Europe. Some other persons have proposed that the United States Government should use its own excellent credit and thus be able to issue bonds for water-powers at three per cent, in the same way as the Panama Canal has been constructed. With our wasteful methods of financing and banking, and the many middlemen, it costs usually about nine per cent to accomplish

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this result by the time the bonds are floated and put in the hands of the hesitating investor. This puts the annual cost of some of our cheapest water-powers at $10 a horse-power-year, of which $9 is for interest and bonded charges and $1 for general operation and maintenance expenses, to which has to be added profit for dividends. But with interest at three per cent the cost per horse-power would suddenly be reduced to $4 per horse-power-year, which brings it closer to that of some of the water-power developments in Norway. Then, again, others say that the government has no right to participate in any such enterprise, or that it is unprepared and unfit for any such business operation. To this others retort that the erection and operation of a hydro-electric plant is much easier and less expensive for the government than for private companies, because the government has already in its power the question of extending the navigability of streams, which, by the way, has always been a never-ending source of "pork-barrel" appropriations. Streams are made navigable by the erection of dams. By the proper selection of stream and location the cost of the dam can be made to furnish the most important part of the total outlay for a hydro-electric plant; all that is necessary is to add the turbines and the electric equipment for obtaining at somewhat increased cost a first-class hydro-electric plant, furnishing forever electric current for any purposes. A hydro-electric plant as a government enterprise would not involve much of a new departure as compared with that splendid example of good engineering, the Panama Canal, which is a national monument of efficiency and which, similar to the present problem, is an asset for national defense in time of war, while in the meantime it is an aid to private shipping enterprises. The methods of hydro-electric plants are, by this time, well established and well known, and leave little scope for further improvement except the enormous cheapening which is possible for such plants in the reduction of fixed charges by very economical financing.

When, however, it comes to the chemical part of the nitrogen-fixing processes, then we stand before a subject in which great and rapid changes in methods are more than probable. Before this war started most chemists of the world imagined that the arc process was the cheapest and simplest, while just now it looks decidedly as if the cyanamid process were better adapted to the purpose. But before we know it many improvements will probably have been introduced right and left, not only in these processes but in others which have been taken little into consideration until now; or perhaps by some hitherto entirely unsuspected possible methods. We shall undoubtedly see that the development of this problem will be merely a repetition of that of the history of other chemical industries. Initiative, rapid action, great flexibility of organization, avoidance of all red tape will carry great stress in the battle for supremacy or improvement in all these new chemical processes; and just there is where our slow, cumbersome, and dilatory methods of governmental action would put us at great disadvantage. A very advantageous plan would be to let the government equip some hydro-electric plants, while using its excellent credit and other advantageous prerogatives to accomplish this at less cost than it is possible for private enterprises. Then let the government lease the electric current to the most liberal bidders—one or several—with certain restrictions as to the selling-price of the manufactured materials; a stipulation should be made whereby the government should exercise control of the situation, specially in times of war, and the plant should be constructed in such a way that at short notice it can immediately be converted from the manufacture of fertilizers to that of nitric acid or explosives. Instead of one plant two or several should be installed. Let us bear in mind, however, that the operation of small plants below 20,000 horse-power is not considered profitable.

This special message of science has finally reached the masses, since it spoke to them, not in the language of peace and knowledge, but in the arguments of war; since nitrogen was to be harnessed not for giving growth and life to our race, but for carrying forth death and destruction. What next?

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OPTIMA MEMORIÆ

By Francis Charles MacDonald

If I could unlock the Past
And the unlovely things forget—
The rubbish memory has amassed,
These for her pride, these for regret,
And take, of all, the three best things
To carry with me to the last,
What dreams I'd brush aside and cast
Away what wild imaginings!—
Pleasure that stood me in ill stead;
Loves that prevailed not, hopes that led
To no fulfilment; projects vast
That neither peace nor profit brought;
Vain purpose; and the vexing thought
Of heaven and hell, with all the fears
That haunted me through the long years,
Of God standing in the shadow there
To catch me sinning, unaware. . . .

Straight to the depth I'd dig my way
To where the first great rapture lay—
The smile I saw upon my mother's face—
(So long ago I have forgotten how
She looked then, and I would remember now)—
That said, "No matter what you do, how base
You may be, or how high you climb,—
Love if honor be yours, love if disgrace,
My love shall follow you." . . . Ah, from Time,
If in God's providence such thefts might be,
I'd steal that guerdon for eternity!

There was an hour once . . . so swift it came,
And touched my soul, and passed—a flower, a flame,
A breath, a being without name,
That thrilled my heart and gave a voice
To all my yearnings, mute so long;
That bade me see the glad world and rejoice
And sing! Untutored was the song,
Soon ended; but I was a poet then,
Crowned and anointed. Not again
The spirit came. I would recall the song
To-day, that I might sing once more
To myself only, for old sake, before
I come upon the silence of the long
Uncertain night. I would remember now
The way the laurel felt upon my brow.

Once, within a desolate place,
Broken, I cried on God for grace.
Silence and night surrounded me,

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Immortal, in Eternity:
I waited desperate for a space.
A touch—a voice—I slipped my fear
Back into time; my sight came clear
To heavenly vision, and I saw!
And with the joy of comradeship
His name came bravely to my lip:
His, whom we name, but do not know,
And have misjudged a Fear, an Awe,
A Scourge—I did not find Him so!
—There is not very far to go
Before the silence and the night,
Falling, shall encompass me.
I would remember now, against the day
I stand once more within the uncounted, slow,
And timeless pauses of Eternity,
The touch I felt, the voice I heard, the way
My soul, scarce knowing what befell,
Was folded in God's miracle!

If it were granted, from the past
These three things I would carry to the last.

OLD SEAPORTS AWAKENED

By Ralph D. Paine

IT is the fashion to mourn for Yankee ships as vanished from the blue water on which they won and held supremacy through the greater part of a century. Gone are the noble square-rigged fleets whose topsails lifted in roadsteads exotic and remote, while the few survivors of the intrepid race of mariners that manned them linger in old age as relics of another era. These obsolete figures are to be sought for in the ancient coastwise towns of New England, where the ships were built and the young men went in them until the call of the West led the spirit of adventurous enterprise inland. You may still hear brave yarns of thrashing close-reefed around the Horn or spreading clouds of canvas to the breath of the Indian Ocean. But of late these venerable narrators have been moved into the background, or totally eclipsed, by the fabulous prosperity of another kind of American sailing-vessel which they affected to despise.

This is the fore-and-after, the shapely coasting schooner which seldom ventured into the offshore trade and, laden with coal or lumber, was to be seen in many harbors from Portland to Pensacola. Originally a plodding little two-master handled by three or four men, her dimensions boldly increased until the shipyards of Maine and Boston were launching the five and six masted schooners whose capacity far exceeded that of the clippers of romance and which challenged them for speed and stanchness. With native ingenuity the donkey-engine was employed to hoist the mighty area of sail, and a dozen foremast hands were able to do the work of thirty. Almost with the regularity of steamer schedules, these huge coasters plied between Norfolk and the northern Atlantic ports, freighting 4,000 and 5,000 tons of coal at a voyage. They were commanded by splendidly efficient seamen of the old American stock, who upheld the traditions of smartness and discipline, and encountered in the leeshore, the shoal, and the sudden winter gale

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perils of navigation more imminent than the deep-water school of master mariner had met in the foreign trade.

Two years and more ago this traffic had suffered a decline which threatened slow extinction. Freight rates had ebbed so low that it was difficult to pay expenses, and charters were frequently unobtainable at any terms. You might have seen these big vessels moored in various harbors, empty and idle, while long strings of barges trailed seaward behind powerful tow-boats and carried the cargoes which had been previously transported under sail. The same fate overshadowed the smaller craft, the hundreds of three and four masters which earned a toilsome livelihood by knocking up and down the coast in whatever business might come to hand. It seemed as though the final, melancholy chapter of American achievement on salt water was about to be written.

The launching of the *Carl F. Cressy* at Bath, Maine, January 6, 1915.

Such vessels as these are built on honor, with skilled and careful artisanship.—Page 560.

Since the days of the colonies the shipping industry has been deep-rooted in the life of the "down-Easter" who dwells within sight of the rugged forelands that reach northward from Cape Cod to Eastport. It used to be that every bay and tidal creek saw vessels building of wood cut in near-by forests, brigs and ketches, pinks and topsail schooners which steered away for Europe and the West Indies,

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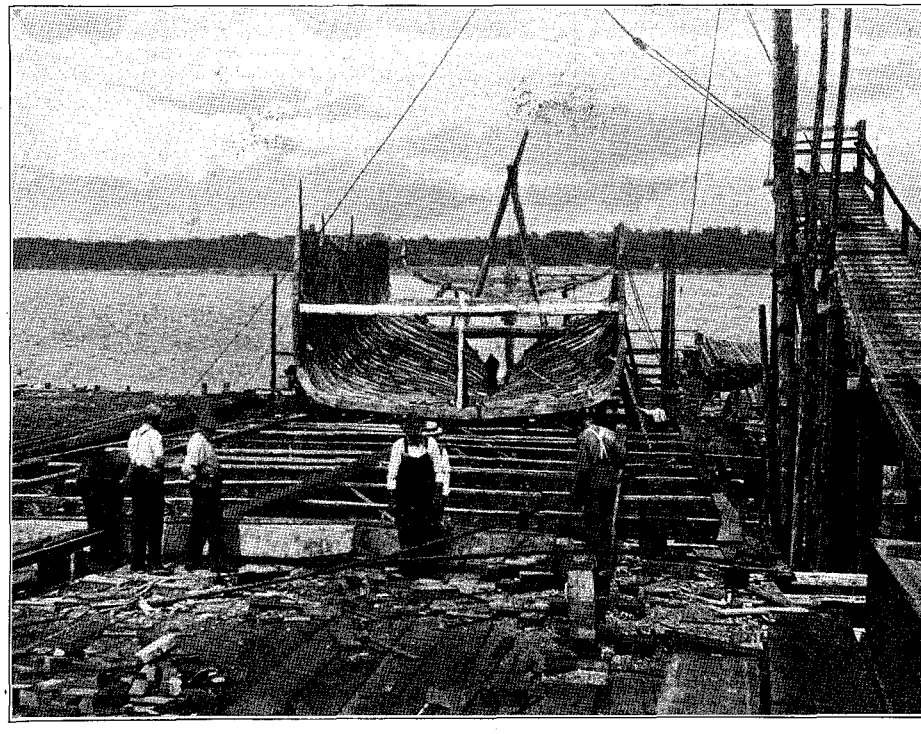
dodging pirates and privateers or fighting them with carronade and pike. These were community enterprises. The neighbors shared the hazards with the builder and the skipper, investing their money, labor, and goods in part ownership of the ship and her cargo and aptly calling it their "adventures."

This honest custom has endured into the present century, and the man in the Maine seaport who wishes to build a schooner still looks to his friends and neighbors to buy the shares, or "pieces," that will enable him to finance the undertaking. There may be thirty owners when the long hull slips into the water from the keel-blocks of the yard, and among them are likely to be the carpenters, the blacksmiths, and the riggers who created her. And because of this old-fashioned cooperation, such vessels as these are built on honor, with skilled and careful artisanship and material scrupulously selected.

Now, when dull times overtook the coastwise trade in recent years there was scrimping anxiety in many and many a home whose savings had been invested in schooners. The value of a craft of moderate size was divided into sixty-four "pieces," each of which had cost its owner about $1,000. And many of these were declaring "left-handed dividends," which means that the shareholders were assessed to meet the operating expenses. Some sold out at a loss, but the habit of sending savings to sea was strongly in the blood, and most of them grimly hung on and hoped for better days.

The war in Europe, which wrought such dreadful havoc in so many other directions, awakened these drowsy ports and called these waiting fleets to hoist anchor. The merchant navies of the world were inadequate for the commerce urgently demanded of them, and the sailing-vessel had come into its own again. Presently the tall schooners were seeking the old trail of the square-rigger, out to Rio and Buenos Ayres, to the west coast of Africa, across to Lisbon and to London River, to quays and havens where the stars and stripes had not fluttered from a masthead in generations. A few months and almost all the great five and six masters had vanished from the coast. Then the smaller schooners were snapped up for this golden



Most of the force in these yards at Bath are elderly, deliberate, slow-spoken men.—Page 563.

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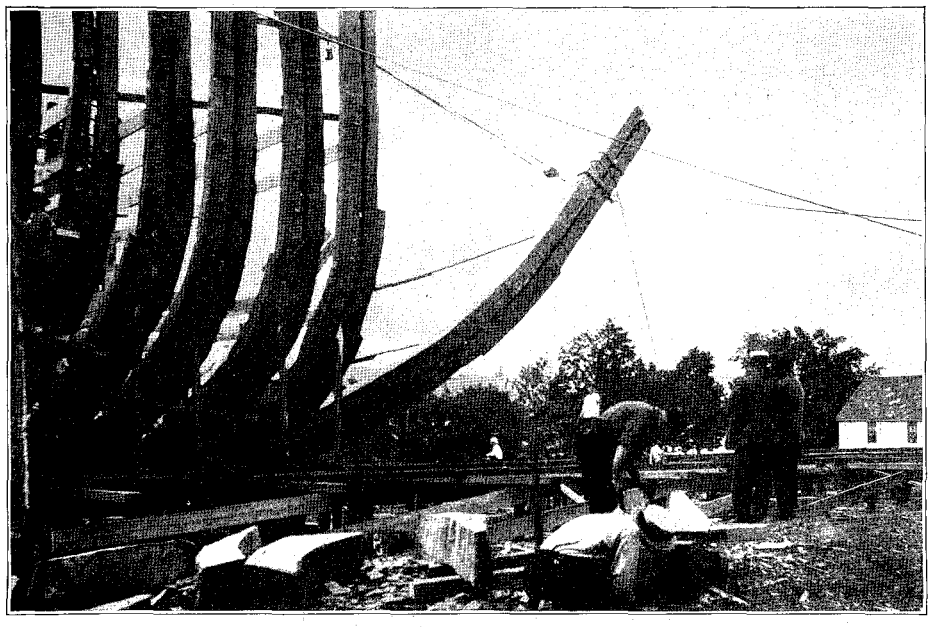

Hoisting the frame into place with block and tackle, Bean's yard, Camden, Maine.
They work in wood for the love of it, hand and eye wonderfully trained.—Page 564.

offshore trade, and those that remained at home found a wonderful harvest because of the scarcity of domestic tonnage.

It was like a fairy-tale of commerce, and somehow more wholesomely gratifying than the fevered activity of munition stocks in Wall Street with their inflation and jobbery. These fine ships deserved to live, and those who owned them had been steadfast in fair weather and foul. For example, there was the six-master *E. B. Winslow*, which had been carrying coal from Norfolk to Portland; and she is one of scores whose good fortune has been as dazzling. She was chartered for Rio with 5,000 tons of coal beneath her hatches and came home laden with manganese ore after a voyage of seven months. Her owners received $180,000 in freight money, or considerably more than the cost of building her, and $120,000 of this was net profit to be distributed as dividends.

It soon became commonplace information to hear that a schooner had paid for herself in one voyage offshore. Those who preferred to sell instead of charter also enjoyed a sort of Arabian Nights come true. There was the retired skipper of Portland who recklessly bought an old vessel two years ago for $17,000, a tremendous speculation which absorbed all he had thriftily tucked away in a lifetime at sea, and strained his credit besides. In two voyages this sturdy coaster put $35,000 in his pocket, after which he sold her for $100,000 and dared to indulge in the long-deferred luxury of navigating his own cabin catboat.

It was also in Portland that I met a ship-owner who had from year to year bought "pieces" in schooners of all sizes until he had ventures in more than a hundred of them. He was willing to confess that he no longer carried them on his books as losing investments. A list of shares which had cost him $52,000 had yielded dividends of $35,000 in four months. Another list, costing a total of $6,000 when purchased, he was willing to sell outright for $125,000, but showed no great eagerness to separate himself from them.

And there was the widow who weeded the flowers in the dooryard of the gray cottage within sound of the surf near Thomaston. Her man had been lost in the schooner which he commanded, leaving her a thirty-fourth interest, which he had acquired from the managing owners. Some years there had been dividends, said she, but more than once she was

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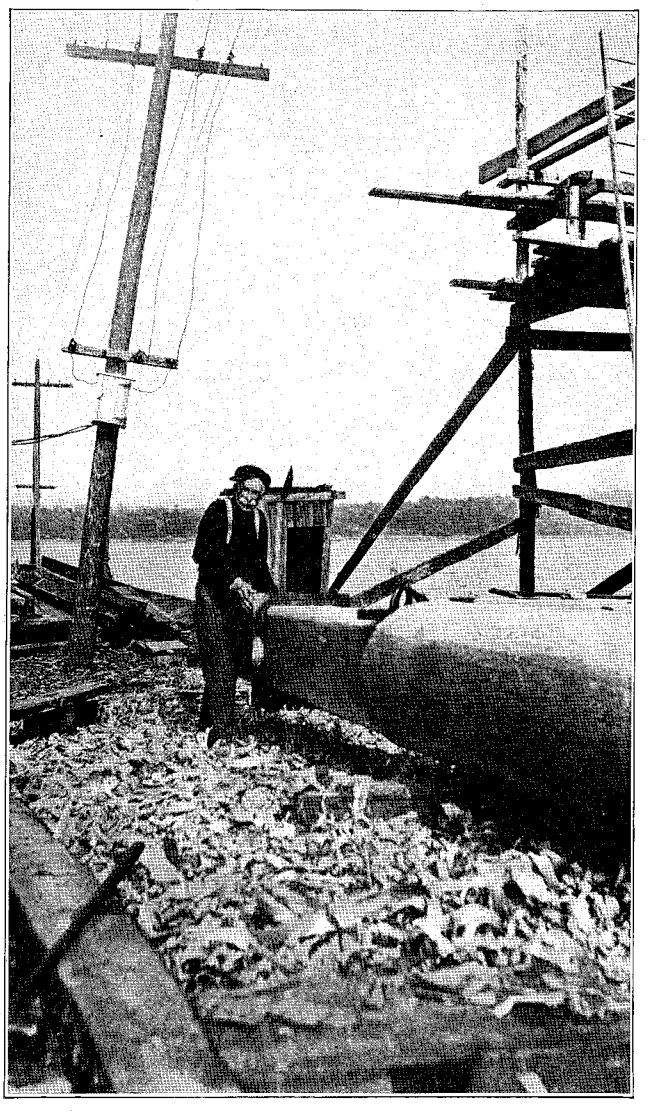
assessed $100, and it had been hard to keep a roof over her head. It was different now. Her shares, worth $2,000 in normal times, were giving her an income of $2,000 a year, and she did not know what to do with so much money.



Shaping a hundred-foot mast.

With an axe he chips day after day until the spar is ready for smoothing.—Page 564.

Until this sensational revival of Yankee shipping, the builders of wooden vessels had been employing their capital in other directions. They were sagacious men of long experience who had earned comfortable fortunes in earlier days, and they maintained their plants partly from sentiment, partly to patch up the old ones, with a new schooner on the stocks now and then to replace those lost by stress of weather. Unexpectedly came the summons for more ships as fast as they could be hewn and sawed and framed. These builders endeavored to forecast the future, and opinion was divided. It had been taken for granted that theirs was a dying industry. Was this a brief flurry before the ruthless age of steam should write the epitaph of sail in the smoke of the merchant tramp? Or might not this thrilling rejuvenation be prolonged for several years after peace should come to Europe? This latter judgment prevailed, backed by hard cash.

Forty years ago the shore of the Kennebec at Bath was one vast shipyard, like the Clyde below Glasgow. Instead, however, of the clamor of steel girders and plates and rivets, the chisel and adze were still fabricating the stately wooden ships, square-rigged, which had made a jest of the dogma that Britannia ruled the waves. The Sewall family gained its solid wealth and maritime prestige in building and sailing such ships as these and was comparable with the Derbys of Salem during the period following the Revolution. Even into the nineties the Sewalls courageously persisted in their faith and launched the last fleet of deepwater ships under the American ensign. True sailormen recall with wistful regret the *Shenandoah*, the

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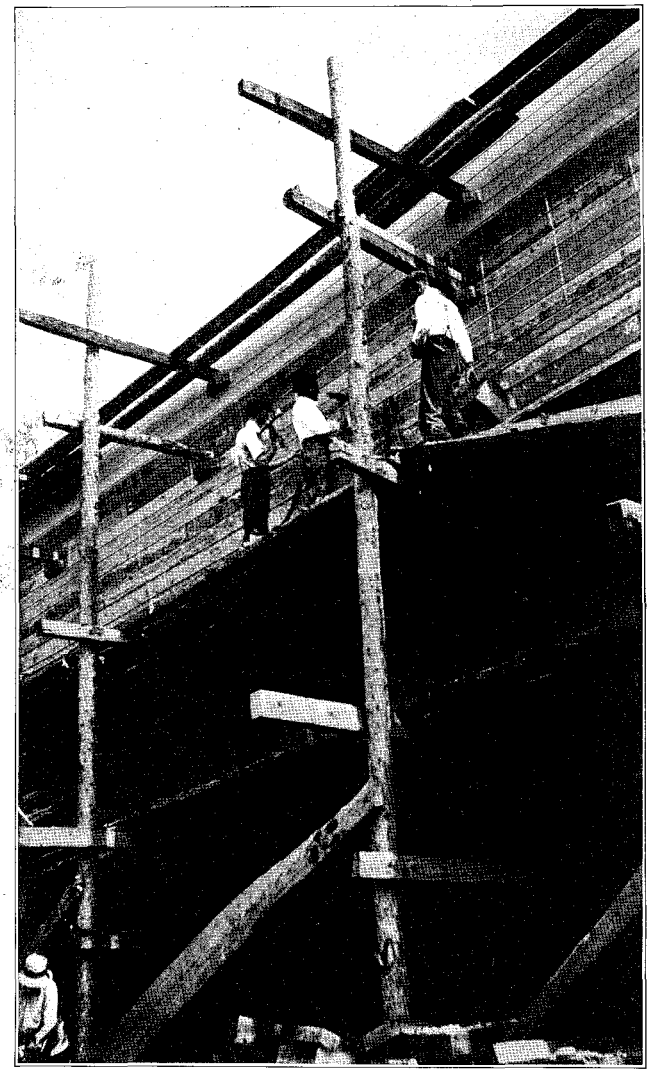
Roanoke, the *Arthur Sewall*, and the *William P. Frye*, whose tragic end it was to be destroyed by a German cruiser.

The Sewalls abandoned shipping and turned to banking, recently leasing their yards for the construction of steel barges and tankers. Many other famous shipyards of Bath mouldered in decay and the green grass gently blotted them out. There were left at the lower end of the town two of these historic plants which survived the era of transition and managed to hold their organizations together by means of the occasional demand for coastwise schooners. Now they are reaping the rewards of a tenacity which refused to accept the inevitable. Their only complaint is lack of men and material. Time is so precious that vessels take the water four months after the keel is laid, and they are so completely fitted for sea that with a master and crew aboard they can hoist brand-new canvas and fill away to load their holds on a maiden voyage that may fetch home every penny that went into building them.



Calking a schooner.

If the schooner is almost finished there will be the merry music of calking-mallets . . . and a tarry flavor of oakum.—Page 564.

The equipment of this ancient handicraft is astonishingly simple, almost primitive. In most respects it has been unchanged since the frigate *Constitution* was framed and planked by the forefathers of these cunning workmen. No other native industry has been so independent of the complex improvements of invention, the substitution of the machine for the man. Shops for the blacksmiths and the carpenters, some weather-beaten staging, and a row of blocks leading to the water's edge—this is the yard which will put together for you a ship whose model is unsurpassed, which will be seaworthy when steel has rusted and pitted, and whose dimensions will be as great as you may care to pay for.

It is literally handiwork from start to finish. Young men no longer learn the trade, and most of the force in these yards at Bath are elderly, deliberate, slow-spoken men who were recruited from an hon-

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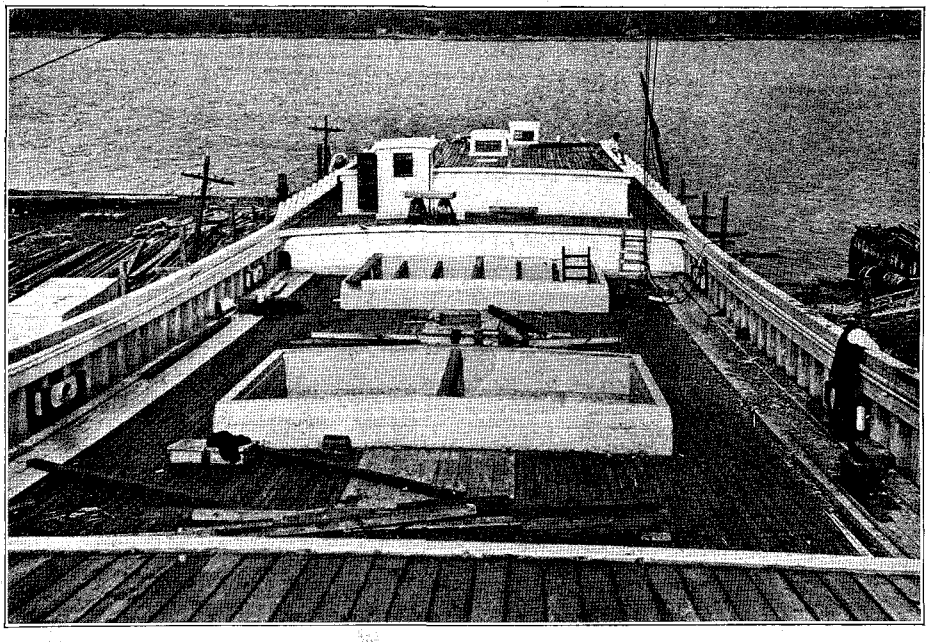
orable retirement. They work in wood for the love of it, hand and eye wonderfully trained. One of them may be shaping the hundred-foot masts of Oregon pine which come rough-sawed from huge trees. With an axe he chips day after day until the spar is ready for smoothing, and then he finishes it as round and polished as a marble column. And because he has the soul of an artist he comes to the yard at four o'clock in the summer mornings that he may have a longer day in which to make a perfect mast.

Other men, perhaps fifty of them, are using the homely tools which, from immemorial days, have built the ship and the rooftree. The master workman of them all first whittled his model by rule of thumb, as he thought the schooner ought to be. If you ask him for rules and measurements he has none to give. With a jack-knife he shaped the vision that was in his mind, every curve and sheer planned and foreseen. Then on the floor of a loft he drew his patterns and shaped his moulds where his father perhaps designed square-rigged ships before him.

These wooden patterns, cut from thin board, showing the shape and size of every frame timber, he sent to a lumberman in Nova Scotia, who hewed them from oak in the woods so that they should fit together when set upon the keel and form a skeleton so strong that storms could not wrench it asunder. Bolts will corrode, and so the frames are still pinned together with wooden pegs and the planking of Southern pine is fastened with thousands of locust-tree nails. The vessel is literally constructed of wood from keel to deck, and the smell of the yard is fragrant with a thick carpet of chips and shavings.



On the deck of a schooner building at Bath.
Looking aft to the comfortable quarters of the captain and his mates.

If the schooner is almost finished there will be the merry music of calking-mallets along her sides and a tarry flavor of oakum. And the carpenters are busied with the living-quarters of the officers and crew. Here is the canny builder's one extravagance. It is a mistake to assume that the lot of a coaster's company is hard and shabby. There is a certain pride in handsomely providing for their comfort. The captain has his bathroom and steam heat, his cabin and stateroom are spacious and the walls and floors are of polished hardwood. The forecastle is no longer a dripping, stuffy cubby-hole, and the galley, with its brass work, awaits the

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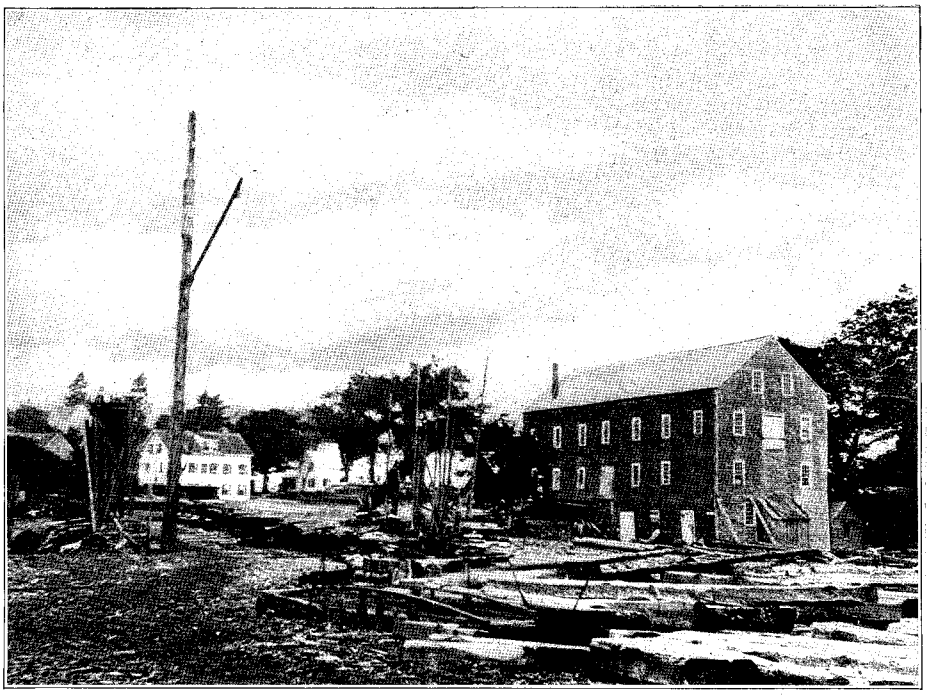
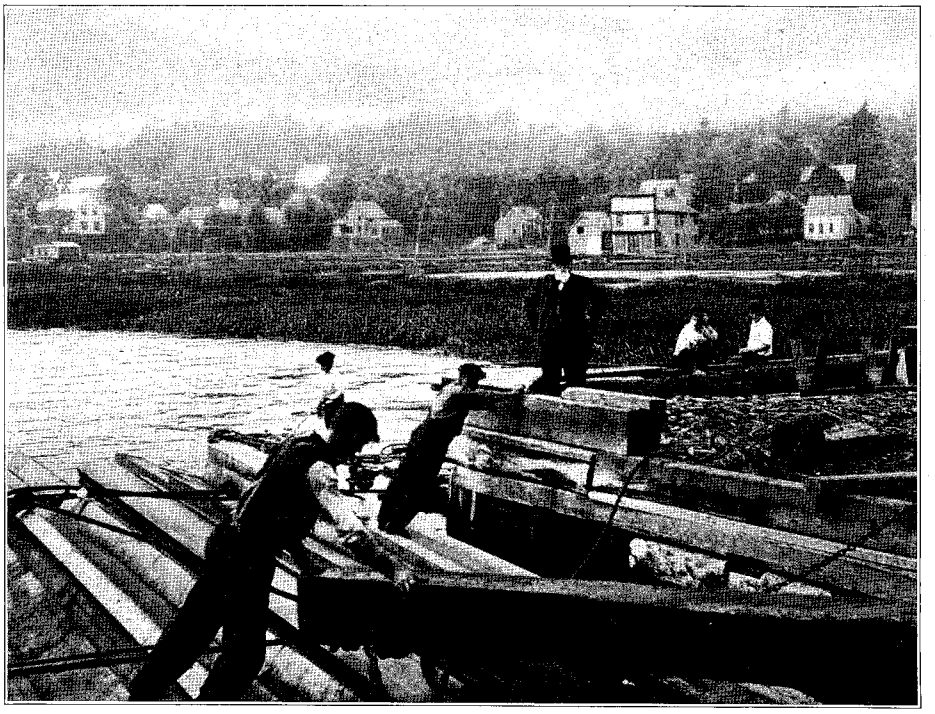


One of these old Bath yards is owned by Gardiner Deering, who has been building ships since 1866.—Page 566.



Gardiner Deering overseeing his men.

The Deering yard about to lay the keel of another schooner.

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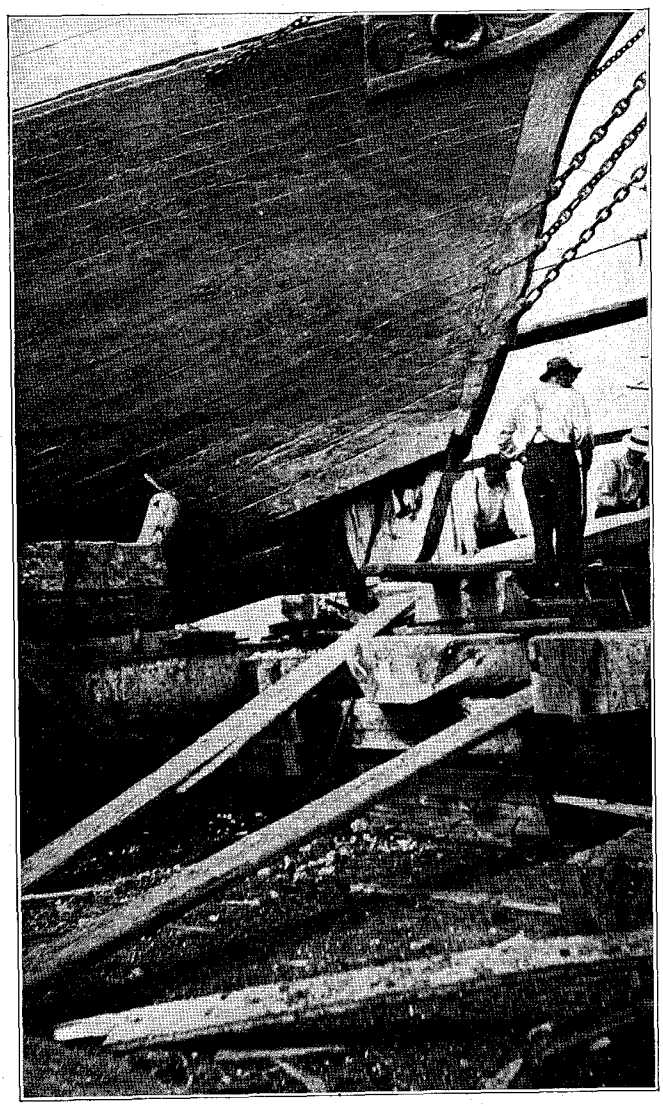
dapper African steward in white cap and apron.

One of these old Bath yards is owned by Gardiner Deering, who has been building ships since 1866, or a round half century. A veteran as soundly seasoned as the timbers piled on his water-front, he binds together the past and present. When I was loafing happily in Bath among this briny activity, the Deering yard was about to lay the keel of another schooner. There was little to indicate it —two or three teams of horses dragging great beams from the river upon which they had been rafted, a gang of men assorting other lumber, scattered heaps of frames, and a venerable gentleman with a white beard who lent a hand wherever needed. A chauffeur and a very expensive automobile were waiting to carry him home to dinner, and presumably his vessels afloat were garnering dividends to awaken the cupidity of a Pittsburg steel man, but in his yard Gardiner Deering was still the artisan who deemed it honorable to work with his hands.



Renewing a rotten stem.

It was to be a hasty task to . . . refit and put to sea again.

He typified that vanished community spirit, the substantial democracy peculiar to New England, which flowered in the town meeting and which maintained a very human relation between master and man. There was no question of his authority. He was a part of the work because he knew precisely how every detail of it should be done. While he showed a teamster how to coax a balky timber up the runway a five-masted schooner at anchor in the stream prepared to warp into the wharf. She was one of the Deering fleet returned to the home port for repairs in the yard where she had been launched. To own one such vessel as this in these roaring days of trade meant opulence. It was to be a hasty task, to rig and refit and put to sea again, with lumber freights to Buenos Ayres at the unheard-of figure of forty-five dollars a thousand feet.

Two black seamen from Savannah

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rowed a line ashore in a skiff, and the great schooner slowly pulled herself in by means of her steam-winch. More hawsers followed to hold her stern and bow against the tide, and Gardiner Deering, spry for his years, ran to catch and belay them. In his opinion the captain should have lifted his anchor a bit instead of letting it drag to check her way, and he expressed himself to this effect. This comment was blown to the ear of the skipper, a trim, active figure who seemed everywhere at once on deck, and his sonorous voice came back:

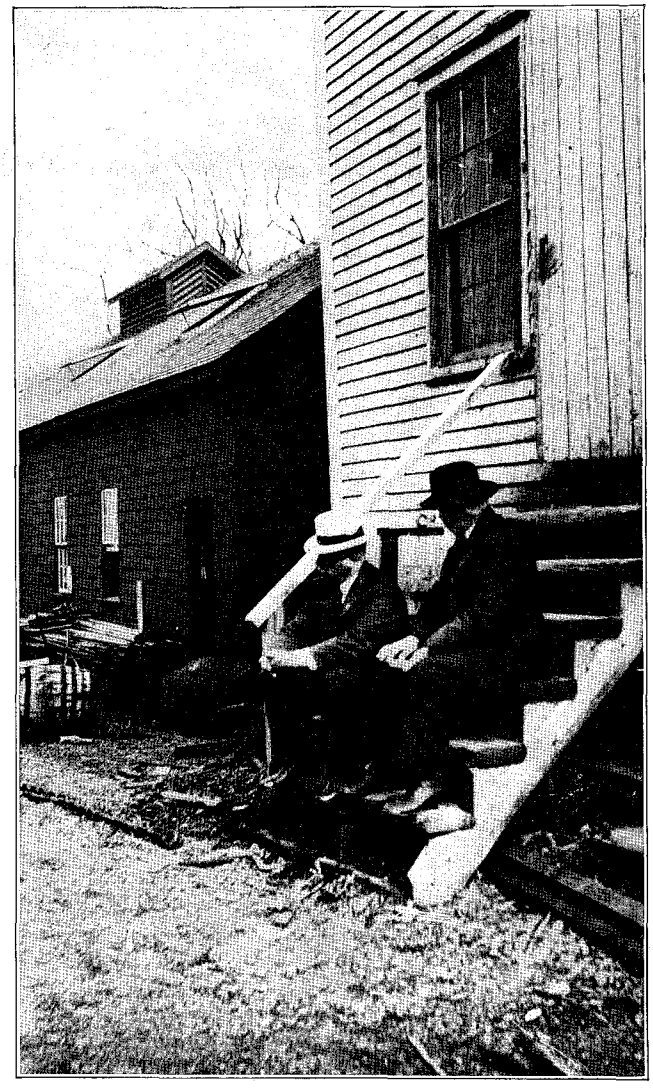
"I have hauled many a schooner in my time, Mr. Deering, and I'll thank you to let me manage my own job."

Unruffled, the owner accepted the merited rebuke and confided in an aside:

"Smarter than chain lightning, that fellow. Let me tell you what he did. He was chartered to sail empty to Pensacola and bring lumber to New York. He got wind that the government needed a cargo of coal, so he slipped it aboard in a hurry, carried it south, coaxed a hundred blue-jackets to help unload, and they played it out with a brass band from a battleship. He was able to take on his lumber without any delay so the party that chartered him couldn't object, and he just sneaked in that cargo of coal on the side."

"And did he share in this extra profit?" said I. "How does the captain fare in these piping times?"

"That fellow sails for forty-five dollars a month wages and five-per-cent primage, or percentage of the gross freight. That is customary in most of the big schooners. Before the war they cleaned up perhaps $200 a month. In the foreign trade at present? Good Lord, they are getting richer than any sailor ought to be. I have heard of a lot of them who are averaging $1,000 a month, and yet your brass-buttoned master of a coastwise steamer looks down on these schooner skippers as pretty small potatoes. What are these fellows doing with their ill-gotten gains?



Two shipbuilders of Bath "talking it over."
He talks of ships and their ways with an ardent enthusiasm.—Page 569.

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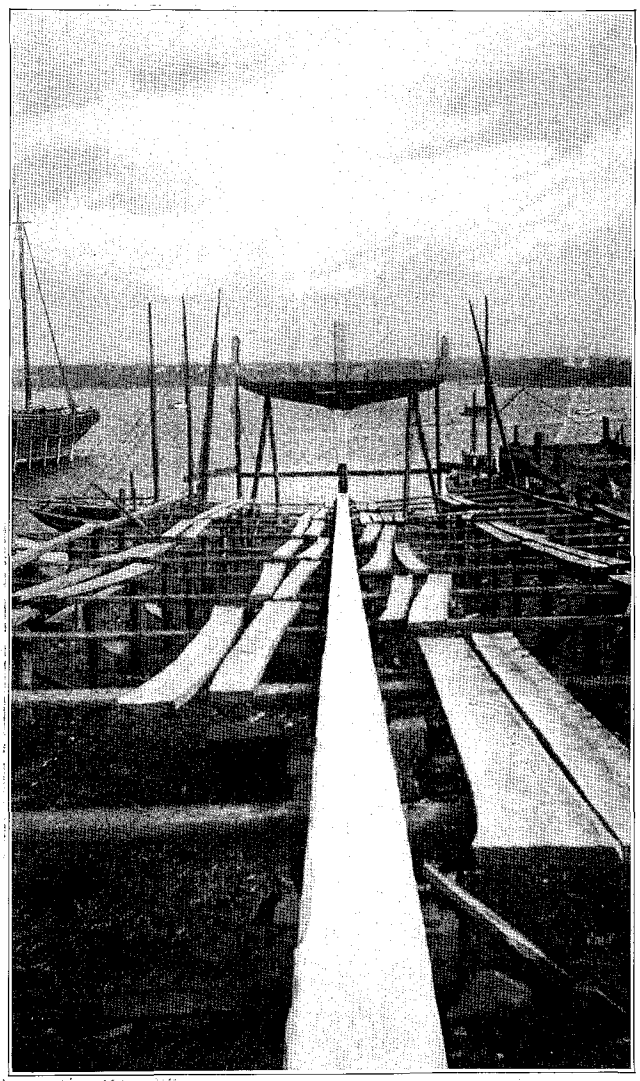
Buying pieces of other schooners and playing the game both ways. Raking in dividends with one hand and primage with the other. Well, it sort of makes up for lean years when they sometimes had to live on their wages. They gambled and they won, and I can't begrudge it."



A newly laid keel at the Snow yard, Rockland, Maine.

The gaunt length of a new-made keel at the farther end of which rose the rounded outline of the transom timbers.—Page 569.

Rockland is a port familiar for the smudge of its ever-burning lime-kilns and for the speed trials of battleships. It managed to preserve a certain cheerful aspect of energy while Bath was going to sleep with the decadence of its shipyards. And the busiest place on this curving bight of deep-water shore was Snow's marine railway. Hither came the coasters to be dragged out and repaired, many of them old and forlorn, drudges of the ocean which still weathered the winter passages by dint of good luck and better seamanship. And as fewer new schooners were built, more of this work came to Israel Snow and his brother, of the third generation of sailors and shipwrights. No other yard north of Boston helped to keep as many vessels afloat and hardily sailing in quest of a pittance of profit.

Now and then they launched a handsome four-master schooner in accordance with the family tradition, for there was a worthy pride in maintaining the place as a shipyard as well as a hospital for tired and broken craft that limped in from seaward. An Israel Snow had built stout square-riggers on this same spot when the Black Ball packets were storming across the western ocean in a fortnight from Sandy Hook to Liverpool, and the yards were braced to the lusty chorus of "Whisky Johnny" and "Blow the Man Down." Now, when Yankee bottoms are again at a premium in the world's carrying trade, you may be sure that the present Israel Snow has mustered his men and material to add to the fleet of fine new schooners which the storied ports of Maine are swiftly sending forth to reap an unexpected harvest.

A stalwart man and vehement is this Israel Snow, his face bronzed by wind

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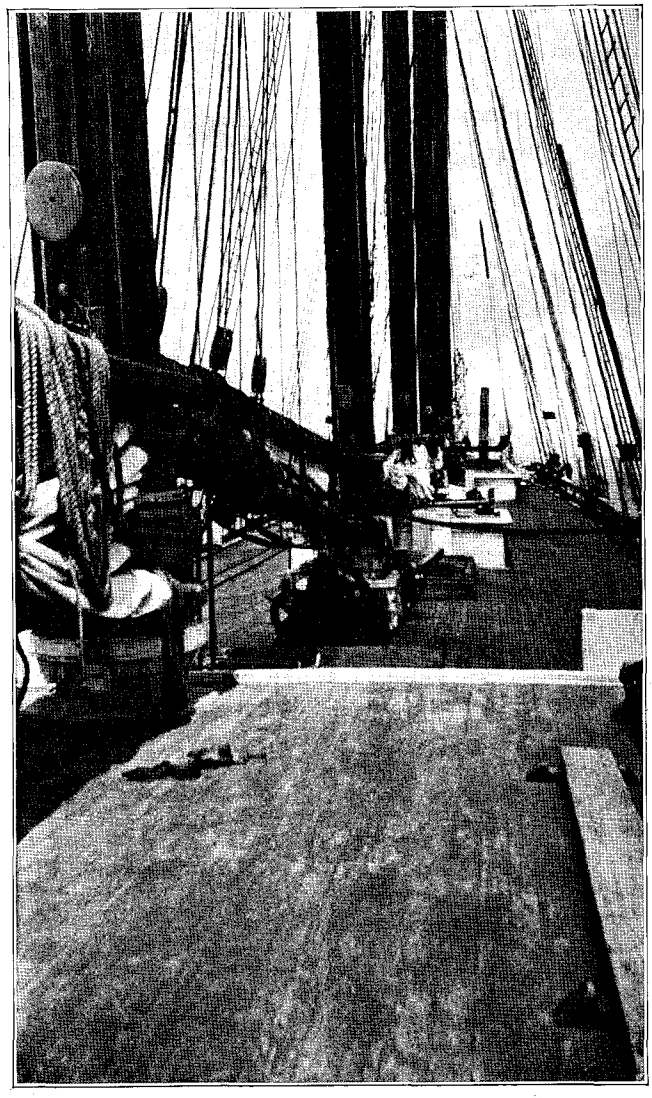
and sun, very much the pattern of a master mariner of the old New England breed. He talks of ships and their ways with an ardent enthusiasm, and it is plain to see that his zest for work is not wholly inspired by dollars. He had halted beside the gaunt length of a new-made keel at the farther end of which rose the rounded outline of the transom timbers, first hint of the tapered lines and intricate structure of a four-master. Sweating in his shirt-sleeves, he indicated the uncouth stacks of timber and exclaimed:

"It takes all kinds of wood to make a good vessel, more than a landlubber would dream of. This stuff has been shipped from the Pacific coast, from Virginia, Georgia, and Nova Scotia, pine and oak and spruce and cypress. And there's a difference in trees same as there is in men. Take the native spruce that is cut inland. It is sheltered, so it grows soft. What we put into a vessel is the black spruce that grows on the rocky islands off the coast. It wrestles for its life with the nor'east winds, and there's nothing between it and the freezing Atlantic. The tree that lives through forty years of this is tough. You can depend on it to stand up under the strain. It's a question of character, you might say."

There trudged into the yard a middle-aged man who walked with a slight roll. His skin was burned a richer tint than Israel Snow's, and the black clothes, slightly wrinkled, suggested that they had been laid away for shore-going occasions. This was Captain "Cort" Perry, just home from South America in one of the Snow four-masters and reporting to the owners to settle accounts for the voyage. Character had been built into this vessel of his, and for years she had safely come and gone under his command; nor since boyhood had he sailed in any other employ. He was sedate, taciturn, showing no elation that this was the prodigious moment of his career. No doubt he would face adversity with this same patient, unemotional demeanor. He had



The long deck of a five-master.

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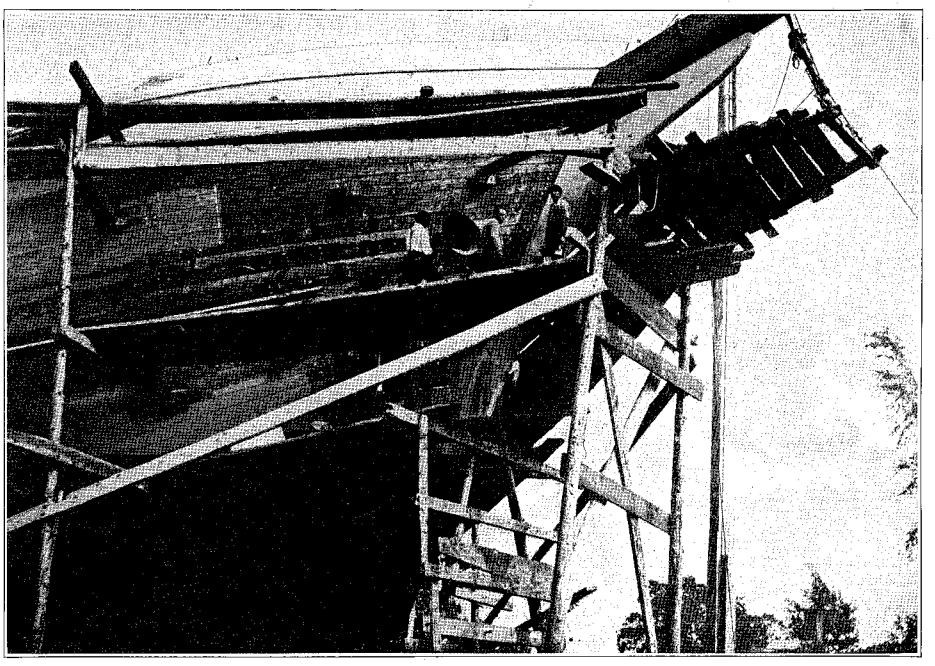
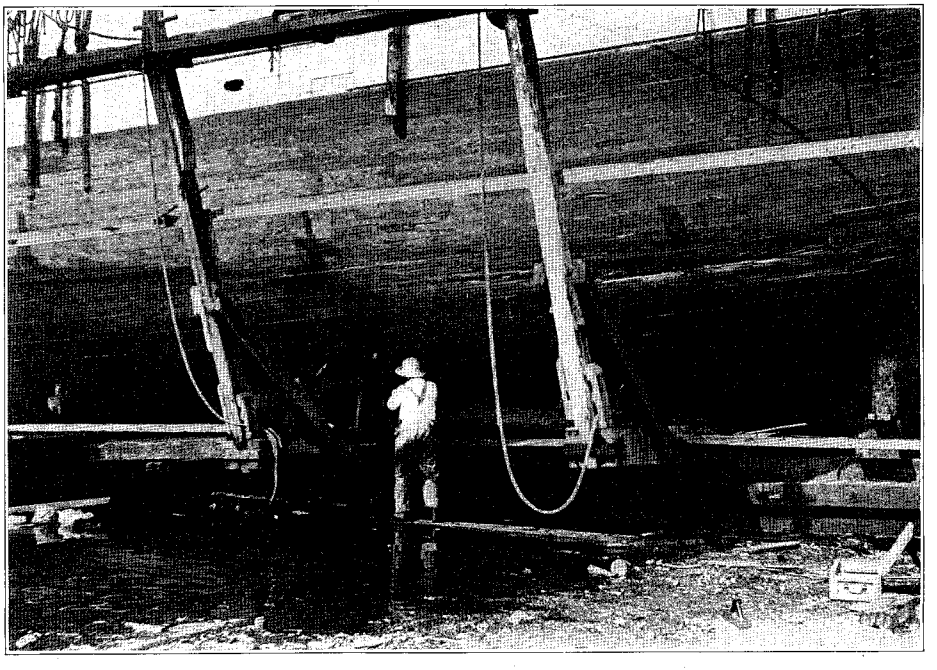


At the hawse-hole—a new schooner.



Patching up and calking an old vessel.

They were eagerly awaiting their turns to be patched and calked in order that they might snatch a modest portion of prosperity. —Page 572.

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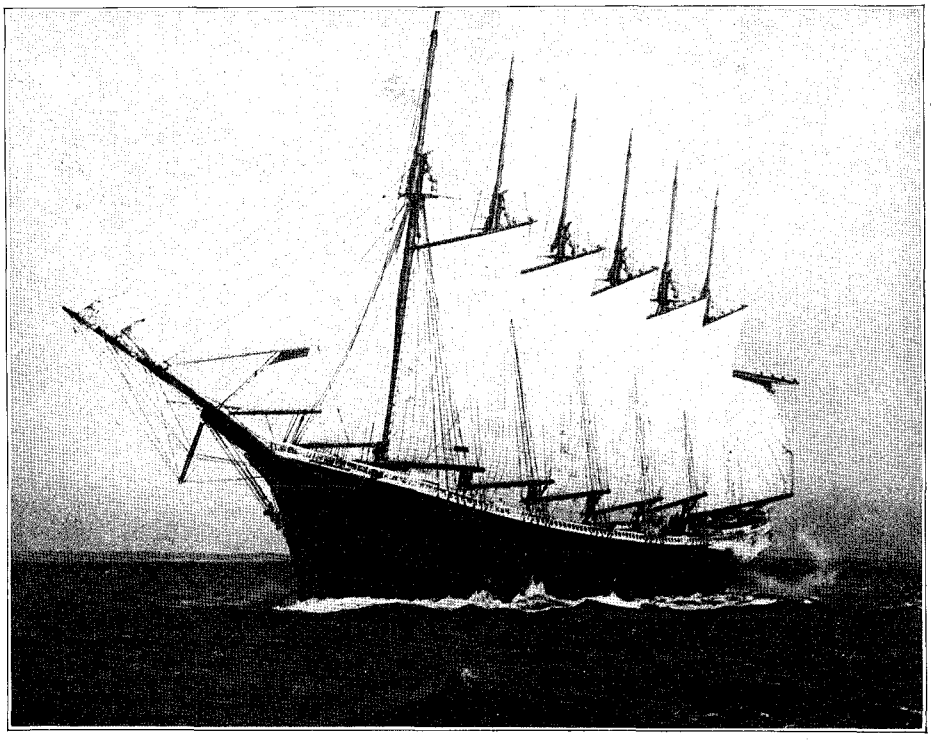
taken lumber to Para and returned with a cargo of logwood from Hayti, despatching the whole business in three months, which signified that Captain Perry was not afraid to crack on sail.

Far older than the system of wages and primage is the arrangement by which the skipper shares expenses and profits with the owner. This is how the Snow vessels are managed, an account-book for each



Schooner *Wyoming*, built at Bath, Maine, by Percy & Small.

one. The captain buys the provisions and pays the wages of his crew, besides one-half the port charges. He receives fifty per cent of the gross earnings of his schooner, and it follows that when freights are scarce and low he may find himself considerably out of pocket. This ancient custom is in high favor among mariners at present, and the bookkeeping in the instance of Captain Perry and his voyage to Para divulged that he was richer by something like $3,000.

He had nothing to say of the hazards of this offshore trade, but the large schooner was designed to fit the peculiar conditions of coastwise navigation. For long voyages and continuously heavy seas or spells of calm, she is much more difficult to handle than the square-rigged ship or bark. When running before the wind the immense sails are dangerously unwieldy, and to reef them in bad weather is a herculean task. American lads have ceased to go in the forecastles, and the crews are strange assortments of negroes, Scandinavians, and what not, but in the after-house is to be found the Yankee master, true to type, who will take his vessel anywhere.

"The square rig would be handier for this rush of deep-water trade?" gustily exclaimed Israel Snow. "Certainly; but how long will these fancy rates last, and where can you find a man who knows how to rig a bark? You'd have to look in a graveyard. Why, there's my own son," and his gesture expressed tolerant contempt, "he came to me one day and asked what kind of a queer vessel that was towing in from sea. I looked, and it was a barkentine. To think of such blighted ignorance in my own blessed family! The

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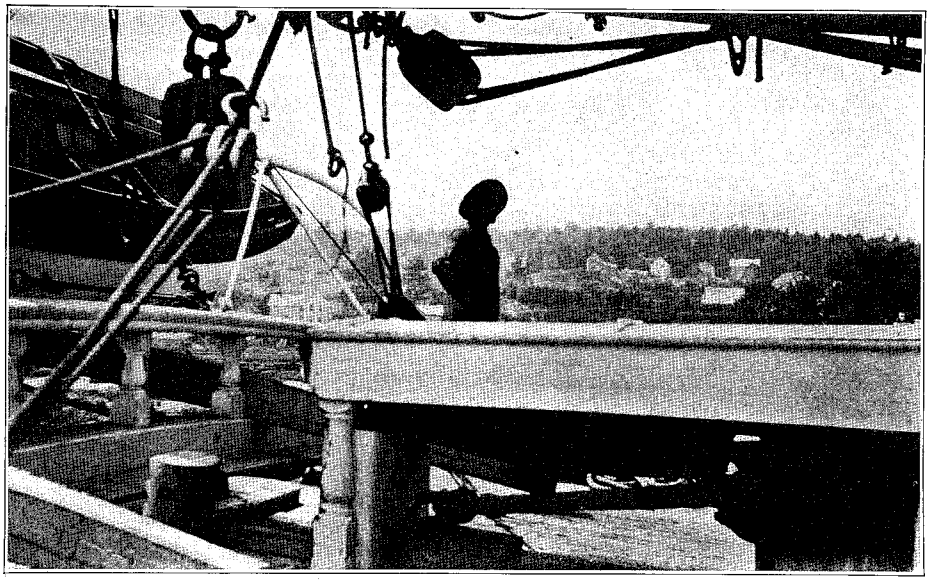

On the quarter-deck of a five-master.

boy ought to have known better out of sheer instinct. Where will we find our next crop of schooner captains if this booming trade has come to stay? Ask me something easy. We're not raising 'em. The youngsters who are turned out of the school-ships prefer to go in steam. It's more genteel, and I guess it's the winning game in the long run, but just at present you don't have to waste any pity on the masters that sail for us."

Moored at the wharfs, beached on the marine railway, or anchored in the stream were smaller fore-and-afters, a flotilla of them. They were eagerly awaiting their turns to be patched and calked in order that they might snatch a modest portion of prosperity. It was a matter of vital concern that the freight on spruce boards from Bangor to New York had increased to five dollars per thousand feet, or twice the former rate. It meant a longer lease of life for little schooners which had been battering along the coast for thirty and forty years, leaking like baskets, a man and a boy seesawing at the pump brake as a matter of course.

Many of them were owned by their grandfatherly skippers, who dared not venture past Cape Cod in winter lest the ancient *Matilda Emerson* or the *Joshua R. Coggswell* open up and founder in a blow. In bleak farmhouses they hugged the kitchen stove until spring and then put to sea again. The rigor of circumstances forced others to seek for trade the whole year through, and in a recent winter fifty-seven schooners were lost on the New England coast. Most of these were unfit for anything but summer breezes. As by a miracle, they have been able to renew their youth, to replace spongy planking and rotten stems and deck out in fresh paint and white canvas. In Snow's yard is a ship-chandlery shop with an alcove where the captains forgather. The floor is strewn with sawdust and the armchairs are capacious. The environment nicely harmonizes with the tales that are told. It is an informal club of coastwise skippers.

They move with a brisker gait and the laughter is more spontaneous than when they went begging for charters at any terms. A sinewy patriarch stumps to a window, flourishes an arm at a stubby two-master, and booms out:

"That vessel of mine is as sound as a nut, I tell ye. She ain't as big as some, but I'd like nothing better than to fill her full of suthin' for the west coast of Africy, same as the *Horace M. Bickford* that cleared t'other day stocked for *sixty thousand dollars.*"

"Huh, you'd get lost out o' sight of land, John," is the cruel retort, "and that old shoe-box of yours 'ud be scared to death without a harbor to run into every

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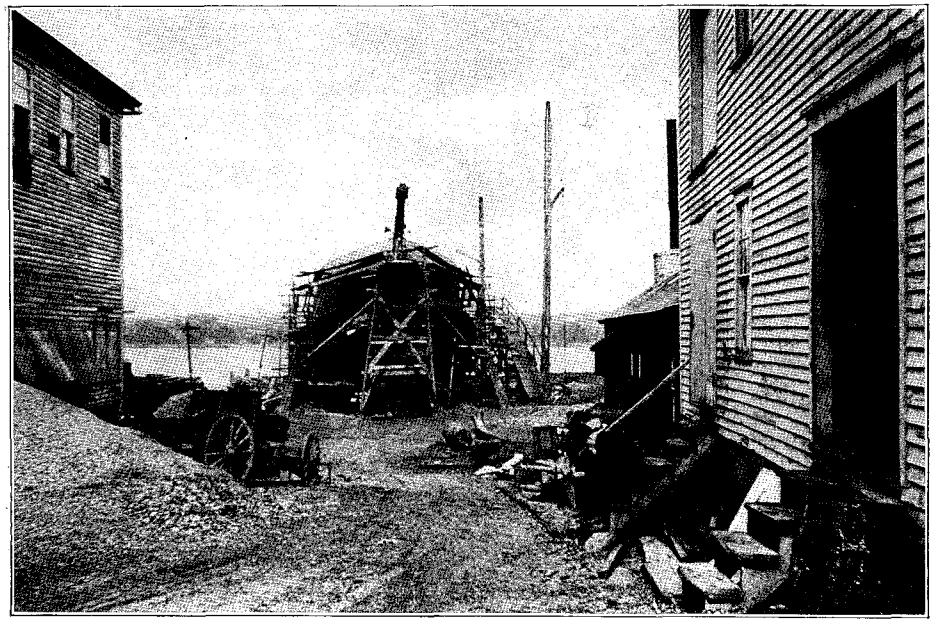
time the sun clouded over. Expect to navigate to Africa with an alarm-clock and a sounding-lead, I suppose."

"Mebbe I'd better let well enough alone. Africy don't seem as neighborly as Phippsburg and Machiasport. I'll chance it as far as Philadelphy next voyage, and I guess the old woman can buy a new dress."

"You've got no cause to grumble. There's been nothing like it since the Civil War. Did you hear about the *Merrimac*, six-master, hails from Bath, carries 6,000 tons of coal? Her owners are so sad that they weep when you mention the vessel. She was tied up on a long-time charter at eighty cents a ton from Norfolk, and the contract has another year to run. I'm afraid to reckon how many thousand dollars she loses every trip. And if she was free and foot-loose she'd sell for nigh a hundred thousand more'n she cost to build twelve years ago. I should say the fly in *that* ointment was as big as a whale."

Not far from Rockland, on this deeply indented coast, are the lovely little harbors of Thomaston and Camden, also rich with memories of blue-water ships and sailors. In mellowed dignity their square white houses beneath the elms recall to mind the mariners who dwelt in them. It seemed as if their shipyards also belonged with the past; but the summer visitor finds a new attraction in watching the schooners rise from the stocks, and the gay pageant of launching them, every mast ablaze with bunting, draws crowds to the water-front. And as a business adventure, with the tinge of old-fashioned romance, the casual stranger may be tempted to purchase a sixty-fourth "piece" of a splendid Yankee vessel and keep in touch with its roving fortunes. The shipping reports of his daily newspaper will prove more fascinating than the ticker tape, and the tidings of a successful voyage may thrill him with a sense of personal gratification. For the sea has not lost its magic and its mystery, and those who go down to it in ships must battle against elemental odds.

This revival of wooden shipbuilding in the old New England yards is, of course, an item comparatively small in the tremendous total of construction along the Atlantic coast, which is mostly of steel. For instance, on July 1 there were 385 vessels building or under contract in the United States, and 79 of



A glimpse into Percy & Small's yard, Bath.

It seemed as if their shipyards also belonged with the past; but the summer visitor finds a new attraction in watching the schooners rise from the stocks.

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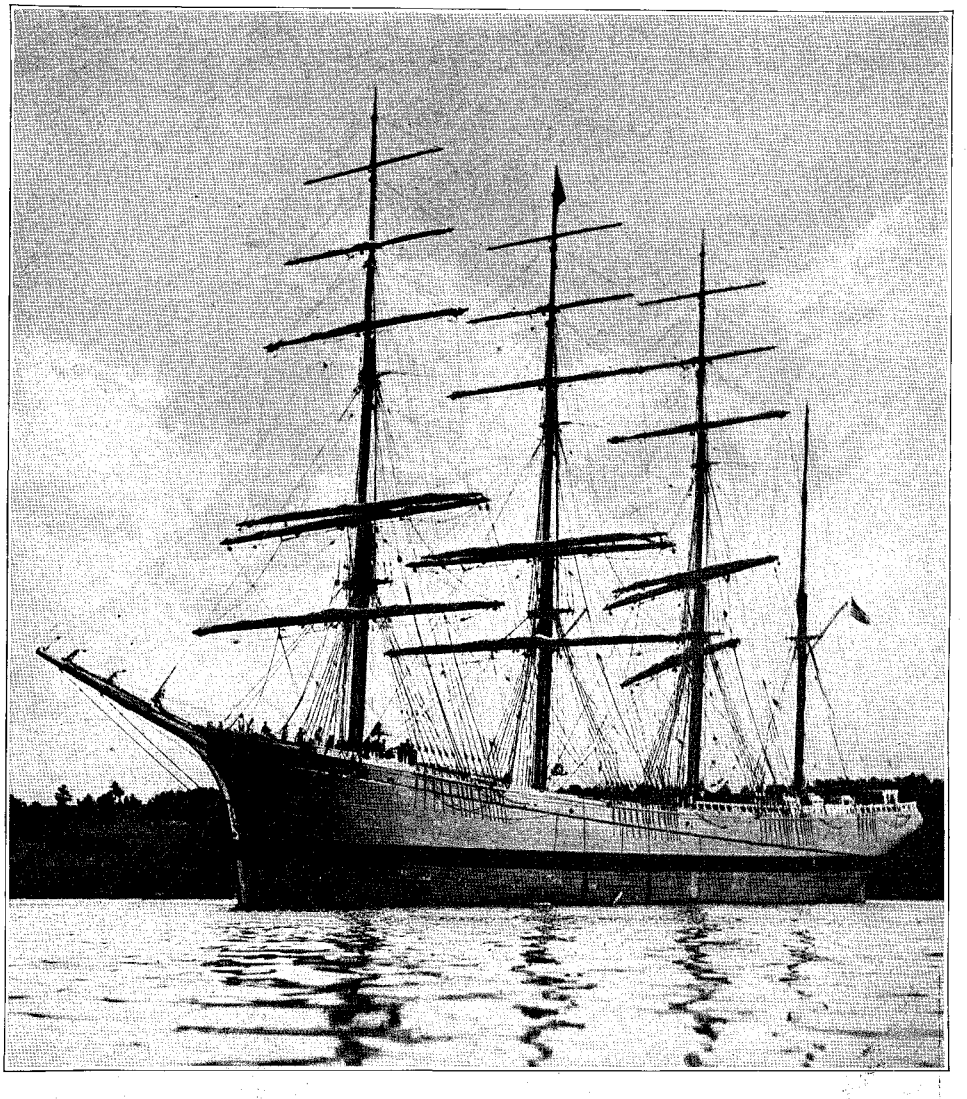

One of the old Spanish fleet of deep-water ships built by Sewall at Bath, Maine.

these were being turned out on the Delaware River alone. During the second year of the war 35 large merchant steamers were launched from American yards, 21 of them larger than 5,000 tons, an unprecedented record. The new fleet of schooners, in the water, on the stocks, or ordered, numbers about 20, with a valuation of $2,000,000, but this may be only a beginning. The most uncertain factors are the tremendously increased cost of material, the difficulty of getting it at all, and the dearth of skilled workmen in wood. The owners of the shipyards agree that the orders for large schooners are coming in much faster than they can hope to fill them.

The vessel under sail may be unknown to the next generation, and perhaps this dramatic recrudescence of the maritime spirit of New England is a transitory phase of commerce, but this is a conclusion very hard to accept. They did some things better in the simple days of old, and when the American race no longer regarded seafaring as its rightful heritage there was lost to it an asset of courageous manliness which the clattering spindles of ten thousand factories could never replace.

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BUNNER SISTERS

BY EDITH WHARTON

PART II

VIII

MR. RAMY, after a decent interval, returned to the shop; and Ann Eliza, when they met, was unable to detect whether the emotions which seethed under her black alpaca found an echo in his bosom. Outwardly he made no sign. He lit his pipe as placidly as ever and seemed to relapse without effort into the unruffled intimacy of old. Yet to Ann Eliza's initiated eye a change became gradually perceptible. She saw that he was beginning to look at her sister as he had looked at her on that momentous afternoon: she even discerned a secret significance in the turn of his talk with Evelina. Once he asked her abruptly if she should like to travel, and Ann Eliza saw that the flush on Evelina's cheek was reflected from the same fire which had scorched her own.

So they drifted on through the sultry weeks of July. At that season the business of the little shop almost ceased, and one Saturday morning Mr. Ramy proposed that the sisters should lock up early and go with him for a sail down the bay in one of the Coney Island boats.

Ann Eliza saw the light in Evelina's eye and her resolve was instantly taken.

"I guess I won't go, thank you kindly; but I'm sure my sister will be happy to."

She was pained by the perfunctory phrase with which Evelina urged her to accompany them; and still more by Mr. Ramy's silence.

"No, I guess I won't go," she repeated, rather in answer to herself than to them. "It's dreadfully hot and I've got a kinder headache."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't then," said her sister hurriedly. "You'd better jest set here quietly and rest."

"Yes, I'll rest," Ann Eliza assented.

At two o'clock Mr. Ramy returned, and a moment later he and Evelina left the shop. Evelina had made herself another new bonnet for the occasion, a bonnet, Ann Eliza thought, almost too youthful in shape and colour. It was the first time it had ever occurred to her to criticize Evelina's taste, and she was frightened at the insidious change in her attitude toward her sister.

When Ann Eliza, in later days, looked back on that afternoon she felt that there had been something prophetic in the quality of its solitude; it seemed to distill the triple essence of loneliness in which all her after-life was to be lived. No purchasers came; not a hand fell on the door-latch; and the tick of the clock in the back room ironically emphasized the passing of the empty hours.

Evelina returned late and alone. Ann Eliza felt the coming crisis in the sound of her footstep, which wavered along as if not knowing on what it trod. The elder sister's affection had so passionately projected itself into her junior's fate that at such moments she seemed to be living two lives, her own and Evelina's; and her private longings shrank into silence at the sight of the other's hungry bliss. But it was evident that Evelina, never acutely alive to the emotional atmosphere about her, had no idea that her secret was suspected; and with an assumption of unconcern that would have made Ann Eliza smile if the pang had been less piercing, the younger sister prepared to confess herself.

"What are you so busy about?" she said impatiently, as Ann Eliza, beneath the gas-jet, fumbled for the matches. "Ain't you even got time to ask me if I'd had a pleasant day?"

Ann Eliza turned with a quiet smile. "I guess I don't have to. Seems to me it's pretty plain you have."

"Well, I don't know. I don't know

*** A summary of Part I of "Bunner Sisters" appears on page 4 of the advertising pages.

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how I feel—it's all so queer. I almost think I'd like to scream."

"I guess you're tired."

"No, I ain't. It's not that. But it all happened so suddenly, and the boat was so crowded I thought everybody'd hear what he was saying.—Ann Eliza," she broke out, "why on earth don't you ask me what I'm talking about?"

Ann Eliza, with a last effort of heroism, feigned a fond incomprehension.

"What *are* you?"

"Why, I'm engaged to be married—so there! Now it's out! And it happened right on the boat; only to think of it! Of course I wasn't exactly surprised—I've known right along he was going to sooner or later—on'y somehow I didn't think of its happening to-day. I thought he'd never get up his courage. He said he was so 'fraid I'd say no—that's what kep' him so long from asking me. Well, I ain't said yes *yet*—leastways I told him I'd have to think it over; but I guess he knows. Oh, Ann Eliza, I'm so happy!" She hid the blinding brightness of her face.

Ann Eliza, just then, would only let herself feel that she was glad. She drew down Evelina's hands and kissed her, and they held each other. When Evelina regained her voice she had a tale to tell which carried their vigil far into the night. Not a syllable, not a glance or gesture of Ramy's, was the elder sister spared; and with unconscious irony she found herself comparing the details of his proposal to her with those which Evelina was imparting with merciless prolixity.

The next few days were taken up with the embarrassed adjustment of their new relation to Mr. Ramy and to each other. Ann Eliza's ardour carried her to new heights of self-effacement, and she invented late duties in the shop in order to leave Evelina and her suitor longer alone in the back room. Later on, when she tried to remember the details of those first days, few came back to her: she knew only that she got up each morning with the sense of having to push the leaden hours up the same long steep of pain.

Mr. Ramy came daily now. Every evening he and his betrothed went out for a stroll around the Square, and when Evelina came in her cheeks were always pink. "He's kissed her under that tree at the corner, away from the lamp-post," Ann Eliza said to herself, with sudden insight into unconjectured things. On Sundays they usually went for the whole afternoon to the Central Park, and Ann Eliza, from her seat in the mortal hush of the back room, followed step by step their long slow beatific walk.

There had been, as yet, no allusion to their marriage, except that Evelina had once told her sister that Mr. Ramy wished them to invite Mrs. Hochmüller and Linda to the wedding. The mention of the laundress raised a half-forgotten fear in Ann Eliza, and she said in a tone of tentative appeal: "I guess if I was you I wouldn't want to be very great friends with Mrs. Hochmüller."

Evelina glanced at her compassionately. "I guess if you was me you'd want to do everything you could to please the man you loved. It's lucky," she added with glacial irony, "that I'm not too grand for Herman's friends."

"Oh," Ann Eliza protested, "that ain't what I mean—and you know it ain't. Only somehow the day we saw her I didn't think she seemed like the kinder person you'd want for a friend."

"I guess a married woman's the best judge of such matters," Evelina replied, as though she already walked in the light of her future state.

Ann Eliza, after that, kept her own counsel. She saw that Evelina wanted her sympathy as little as her admonitions, and that already she counted for nothing in her sister's scheme of life. To Ann Eliza's idolatrous acceptance of the cruelties of fate this exclusion seemed both natural and just; but it caused her the most lively pain. She could not divest her love for Evelina of its passionate motherliness; no breath of reason could lower it to the cool temperature of sisterly affection.

She was then passing, as she thought, through the novitiate of her pain; preparing, in a hundred experimental ways, for the solitude awaiting her when Evelina left. It was true that it would be a tempered loneliness. They would not be far apart. Evelina would "run in" daily from the clock-maker's; they would doubtless take supper with her on Sundays. But already Ann Eliza guessed with what growing perfunctoriness her sister would

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fulfill these obligations; she even foresaw the day when, to get news of Evelina, she should have to lock the shop at nightfall and go herself to Mr. Ramy's door. But on that contingency she would not dwell. "They can come to me when they want to —they'll always find me here," she simply said to herself.

One evening Evelina came in flushed and agitated from her stroll around the Square. Ann Eliza saw at once that something had happened; but the new habit of reticence checked her question.

She had not long to wait. "Oh, Ann Eliza, on'y to think what he says—" (the pronoun stood exclusively for Mr. Ramy). "I declare I'm so upset I thought the people in the Square would notice me. Don't I look queer? He wants to get married right off—this very next week."

"Next week?"

"Yes. So's we can move out to St. Louis right away."

"Him and you—move out to St. Louis?"

"Well, I don't know as it would be natural for him to want to go out there without me," Evelina simpered. "But it's all so sudden I don't know what to think. He only got the letter this morning. *Do* I look queer, Ann Eliza?" Her eye was roving for the mirror.

"No, you don't," said Ann Eliza almost harshly.

"Well, it's a mercy," Evelina pursued with a tinge of disappointment. "It's a regular miracle I didn't faint right out there in the Square. Herman's so thoughtless—he just put the letter into my hand without a word. It's from a big firm out there—the Tiff'ny of St. Louis, he says it is—offering him a place in their clock-department. Seems they heard of him through a German friend of his that's settled out there. It's a splendid opening, and if he gives satisfaction they'll raise him at the end of the year."

She paused, flushed with the importance of the situation, which seemed to lift her once for all above the dull level of her former life.

"Then you'll have to go?" came at last from Ann Eliza.

Evelina stared. "You wouldn't have me interfere with his prospects, would you?"

"No—no. I on'y meant—has it got to be so soon?"

"Right away, I tell you—next week. Ain't it awful?" blushed the bride.

Well, this was what happened to mothers. They bore it, Ann Eliza mused; so why not she? Ah, but they had their own chance first; she had had no chance at all. And now this life which she had made her own was going from her forever; had gone, already, in the inner and deeper sense, and was soon to vanish in even its outward nearness, its surface-communion of voice and eye. At that moment even the thought of Evelina's happiness refused her its consolatory ray; or its light, if she saw it, was too remote to warm her. The thirst for a personal and inalienable tie, for pangs and problems of her own, was parching Ann Eliza's soul: it seemed to her that she could never again gather strength to look her loneliness in the face.

The trivial obligations of the moment came to her aid. Nursed in idleness her grief would have mastered her; but the needs of the shop and the back room, and the preparations for Evelina's marriage, kept the tyrant under.

Miss Mellins, true to her anticipations, had been called on to aid in the making of the wedding dress, and she and Ann Eliza were bending one evening over the breadths of pearl-grey cashmere which in spite of the dress-maker's prophetic vision of gored satin, had been judged most suitable, when Evelina came into the room alone.

Ann Eliza had already had occasion to notice that it was a bad sign when Mr. Ramy left his affianced at the door. It generally meant that Evelina had something disturbing to communicate, and Ann Eliza's first glance told her that this time the news was grave.

Miss Mellins, who sat with her back to the door and her head bent over her sewing, started as Evelina came around to the opposite side of the table.

"Mercy, Miss Evelina! I declare I thought you was a ghost, the way you crep' in. I had a customer once up in Forty-ninth Street—a lovely young woman with a thirty-six bust and a waist you could ha' put into her wedding ring—and her husband, he crep' up behind her that way jest for a joke, and frightened

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her into a fit, and when she come to she was a raving maniac, and had to be taken to Bloomingdale with two doctors and a nurse to hold her in the carriage, and a lovely baby on'y six weeks old—and there she is to this day, poor creature."

"I didn't mean to startle you," said Evelina.

She sat down on the nearest chair, and as the lamp-light fell on her face Ann Eliza saw that she had been crying.

"You do look dead-beat," Miss Mellins resumed, after a pause of soul-probing scrutiny. "I guess Mr. Ramy lugs you round that Square too often. You'll walk your legs off if you ain't careful. Men don't never consider—they're all alike. Why, I had a cousin once that was engaged to a book-agent——"

"Maybe we'd better put away the work for to-night, Miss Mellins," Ann Eliza interposed. "I guess what Evelina wants is a good night's rest."

"That's so," assented the dress-maker. "Have you got the back breadths run together, Miss Bunner? Here's the sleeves. I'll pin 'em together." She drew a cluster of pins from her mouth, in which she seemed to secrete them as squirrels stow away nuts. "There," she said, rolling up her work, "you go right away to bed, Miss Evelina, and we'll set up a little later to-morrow night. I guess you're a mite nervous, ain't you? I know when my turn comes I'll be scared to death."

With this arch forecast she withdrew, and Ann Eliza, returning to the back room, found Evelina still listlessly seated by the table. True to her new policy of silence, the elder sister set about folding up the bridal dress; but suddenly Evelina said in a harsh unnatural voice: "There ain't any use in going on with that."

The folds slipped from Ann Eliza's hands.

"Evelina Bunner—what you mean?"

"Jest what I say. It's put off."

"Put off—what's put off?"

"Our getting married. He can't take me to St. Louis. He ain't got money enough." She brought the words out in the monotonous tone of a child reciting a lesson.

Ann Eliza picked up another breadth of cashmere and began to smooth it out. "I don't understand," she said at length.

"Well, it's plain enough. The journey's fearfully expensive, and we've got to have something left to start with when we get out there. We've counted up, and he ain't got the money to do it—that's all."

"But I thought he was going right into a splendid place."

"So he is; but the salary's pretty low the first year, and board's very high in St. Louis. He's jest got another letter from his German friend, and he's been figuring it out, and he's afraid to chance it. He'll have to go alone."

"But there's your money—have you forgotten that? The hundred dollars in the bank."

Evelina made an impatient movement. "Of course I ain't forgotten it. On'y it ain't enough. It would all have to go into buying furniture, and if he was took sick and lost his place again we wouldn't have a cent left. He says he's got to lay by another hundred dollars before he'll be willing to take me out there."

For a while Ann Eliza pondered this surprising statement; then she ventured: "Seems to me he might have thought of it before."

In an instant Evelina was aflame. "I guess he knows what's right as well as you or me. I'd sooner die than be a burden to him."

Ann Eliza made no answer. The clutch of an unformulated doubt had checked the words on her lips. She had meant, on the day of her sister's marriage, to give Evelina the other half of their common savings; but something warned her not to say so now.

The sisters undressed without farther words. After they had gone to bed, and the light had been put out, the sound of Evelina's weeping came to Ann Eliza in the darkness, but she lay motionless on her own side of the bed, out of contact with her sister's shaken body. Never had she felt so coldly remote from Evelina.

The hours of the night moved slowly, ticked off with wearisome insistence by the clock which had played so prominent a part in their lives. Evelina's sobs still stirred the bed at gradually lengthening intervals, till at length Ann Eliza thought she slept. But with the dawn the eyes of the sisters met, and Ann Eliza's courage failed her as she looked in Evelina's face.

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She sat up in bed and put out a pleading hand.

"Don't cry so, dearie. Don't."

"Oh, I can't bear it, I can't bear it," Evelina moaned.

Ann Eliza stroked her quivering shoulder. "Don't, don't," she repeated. "If you take the other hundred, won't that be enough? I always meant to give it to you. On'y I didn't want to tell you till your wedding day."

IX

EVELINA'S marriage took place on the appointed day. It was celebrated in the evening, in the chantry of the church which the sisters attended, and after it was over the few guests who had been present repaired to the Bunner Sisters' basement, where a wedding supper awaited them. Ann Eliza, aided by Miss Mellins and Mrs. Hawkins, and consciously supported by the sentimental interest of the whole street, had expended her utmost energy on the decoration of the shop and the back room. On the table a vase of white chrysanthemums stood between a dish of oranges and bananas and an iced wedding-cake wreathed with orange-blossoms of the bride's own making. Autumn leaves studded with paper roses festooned the what-not and the chromo of the Rock of Ages, and a wreath of yellow immortelles was twined about the clock which Evelina revered as the mysterious agent of her happiness.

At the table sat Miss Mellins, profusely spangled and bangled, her head sewing-girl, a pale young thing who had helped with Evelina's outfit, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, with Johnny, their eldest boy, and Mrs. Hochmüller and her daughter.

Mrs. Hochmüller's large blonde personality seemed to pervade the room to the effacement of the less amply-proportioned guests. It was rendered more impressive by a dress of crimson poplin that stood out from her in organ-like folds; and Linda, whom Ann Eliza had remembered as an uncouth child with a sly look about the eyes, surprised her by a sudden blossoming into feminine grace such as sometimes follows on a gawky girlhood. The Hochmüllers, in fact, struck the dominant note in the entertainment. Beside them Evelina, unusually pale in her grey cashmere and white bonnet, looked like a faintly washed sketch beside a brilliant chromo; and Mr. Ramy, doomed to the traditional insignificance of the bridegroom's part, made no attempt to rise above his situation. Even Miss Mellins sparkled and jingled in vain in the shadow of Mrs. Hochmüller's crimson bulk; and Ann Eliza, with a sense of vague foreboding, saw that the wedding feast centred about the two guests she had most wished to exclude from it. What was said or done while they all sat about the table she never afterward recalled: the long hours remained in her memory as a whirl of high colours and loud voices, from which the pale presence of Evelina now and then emerged like a drowned face on a sunset-dabbled sea.

The next morning Mr. Ramy and his wife started for St. Louis, and Ann Eliza was left alone. Outwardly the first strain of parting was tempered by the arrival of Miss Mellins, Mrs. Hawkins and Johnny, who dropped in to help in the ungarlanding and tidying up of the back room. Ann Eliza was duly grateful for their kindness, but the "talking over" on which they had evidently counted was Dead Sea fruit on her lips; and just beyond the familiar warmth of their presences she saw the form of Solitude at her door.

Ann Eliza was but a small person to harbour so great a guest, and a trembling sense of insufficiency possessed her. She had no high musings to offer to the new companion of her hearth. Every one of her thoughts had hitherto turned to Evelina and shaped itself in homely easy words; of the mighty speech of silence she knew not the earliest syllable.

Everything in the back room and the shop, on the second day after Evelina's going, seemed to have grown coldly unfamiliar. The whole aspect of the place had changed with the changed conditions of Ann Eliza's life. The first customer who opened the shop-door startled her like a ghost; and all night she lay tossing on her side of the bed, sinking now and then into an uncertain doze from which she would suddenly wake to reach out her hand for Evelina. In the new silence surrounding her the walls and furniture found

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voice, frightening her at dusk and midnight with strange sighs and stealthy whispers. Ghostly hands shook the window shutters or rattled at the outer latch, and once she grew cold at the sound of a step like Evelina's stealing through the dark shop to die out on the threshold. In time, of course, she found an explanation for these noises, telling herself that the bedstead was warping, that Miss Mellins trod heavily overhead, or that the thunder of passing beer-waggons shook the door-latch; but the hours leading up to these conclusions were full of the floating terrors that harden into fixed foreboding. Worst of all were the solitary meals, when she absently continued to set aside the largest slice of pie for Evelina, and to let the tea grow cold while she waited for her sister to help herself to the first cup. Miss Mellins, coming in on one of these sad repasts, suggested the acquisition of a cat; but Ann Eliza shook her head. She had never been used to animals, and she felt the vague shrinking of the pious from creatures divided from her by the abyss of soullessness.

At length, after ten empty days, Evelina's first letter came.

"My dear Sister," she wrote, in her pinched Spencerian hand, "it seems strange to be in this great City so far from home alone with him I have chosen for life, but marriage has its solemn duties which those who are not can never hope to understand, and happier perhaps for this reason, life for them has only simple tasks and pleasures, but those who must take thought for others must be prepared to do their duty in whatever station it has pleased the Almighty to call them. Not that I have cause to complain, my dear Husband is all love and devotion, but being absent all day at his business how can I help but feel lonesome at times, as the poet says it is hard for they that love to live apart, and I often wonder, my dear Sister, how you are getting along alone in the store, may you never experience the feelings of solitude I have underwent since I came here. We are boarding now, but soon expect to find rooms and change our place of Residence, then I shall have all the care of a household to bear, but such is the fate of those who join their Lot with others, they cannot hope to escape from the burdens of Life, nor would I ask it, I would not live alway but while I live would always pray for strength to do my duty. This city is not near as large or handsome as New York, but had my lot been cast in a Wilderness I hope I should not repine, such never was my nature, and they who exchange their independence for the sweet name of Wife must be prepared to find all is not gold that glitters, nor I would not expect like you to drift down the stream of Life unfettered and serene as a Summer cloud, such is not my fate, but come what may will always find in me a resigned and prayerful Spirit, and hoping this finds you as well as it leaves me, I remain, my dear Sister,

"Yours truly,

"Evelina B. Ramy."

Ann Eliza had always secretly admired the oratorical and impersonal tone of Evelina's letters; but the few she had previously read, having been addressed to school-mates or distant relatives, had appeared in the light of literary compositions rather than as records of personal experience. Now she could not but wish that Evelina had laid aside her swelling periods for a style more suited to the chronicling of homely incidents. She read the letter again and again, seeking for a clue to what her sister was really doing and thinking; but after each reading she emerged impressed but unenlightened from the labyrinth of Evelina's eloquence.

During the early winter she received two or three more letters of the same kind, each enclosing in its loose husk of rhetoric a smaller kernel of fact. By dint of patient interlinear study, Ann Eliza gathered from them that Evelina and her husband, after various costly experiments in boarding, had been reduced to a tenement-house flat; that living in St. Louis was more expensive than they had supposed, and that Mr. Ramy was kept out late at night (why, at a jeweller's, Ann Eliza wondered?) and found his position less satisfactory than he had been led to expect. Toward February the letters fell off; and finally they ceased to come.

At first Ann Eliza wrote, shyly but persistently, entreating for more frequent news; then, as one appeal after another was swallowed up in the mystery of Eve-

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lina's protracted silence, vague fears began to assail the elder sister. Perhaps Evelina was ill, and with no one to nurse her but a man who could not even make himself a cup of tea! Ann Eliza recalled the layer of dust in Mr. Ramy's shop, and pictures of domestic disorder mingled with the more poignant vision of her sister's illness. But surely if Evelina were ill Mr. Ramy would have written. He wrote a small neat hand, and epistolary communication was not an insuperable embarrassment to him. The too probable alternative was that both the unhappy pair had been prostrated by some disease which left them powerless to summon her—for summon her they surely would, Ann Eliza with unconscious cynicism reflected, if she or her small economies could be of use to them! The more she strained her eyes into the mystery, the darker it grew; and her lack of initiative, her inability to imagine what steps might be taken to trace the lost in distant places, left her benumbed and helpless.

At last there floated up from some depth of troubled memory the name of the firm of St. Louis jewellers by whom Mr. Ramy was employed. After much hesitation, and considerable effort, she addressed to them a timid request for news of her brother-in-law; and sooner than she could have hoped the answer reached her.

"Dear Madam,

"In reply to yours of the 29th ult. we beg to state that the party you refer to was discharged from our employ a month ago. We are sorry we are unable to furnish you with his address.

"Yours respectfully,

"Ludwig and Hammerbusch."

Ann Eliza read and re-read the curt statement in a stupor of distress. She had lost her last trace of Evelina. All that night she lay awake, revolving the stupendous project of going to St. Louis in search of her sister; but though she pieced together her few financial possibilities with the ingenuity of a brain used to fitting odd scraps into patch-work quilts, she woke to the cold daylight fact that she could not raise the money for her fare. Her wedding gift to Evelina had left her without any resources beyond her daily earnings, and these had steadily dwindled as the winter passed. She had long since renounced her weekly visit to the butcher, and had reduced her other expenses to the narrowest measure; but the most systematic frugality had not enabled her to put by any money. In spite of her dogged efforts to maintain the prosperity of the little shop, her sister's absence had already told on its business. Now that Ann Eliza had to carry the bundles to the dyer's herself, the customers who called in her absence, finding the shop locked, too often went elsewhere. Moreover, after several stern but unavailing efforts, she had had to give up the trimming of bonnets, which in Evelina's hands had been the most lucrative as well as the most interesting part of the business. This change, to the passing female eye, robbed the shop window of its chief attraction; and when painful experience had convinced the regular customers of the Bunner Sisters of Ann Eliza's lack of millinery skill they began to lose faith in her ability to curl a feather or even "freshen up" a bunch of flowers. The time came when Ann Eliza had almost made up her mind to speak to the lady with puffed sleeves, who had always looked at her so kindly, and had once ordered a hat of Evelina. Perhaps the lady with puffed sleeves would be able to get her a little plain sewing to do; or she might recommend the shop to friends. Ann Eliza, with this possibility in view, rummaged out of a drawer the fly-blown remainder of the business cards which the sisters had ordered in the first flush of their commercial adventure; but when the lady with puffed sleeves finally appeared she was in deep mourning, and wore so sad a look that Ann Eliza dared not speak. She came in to buy some spools of black thread and silk, and in the doorway she turned back to say: "I am going away to-morrow for a long time. I hope you will have a pleasant winter." And the door shut on her.

One day not long after this it occurred to Ann Eliza to go to Hoboken in quest of Mrs. Hochmüller. Much as she shrank from pouring her distress into that particular ear, her anxiety had carried her beyond such reluctances; but when she

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began to think the matter over she was faced by a new difficulty. On the occasion of her only visit to Mrs. Hochmüller, she and Evelina had suffered themselves to be led there by Mr. Ramy; and Ann Eliza now perceived that she did not even know the name of the laundress's suburb, much less that of the street in which she lived. But she must have news of Evelina, and no obstacle was great enough to thwart her.

Though she longed to turn to some one for advice she disliked to expose her situation to Miss Mellins's searching eye, and at first she could think of no other confidant. Then she remembered Mrs. Hawkins, or rather her husband, who, though Ann Eliza had always thought him a dull uneducated man, was probably gifted with the mysterious masculine faculty of finding out people's addresses. It went hard with Ann Eliza to trust her secret even to the mild ear of Mrs. Hawkins, but at least she was spared the cross-examination to which the dress-maker would have subjected her. The accumulating pressure of domestic cares had so crushed in Mrs. Hawkins any curiosity concerning the affairs of others that she received her visitor's confidence with an almost masculine indifference, while she rocked her teething baby on one arm and with the other tried to check the acrobatic impulses of the next in age.

"My, my," she simply said as Ann Eliza ended. "Keep still now, Arthur: Miss Bunner don't want you to jump up and down on her foot to-day. And what are you gaping at, Johnny? Run right off and play," she added, turning sternly to her eldest, who, because he was the least naughty, usually bore the brunt of her wrath against the others.

"Well, perhaps Mr. Hawkins can help you," Mrs. Hawkins continued meditatively, while the children, after scattering at her bidding, returned to their previous pursuits like flies settling down on the spot from which an exasperated hand has swept them. "I'll send him right round the minute he comes in, and you can tell him the whole story. I wouldn't wonder but what he can find that Mrs. Hochmüller's address in the d'rectory. I know they've got one where he works."

"I'd be real thankful if he could," Ann Eliza murmured, rising from her seat with the factitious sense of lightness that comes from imparting a long-hidden dread.

X

Mr. Hawkins proved himself worthy of his wife's faith in his capacity. He learned from Ann Eliza as much as she could tell him about Mrs. Hochmüller and returned the next evening with a scrap of paper bearing her address, beneath which Johnny (the family scribe) had written in a large round hand the names of the streets that led there from the ferry.

Ann Eliza lay awake all that night, repeating over and over again the directions Mr. Hawkins had given her. He was a kind man, and she knew he would willingly have gone with her to Hoboken; indeed she read in his timid eye the half-formed intention of offering to accompany her—but on such an errand she preferred to go alone.

The next Sunday, accordingly, she set out early, and without much trouble found her way to the ferry. Nearly a year had passed since her previous visit to Mrs. Hochmüller, and a chilly April breeze smote her face as she stepped on the boat. Most of the passengers were huddled together in the cabin, and Ann Eliza shrank into its obscurest corner, shivering under the thin black mantle which had seemed so hot in July. She began to feel a little bewildered as she stepped ashore, but a paternal policeman put her into the right car, and as in a dream she found herself retracing the way to Mrs. Hochmüller's door. She had told the conductor the name of the street at which she wished to get out, and presently she stood in the biting wind at the corner near the beer-saloon, where the sun had once beat down on her so fiercely. At length an empty car appeared, its yellow flank emblazoned with the name of Mrs. Hochmüller's suburb, and Ann Eliza was presently jolting past the narrow brick houses islanded between vacant lots like giant piles in a desolate lagoon. When the car reached the end of its journey she got out and stood for some time trying to remember which turn Mr. Ramy had taken. She had just made up her mind to ask the car-driver when he shook the reins on the backs of his lean

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horses, and the car, still empty, jogged away toward Hoboken.

Ann Eliza, left alone by the roadside, began to move cautiously forward, looking about for a small red house with a gable overhung by an elm-tree; but everything about her seemed unfamiliar and forbidding. One or two surly looking men slouched past with inquisitive glances, and she could not make up her mind to stop and speak to them.

At length a tow-headed boy came out of a swinging door suggestive of illicit conviviality, and to him Ann Eliza ventured to confide her difficulty. The offer of five cents fired him with an instant willingness to lead her to Mrs. Hochmüller, and he was soon trotting past the stone-cutter's yard with Ann Eliza in his wake.

Another turn in the road brought them to the little red house, and having rewarded her guide Ann Eliza unlatched the gate and walked up to the door. Her heart was beating violently, and she had to lean against the door-post to compose her twitching lips: she had not known till that moment how much it was going to hurt her to speak of Evelina to Mrs. Hochmüller. As her agitation subsided she began to notice how much the appearance of the house had changed. It was not only that winter had stripped the elm, and blackened the flower-borders: the house itself had a debased and deserted air. The window-panes were cracked and dirty, and one or two shutters swung dismally on loosened hinges.

She rang several times before the door was opened. At length an Irish woman with a shawl over her head and a baby in her arms appeared on the threshold, and glancing past her into the narrow passage Ann Eliza saw that Mrs. Hochmüller's neat abode had deteriorated as much within as without.

At the mention of the name the woman stared. "Mrs. who, did ye say?"

"Mrs. Hochmüller. This is surely her house?"

"No, it ain't neither," said the woman turning away.

"Oh, but wait, please," Ann Eliza entreated. "I can't be mistaken. I mean the Mrs. Hochmüller who takes in washing. I came out to see her last June."

"Oh, the Dutch washerwoman is it—her that used to live here? She's been gone two months and more. It's Mike McNulty lives here now. Whisht!" to the baby, who had squared his mouth for a howl.

Ann Eliza's knees grew weak. "Mrs. Hochmüller gone? But where has she gone? She must be somewhere round here. Can't you tell me?"

"Sure an' I can't," said the woman. "She wint away before iver we come."

"Dalia Geoghegan, will ye bring the choild in out av the cowld?" cried an irate voice from within.

"Please wait—oh, please wait," Ann Eliza insisted. "You see I must find Mrs. Hochmüller."

"Why don't ye go and look for her thin?" the woman returned, slamming the door in her face.

She stood motionless on the door-step, dazed by the immensity of her disappointment, till a burst of loud voices inside the house drove her down the path and out of the gate.

Even then she could not grasp what had happened, and pausing in the road she looked back at the house, half hoping that Mrs. Hochmüller's once detested face might appear at one of the grimy windows.

She was roused by an icy wind that seemed to spring up suddenly from the desolate scene, piercing her thin dress like gauze; and turning away she began to retrace her steps. She thought of enquiring for Mrs. Hochmüller at some of the neighbouring houses, but their look was so unfriendly that she walked on without making up her mind at which door to ring. When she reached the horse-car terminus a car was just moving off toward Hoboken, and for nearly an hour she had to wait on the corner in the bitter wind. Her hands and feet were stiff with cold when the car at length loomed into sight again, and she thought of stopping somewhere on the way to the ferry for a cup of tea; but before the region of lunch-rooms was reached she had grown so sick and dizzy that the thought of food was repulsive. At length she found herself on the ferry-boat, in the soothing stuffiness of the crowded cabin; then came another interval of shivering on a street-corner, another long jolting journey in a "cross-town" car that smelt of damp straw and tobacco; and lastly, in

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the cold spring dusk, she unlocked her door and groped her way through the shop to her fireless bedroom.

The next morning Mrs. Hawkins, dropping in to hear the result of the trip, found Ann Eliza sitting behind the counter wrapped in an old shawl.

"Why, Miss Bunner, you're sick! You must have fever—your face is just as red!"

"It's nothing. I guess I caught cold yesterday on the ferry-boat," Ann Eliza acknowledged.

"And it's jest like a vault in here!" Mrs. Hawkins rebuked her. "Let me feel your hand—it's burning. Now, Miss Bunner, you've got to go right to bed this very minute."

"Oh, but I can't, Mrs. Hawkins." Ann Eliza attempted a wan smile. "You forget there ain't nobody but me to tend the store."

"I guess you won't tend it long neither, if you ain't careful," Mrs. Hawkins grimly rejoined. Beneath her placid exterior she cherished a morbid passion for disease and death, and the sight of Ann Eliza's suffering had roused her from her habitual indifference. "There ain't so many folks comes to the store anyhow," she went on with unconscious cruelty, "and I'll go right up and see if Miss Mellins can't spare one of her girls."

Ann Eliza, too weary to resist, allowed Mrs. Hawkins to put her to bed and make a cup of tea over the stove, while Miss Mellins, always good-naturedly responsive to any appeal for help, sent down the weak-eyed little girl to deal with hypothetical customers.

Ann Eliza, having so far abdicated her independence, sank into sudden apathy. As far as she could remember, it was the first time in her life that she had been taken care of instead of taking care, and there was a momentary relief in the surrender. She swallowed the tea like an obedient child, allowed a poultice to be applied to her aching chest and uttered no protest when a fire was kindled in the rarely used grate; but as Mrs. Hawkins bent over to "settle" her pillows she raised herself on her elbow to whisper: "Oh, Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. Hochmüller warn't there." The tears rolled down her cheeks.

"She warn't there? Has she moved?"

"Over two months ago—and they don't know where she's gone. Oh what'll I do, Mrs. Hawkins?"

"There, there, Miss Bunner. You lay still and don't fret. I'll ask Mr. Hawkins soon as ever he comes home."

Ann Eliza murmured her gratitude, and Mrs. Hawkins, bending down, kissed her on the forehead. "Don't you fret," she repeated, in the voice with which she soothed her children.

For over a week Ann Eliza lay in bed, faithfully nursed by her two neighbours, while the weak-eyed child, and the pale sewing girl who had helped to finish Evelina's wedding dress, took turns in minding the shop. Every morning, when her friends appeared, Ann Eliza lifted her head to ask: "Is there a letter?" and at their gentle negative sank back in silence. Mrs. Hawkins, for several days, spoke no more of her promise to consult her husband as to the best way of tracing Mrs. Hochmüller; and dread of fresh disappointment kept Ann Eliza from bringing up the subject.

But the following Sunday evening, as she sat for the first time bolstered up in her rocking-chair near the stove, while Miss Mellins studied the *Police Gazette* beneath the lamp, there came a knock on the shop-door and Mr. Hawkins entered.

Ann Eliza's first glance at his plain friendly face showed her he had news to give, but though she no longer attempted to hide her anxiety from Miss Mellins, her lips trembled too much to let her speak.

"Good evening, Miss Bunner," said Mr. Hawkins in his dragging voice. "I've been over to Hoboken all day looking round for Mrs. Hochmüller."

"Oh, Mr. Hawkins—you *have?*"

"I made a thorough search, but I'm sorry to say it was no use. She's left Hoboken—moved clear away, and nobody seems to know where."

"It was real good of you, Mr. Hawkins." Ann Eliza's voice struggled up in a faint whisper through the submerging tide of her disappointment.

Mr. Hawkins, in his embarrassed sense of being the bringer of bad news, stood before her uncertainly; then he turned to go. "No trouble at all," he paused to assure her from the doorway.

She wanted to speak again, to detain

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him, to ask him to advise her; but the words caught in her throat and she lay back silent.

The next day she got up early, and dressed and bonneted herself with twitching fingers. She waited till the weak-eyed child appeared, and having laid on her minute instructions as to the care of the shop, she slipped out into the street. It had occurred to her in one of the weary watches of the previous night that she might go to Tiffany's and make enquiries about Ramy's past. Possibly in that way she might obtain some information that would suggest a new way of reaching Evelina. She was guiltily aware that Mrs. Hawkins and Miss Mellins would be angry with her for venturing out of doors, but she knew she should never feel any better till she had news of Evelina.

The morning air was sharp, and as she turned to face the wind she felt so weak and unsteady that she wondered if she should ever get as far as Union Square; but by walking very slowly, and standing still now and then when she could do so without being noticed, she found herself at last before the jeweller's great glass doors.

It was still so early that there were no purchasers in the shop, and she felt herself the centre of innumerable unemployed eyes as she moved forward between long lines of show-cases glittering with diamonds and silver.

She was glancing about in the hope of finding the clock-department without having to approach one of the impressive gentlemen who paced the empty aisles, when she attracted the attention of one of the most impressive of the number.

The formidable benevolence with which he enquired what he could do for her made her almost despair of explaining herself; but she finally disentangled from a flurry of wrong beginnings the request to be shown to the clock-department.

The gentleman considered her thoughtfully. "May I ask what style of clock you are looking for? Would it be for a wedding-present, or——?"

The irony of the allusion filled Ann Eliza's veins with sudden strength. "I don't want to buy a clock at all. I want to see the head of the department."

"Mr. Loomis?" His stare still weighed her—then he seemed to brush aside the problem she presented as beneath his notice. "Oh, certainly. Take the elevator to the second floor. Next aisle to the left." He waved her down the endless perspective of show-cases.

Ann Eliza followed the line of his lordly gesture, and a swift ascent brought her to a great hall full of the buzzing and booming of thousands of clocks. Whichever way she looked, clocks stretched away from her in glittering interminable vistas: clocks of all sizes and voices, from the bell-throated giant of the hallway to the chirping dressing-table toy; tall clocks of mahogany and brass with cathedral chimes; clocks of bronze, glass, porcelain, of every possible size, voice and configuration; and between their serried ranks, along the polished floor of the aisles, moved the languid forms of other gentlemanly floor-walkers, waiting for their duties to begin.

One of them soon approached, and Ann Eliza repeated her request. He received it affably.

"Mr. Loomis? Go right down to the office at the other end." He pointed to a kind of box of ground glass and highly polished panelling.

As she thanked him he turned to one of his companions and said something in which she caught the name of Mr. Loomis, and which was received with an appreciative chuckle. She suspected herself of being the object of the pleasantry, and straightened her thin shoulders under her mantle.

The door of the office stood open, and within sat a gray-bearded man at a desk. He looked up kindly, and again she asked for Mr. Loomis.

"I'm Mr. Loomis. What can I do for you?"

He was much less portentous than the others, though she guessed him to be above them in authority; and encouraged by his tone she seated herself on the edge of the chair he waved her to.

"I hope you'll excuse my troubling you, sir. I came to ask if you could tell me anything about Mr. Herman Ramy. He was employed here in the clock-department two or three years ago."

Mr. Loomis showed no recognition of the name.

"Ramy? When was he discharged?"

"I don't har'ly know. He was very

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sick, and when he got well his place had been filled. He married my sister last October and they went to St. Louis, I ain't had any news of them for over two months, and she's my only sister, and I'm most crazy worrying about her."

"I see." Mr. Loomis reflected. "In what capacity was Ramy employed here?" he asked after a moment.

"He—he told us that he was one of the heads of the clock-department," Ann Eliza stammered, overswept by a sudden doubt.

"That was probably a slight exaggeration. But I can tell you about him by referring to our books. The name again?"

"Ramy—Herman Ramy."

There ensued a long silence, broken only by the flutter of leaves as Mr. Loomis turned over his ledgers. Presently he looked up, keeping his finger between the pages.

"Here it is—Herman Ramy. He was one of our ordinary workmen, and left us three years and a half ago last June."

"On account of sickness?" Ann Eliza faltered.

Mr. Loomis appeared to hesitate; then he said: "I see no mention of sickness." Ann Eliza felt his compassionate eyes on her again. "Perhaps I'd better tell you the truth. He was discharged for drug-taking. A capable workman, but we couldn't keep him straight. I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but it seems fairer, since you say you're anxious about your sister."

The polished sides of the office vanished from Ann Eliza's sight, and the cackle of the innumerable clocks came to her like the yell of waves in a storm. She tried to speak but could not; tried to get to her feet, but the floor was gone.

"I'm very sorry," Mr. Loomis repeated, closing the ledger. "I remember the man perfectly now. He used to disappear every now and then, and turn up again in a state that made him useless for days."

As she listened, Ann Eliza recalled the day when she had come on Mr. Ramy sitting in abject dejection behind his counter. She saw again the blurred unrecognizing eyes he had raised to her, the layer of dust over everything in the shop, and the green bronze clock in the window representing a Newfoundland dog with his paw on a book. She stood up slowly.

"Thank you. I'm sorry to have troubled you."

"It was no trouble. You say Ramy married your sister last October?"

"Yes, sir; and they went to St. Louis right afterward. I don't know how to find her. I thought maybe somebody here might know about him."

"Well, possibly some of the workmen might. Leave me your name and I'll send you word if I get on his track."

He handed her a pencil, and she wrote down her address; then she walked away blindly between the clocks.

XI

Mr. Loomis, true to his word, wrote a few days later that he had enquired in vain in the work-shop for any news of Ramy; and as she folded this letter and laid it between the leaves of her Bible, Ann Eliza felt that her last hope was gone. Miss Mellins, of course, had long since suggested the mediation of the police, and cited from her favourite literature convincing instances of the supernatural ability of the Pinkerton detective; but Mr. Hawkins, when called in council, dashed this project by remarking that detectives cost something like twenty dollars a day; and a vague fear of the law, some half-formed vision of Evelina in the clutch of a blue-coated "officer," kept Ann Eliza from invoking the aid of the police.

After the arrival of Mr. Loomis's note the weeks followed each other uneventfully. Ann Eliza's cough clung to her till late in the spring, the reflection in her looking-glass grew more bent and meagre, and her forehead sloped back farther toward the twist of hair that was fastened above her parting by a comb of black India-rubber.

Toward spring a lady who was expecting a baby took up her abode at the Mendoza Family Hotel, and through the friendly intervention of Miss Mellins the making of some of the baby-clothes was entrusted to Ann Eliza. This eased her of anxiety for the immediate future; but she had to rouse herself to feel any sense of relief. Her personal welfare was what least concerned her. Sometimes she

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thought of giving up the shop altogether; and only the fear that, if she changed her address, Evelina might not be able to find her, kept her from carrying out this plan.

Since she had lost her last hope of tracing her sister, all the activities of her lonely imagination had been concentrated on the possibility of Evelina's coming back to her. The discovery of Ramy's secret filled her with dreadful fears. In the solitude of the shop and the back room she was tortured by vague pictures of Evelina's sufferings. What horrors might not be hidden beneath her silence? Ann Eliza's great dread was that Miss Mellins should worm out of her what she had learned from Mr. Loomis. She was sure Miss Mellins must have abominable things to tell about drug-fiends—things she did not have the strength to hear. "Drug-fiend"—the very word was Satanic: she could hear Miss Mellins roll it on her tongue. But Ann Eliza's own imagination, left to itself, had begun to people the long hours with evil visions. Sometimes, in the night, she thought she heard herself called: the voice was her sister's, but faint with a nameless terror. Her most peaceful moments were those in which she managed to convince herself that Evelina was dead. She thought of her then, mournfully but more calmly, as thrust away under the neglected mound of some unknown cemetery, where no headstone marked her name, no mourner with flowers for another grave paused in pity to lay a blossom on hers. But this vision did not often give Ann Eliza its negative relief; and always, beneath its hazy lines, lurked the dark conviction that Evelina was alive, in misery and longing for her.

So the summer wore on. Ann Eliza was conscious that Mrs. Hawkins and Miss Mellins were watching her with affectionate anxiety, but the knowledge brought no comfort. She no longer cared what they felt or thought about her. Her grief lay far beyond touch of human healing, and after a while she became aware that they knew they could not help her. They still came in as often as their busy lives permitted, but their visits grew shorter, and Mrs. Hawkins always brought Arthur or the baby, so that there should be something to talk about, and some one whom she could scold.

The autumn came, and the winter. Business had fallen off again, and but few purchasers came to the little shop in the basement. In January Ann Eliza pawned her mother's cashmere scarf, her mosaic brooch, and the rosewood what-not on which the clock had always stood; she would have sold the bedstead too, but for the persistent vision of Evelina returning weak and weary, and not knowing where to lay her head.

The winter passed in its turn, and March reappeared with its galaxies of yellow jonquils at the windy street corners, reminding Ann Eliza of the spring day when Evelina had come home with a bunch of jonquils in her hand. In spite of the flowers which lent such a premature brightness to the streets the month was fierce and stormy, and Ann Eliza could get no warmth into her bones. Nevertheless, she was insensibly beginning to take up the healing routine of life. Little by little she had grown used to being alone, she had begun to take a languid interest in the one or two new purchasers the season had brought, and though the thought of Evelina was as poignant as ever, it was less persistently in the foreground of her mind.

Late one afternoon she was sitting behind the counter, wrapped in her shawl, and wondering how soon she might draw down the blinds and retreat into the comparative cosiness of the back room. She was not thinking of anything in particular, except perhaps in a hazy way of the lady with the puffed sleeves, who after her long eclipse had reappeared the day before in sleeves of a new cut, and bought some tape and needles. The lady still wore mourning, but she was evidently lightening it, and Ann Eliza saw in this the hope of future orders. The lady had left the shop about an hour before, walking away with her graceful step toward Fifth Avenue. She had wished Ann Eliza good day in her usual affable way, and Ann Eliza thought how odd it was that they should have been acquainted so long, and yet that she should not know the lady's name. From this consideration her mind wandered to the cut of the lady's new sleeves, and she was vexed with herself for not having noted it more carefully. She felt Miss Mellins might have liked to know about it. Ann Eliza's powers of observation had never

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been as keen as Evelina's, when the latter was not too self-absorbed to exert them. As Miss Mellins always said, Evelina could "take patterns with her eyes": she could have cut that new sleeve out of a folded newspaper in a trice! Musing on these things, Ann Eliza wished the lady would come back and give her another look at the sleeve. It was not unlikely that she might pass that way, for she certainly lived in or about the Square. Suddenly Ann Eliza remarked a small neat handkerchief on the counter: it must have dropped from the lady's purse, and she would probably come back to get it. Ann Eliza, pleased at the idea, sat on behind the counter and watched the darkening street. She always lit the gas as late as possible, keeping the box of matches at her elbow, so that if any one came she could apply a quick flame to the gas-jet. At length through the deepening dusk she distinguished a slim dark figure coming down the steps to the shop. With a little warmth of pleasure about her heart she reached up to light the gas. "I do believe I'll ask her name this time," she thought. She raised the flame to its full height, and saw her sister standing in the door.

There she was at last, the poor pale shade of Evelina, her thin face blanched of its faint pink, the stiff ripples gone from her hair, and a mantle shabbier than Ann Eliza's drawn about her narrow shoulders. The glare of the gas beat full on her as she stood and looked at Ann Eliza.

"Sister—oh, Evelina! I knowed you'd come!"

Ann Eliza had caught her close with a long moan of triumph. Vague words poured from her as she laid her cheek against Evelina's—trivial inarticulate endearments caught from Mrs. Hawkins's long discourses to her baby.

For a while Evelina let herself be passively held; then she drew back from her sister's clasp and looked about the shop. "I'm dead tired. Ain't there any fire?" she asked.

"Of course there is!" Ann Eliza, holding her hand fast, drew her into the back room. She did not want to ask any questions yet: she simply wanted to feel the emptiness of the room brimmed full again by the one presence that was warmth and light to her.

She knelt down before the grate, scraped some bits of coal and kindling from the bottom of the coal-scuttle, and drew one of the rocking-chairs up to the weak flame. "There—that'll blaze up in a minute," she said. She pressed Evelina down on the faded cushions of the rocking-chair, and, kneeling beside her, began to rub her hands.

"You're stone-cold, ain't you? Just sit still and warm yourself while I run and get the kettle. I've got something you always used to fancy for supper." She laid her hand on Evelina's shoulder. "Don't talk—oh, don't talk yet!" she implored. She wanted to keep that one frail second of happiness between herself and what she knew must come.

Evelina, without a word, bent over the fire, stretching her thin hands to the blaze and watching Ann Eliza fill the kettle and set the supper table. Her gaze had the dreamy fixity of a half-awakened child's.

Ann Eliza, with a smile of triumph, brought a slice of custard pie from the cupboard and put it by her sister's plate.

"You do like that, don't you? Miss Mellins sent it down to me this morning. She had her aunt from Brooklyn to dinner. Ain't it funny it just so happened?"

"I ain't hungry," said Evelina, rising to approach the table.

She sat down in her usual place, looked about her with the same wondering stare, and then, as of old, poured herself out the first cup of tea.

"Where's the what-not gone to?" she suddenly asked.

Ann Eliza set down the teapot and rose to get a spoon from the cupboard. With her back to the room she said: "The what-not? Why, you see, dearie, living here all alone by myself it only made one more thing to dust; so I sold it."

Evelina's eyes were still travelling about the familiar room. Though it was against all the traditions of the Bunner family to sell any household possession, she showed no surprise at her sister's answer.

"And the clock? The clock's gone too."

"Oh, I gave that away—I gave it to Mrs. Hawkins. She's kep' awake so nights with that last baby."

"I wish you'd never bought it," said Evelina harshly.

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Ann Eliza's heart grew faint with fear. Without answering, she crossed over to her sister's seat and poured her out a second cup of tea. Then another thought struck her, and she went back to the cupboard and took out the cordial. In Evelina's absence considerable draughts had been drawn from it by invalid neighbours; but a glassful of the precious liquid still remained.

"Here, drink this right off—it'll warm you up quicker than anything," Ann Eliza said.

Evelina obeyed, and a slight spark of colour came into her cheeks. She turned to the custard pie and began to eat with a silent voracity distressing to watch. She did not even look to see what was left for Ann Eliza.

"I ain't hungry," she said at last as she laid down her fork. "I'm only so dead tired—that's the trouble."

"Then you'd better get right into bed. Here's my old plaid dressing-gown—you remember it, don't you?" Ann Eliza laughed, recalling Evelina's ironies on the subject of the antiquated garment. With trembling fingers she began to undo her sister's cloak. The dress beneath it told a tale of poverty that Ann Eliza dared not pause to note. She drew it gently off, and as it slipped from Evelina's shoulders it revealed a tiny black bag hanging on a ribbon about her neck. Evelina lifted her hand as though to screen the bag from Ann Eliza; and the elder sister, seeing the gesture, continued her task with lowered eyes. She undressed Evelina as quickly as she could, and wrapping her in the plaid dressing-gown put her to bed, and spread her own shawl and her sister's cloak above the blanket.

"Where's the old red comfortable?" Evelina asked, as she sank down on the pillow.

"The comfortable? Oh, it was so hot and heavy I never used it after you went—so I sold that too. I never could sleep under much clothes."

She became aware that her sister was looking at her more attentively.

"I guess you've been in trouble too," Evelina said.

"Me? In trouble? What do you mean, Evelina?"

"You've had to pawn the things, I suppose," Evelina continued in a weary unmoved tone. "Well, I've been through worse than that. I've been to hell and back."

"Oh, Evelina—don't say it, sister!" Ann Eliza implored, shrinking from the unholy word. She knelt down and began to rub her sister's feet beneath the bedclothes.

"I've been to hell and back—if I *am* back," Evelina repeated. She lifted her head from the pillow and began to talk with a sudden feverish volubility. "It began right away, less than a month after we were married. I've been in hell all that time, Ann Eliza." She fixed her eyes with passionate intentness on Ann Eliza's face. "He took opium. I didn't find it out till long afterward—at first, when he acted so strange, I thought he drank. But it was worse, much worse than drinking."

"Oh, sister, don't say it—don't say it yet! It's so sweet just to have you here with me again."

"I must say it," Evelina insisted, her flushed face burning with a kind of bitter cruelty. "You don't know what life's like—you don't know anything about it—setting here safe all the while in this peaceful place."

"Oh, Evelina—why didn't you write and send for me if it was like that?"

"That's why I couldn't write. Didn't you guess I was ashamed?"

"How could you be? Ashamed to write to Ann Eliza?"

Evelina raised herself on her thin elbow, while Ann Eliza, bending over, drew a corner of the shawl about her shoulder.

"Do lay down again. You'll catch your death."

"My death? That don't frighten me! You don't know what I've been through." And sitting upright in the old mahogany bed, with flushed cheeks and chattering teeth, and Ann Eliza's trembling arm clasping the shawl about her neck, Evelina poured out her story. It was a tale of misery and humiliation so remote from the elder sister's innocent experiences that much of it was hardly intelligible to her. Evelina's dreadful familiarity with it all, her fluency about things which Ann Eliza half-guessed and quickly shuddered back from, seemed even more alien and terrible

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than the actual tale she told. It was one thing—and heaven knew it was bad enough!—to learn that one's sister's husband was a drug-fiend; it was another, and much worse thing, to learn from that sister's pallid lips what vileness lay behind the word.

Evelina, unconscious of any distress but her own, sat upright, shivering in Ann Eliza's hold, while she piled up, detail by detail, her dreary narrative.

"The minute we got out there, and he found the job wasn't as good as he expected, he changed. At first I thought he was sick—I used to try to keep him home and nurse him. Then I saw it was something different. He used to go off for hours at a time, and when he came back his eyes kinder had a fog over them. Sometimes he didn't har'ly know me, and when he did he seemed to hate me. Once he hit me here." She touched her breast. "Do you remember, Ann Eliza, that time he didn't come to see us for a week—the time after we all went to Central Park together—and you and I thought he must be sick?"

Ann Eliza nodded.

"Well, that was the trouble—he'd been at it then. But nothing like as bad. After we'd been out there about a month he disappeared for a whole week. They took him back at the store, and gave him another chance; but the second time they discharged him, and he drifted round for ever so long before he could get another job. We spent all our money and had to move to a cheaper place. Then he got something to do, but they hardly paid him anything, and he didn't stay there long. When he found out about the baby——"

"The baby?" Ann Eliza faltered.

"It's dead—it only lived a day. When he found out about it, he got mad, and said he hadn't any money to pay doctors' bills, and I'd better write to you to help us. He had an idea you had money hidden away that I didn't know about." She turned to her sister with remorseful eyes. "It was him that made me get that hundred dollars out of you."

"Hush, hush. I always meant it for you anyhow."

"Yes, but I wouldn't have taken it if he hadn't been at me the whole time. He used to make me do just what he wanted. Well, when I said I wouldn't write to you for more money he said I'd better try and earn some myself. That was when he struck me. . . . Oh, you don't know what I'm talking about yet! . . . I tried to get work at a milliner's, but I was so sick I couldn't stay. I was sick all the time. I wisht I'd ha' died, Ann Eliza."

"No, no, Evelina."

"Yes, I do. It kept getting worse and worse. We pawned the furniture, and they turned us out because we couldn't pay the rent; and so then we went to board with Mrs. Hochmüller."

Ann Eliza pressed her closer to dissemble her own tremor. "Mrs. Hochmüller?"

"Didn't you know she was out there? She moved out a month after we did. She wasn't bad to me, and I think she tried to keep him straight—but Linda——"

"Linda——?"

"Well, when I kep' getting worse, and he was always off, for days at a time, the doctor had me sent to a hospital."

"A hospital? Sister—sister!"

"It was better than being with him; and the doctors were real kind to me. After the baby was born I was very sick and had to stay there a good while. And one day when I was laying there Mrs. Hochmüller came in as white as a sheet, and told me him and Linda had gone off together and taken all her money. That's the last I ever saw of him." She broke off with a laugh and began to cough again.

Ann Eliza tried to persuade her to lie down and sleep, but the rest of her story had to be told before she could be soothed into consent. After the news of Ramy's flight she had had brain fever, and had been sent to another hospital where she stayed a long time—how long she couldn't remember. Dates and days meant nothing to her in the shapeless ruin of her life. When she left the hospital she found that Mrs. Hochmüller had gone too. She was penniless, and had no one to turn to. A lady visitor at the hospital was kind, and found her a place where she did housework; but she was so weak they couldn't keep her. Then she got a job as waitress in a down-town lunch-room, but one day she fainted while she was handing a dish,

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and that evening when they paid her they told her she needn't come again.

"After that I begged in the streets"—(Ann Eliza's grasp again grew tight)—"and one afternoon last week, when the matinées was coming out, I met a man with a pleasant face, something like Mr. Hawkins, and he stopped and asked me what the trouble was. I told him if he'd give me five dollars I'd have money enough to buy a ticket back to New York, and he took a good look at me and said, well, if that was what I wanted he'd go straight to the station with me and give me the five dollars there. So he did—and he bought the ticket, and put me in the cars."

Evelina sank back, her face a sallow wedge in the white cleft of the pillow. Ann Eliza leaned over her, and for a long time they held each other without speaking.

They were still clasped in this dumb embrace when there was a step in the shop and Ann Eliza, starting up, saw Miss Mellins in the doorway.

"My sakes, Miss Bunner! What in the land are you doing? Miss Evelina—Mrs. Ramy—it ain't you?"

Miss Mellins's eyes, bursting from their sockets, sprang from Evelina's pallid face to the disordered supper table and the heap of worn clothes on the floor; then they turned back to Ann Eliza, who had placed herself on the defensive between her sister and the dress-maker.

"My sister Evelina has come back—come back on a visit. She was taken sick in the cars on the way home—I guess she caught cold—so I made her go right to bed as soon as ever she got here."

Ann Eliza was surprised at the strength and steadiness of her voice. Fortified by its sound she went on, her eyes on Miss Mellins's baffled countenance: "Mr. Ramy has gone west on a trip—a trip connected with his business; and Evelina is going to stay with me till he comes back."

XII

What measure of belief her explanation of Evelina's return obtained in the small circle of her friends Ann Eliza did not pause to enquire. Though she could not remember ever having told a lie before, she adhered with rigid tenacity to the consequences of her first lapse from truth, and fortified her original statement with additional details whenever a questioner sought to take her unawares.

But other and more serious burdens lay on her startled conscience. For the first time in her life she dimly faced the awful problem of the inutility of self-sacrifice. Hitherto she had never thought of questioning the inherited principles which had guided her life. Self-effacement for the good of others had always seemed to her both natural and necessary; but then she had taken it for granted that it implied the securing of that good. Now she perceived that to refuse the gifts of life does not ensure their transmission to those for whom they have been surrendered; and her familiar heaven was unpeopled. She felt she could no longer trust in the goodness of God, and that if he was not good he was not God, and there was only a black abyss above the roof of Bunner Sisters.

But there was little time to brood upon such problems. The care of Evelina filled Ann Eliza's days and nights. The hastily summoned doctor had pronounced her to be suffering from pneumonia, and under his care the first stress of the disease was relieved. But her recovery was only partial, and long after the doctor's visits had ceased she continued to lie in bed, too weak to move, and seemingly indifferent to everything about her.

At length one evening, about six weeks after her return, she said to her sister: "I don't feel's if I'd ever get up again."

Ann Eliza turned from the kettle she was placing on the stove. She was startled by the echo the words woke in her own breast.

"Don't you talk like that, Evelina! I guess you're on'y tired out—and disheartened."

"Yes, I'm disheartened," Evelina murmured.

A few months earlier Ann Eliza would have met the confession with a word of pious admonition; now she accepted it in silence.

"Maybe you'll brighten up when your cough gets better," she suggested.

"Yes—or my cough'll get better when I brighten up," Evelina retorted with a touch of her old tartness.

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"Does your cough keep on hurting you jest as much?"

"I don't see's there's much difference."

"Well, I guess I'll get the doctor to come round again," Ann Eliza said, trying for the matter-of-course tone in which one might speak of sending for the plumber or the gas-fitter.

"It ain't any use sending for the doctor —and who's going to pay him?"

"I am," answered the elder sister. "Here's your tea, and a mite of toast. Don't that tempt you?"

Already, in the watches of the night, Ann Eliza had been tormented by that same question—who was to pay the doctor?—and a few days before she had temporarily silenced it by borrowing twenty dollars of Miss Mellins. The transaction had cost her one of the bitterest struggles of her life. She had never borrowed a penny of any one before, and the possibility of having to do so had always been classed in her mind among those shameful extremities to which Providence does not let decent people come. But nowadays she no longer believed in the personal supervision of Providence; and had she been compelled to steal the money instead of borrowing it, she would have felt that her conscience was the only tribunal before which she had to answer. Nevertheless, the actual humiliation of having to ask for the money was no less bitter; and she could hardly hope that Miss Mellins would view the case with the same detachment as herself. Miss Mellins was very kind; but she not unnaturally felt that her kindness should be rewarded by according her the right to ask questions; and bit by bit Ann Eliza saw Evelina's miserable secret slipping into the dressmaker's possession.

When the doctor came she left him alone with Evelina, busying herself in the shop that she might have an opportunity of seeing him alone on his way out. To steady herself she began to sort a trayful of buttons, and when the doctor appeared she was reciting under her breath: "Twenty-four horn, two and a half cards fancy pearl . . ." She saw at once that his look was grave.

He sat down on the chair beside the counter, and her mind travelled miles before he spoke.

"Miss Bunner, the best thing you can do is to let me get a bed for your sister at St. Luke's."

"The hospital?"

"Come now, you're above that sort of prejudice, aren't you?" The doctor spoke in the tone of one who coaxes a spoiled child. "I know how devoted you are—but Mrs. Ramy can be much better cared for there than here. You really haven't time to look after her and attend to your business as well. There'll be no expense, you understand——"

Ann Eliza made no answer. "You think my sister's going to be sick a good while, then?" she asked.

"Well, yes—possibly."

"You think she's very sick?"

"Well, yes. She's very sick."

His face had grown still graver; he sat there as though he had never known what it was to hurry.

Ann Eliza continued to separate the pearl and horn buttons. Suddenly she lifted her eyes and looked at him. "Is she going to die?"

The doctor laid a kindly hand on hers. "We never say that, Miss Bunner. Human skill works wonders—and at the hospital Mrs. Ramy would have every chance."

"What is it? What's she dying of?"

The doctor hesitated, seeking to substitute a popular phrase for the scientific terminology which rose to his lips.

"I want to know," Ann Eliza persisted.

"Yes, of course; I understand. Well, your sister has had a hard time lately, and there is a complication of causes, resulting in consumption—rapid consumption. At the hospital——"

"I'll keep her here," said Ann Eliza quietly.

After the doctor had gone she went on for some time sorting the buttons; then she slipped the tray into its place on a shelf behind the counter and went into the back room. She found Evelina propped upright against the pillows, a flush of agitation on her cheeks. Ann Eliza pulled up the shawl which had slipped from her sister's shoulders.

"How long you've been! What's he been saying?"

"Oh, he went long ago—he on'y

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stopped to give me a prescription. I was sorting out that tray of buttons. Miss Mellins's girl got them all mixed up."

She felt Evelina's eyes upon her.

"He must have said something: what was it?"

"Why, he said you'd have to be careful—and stay in bed—and take this new medicine he's given you."

"Did he say I was going to get well?"

"Why, Evelina!"

"What's the use, Ann Eliza? You can't deceive me. I've just been up to look at myself in the glass; and I saw plenty of 'em in the hospital that looked like me. They didn't get well, and I ain't going to." Her head dropped back. "It don't much matter—I'm about tired. On'y there's one thing—Ann Eliza——"

The elder sister drew near to the bed.

"There's one thing I ain't told you. I didn't want to tell you yet because I was afraid you might be sorry—but if he says I'm going to die I've got to say it." She stopped to cough, and to Ann Eliza it now seemed as though every cough struck a minute from the hours remaining to her.

"Don't talk now—you're tired."

"I'll be tireder to-morrow, I guess. And I want you should know. Sit down close to me—there."

Ann Eliza sat down in silence, stroking her shrunken hand.

"I'm a Roman Catholic, Ann Eliza."

"Evelina—oh, Evelina Bunner! A Roman Catholic—*you?* Oh, Evelina, did *he* make you?"

Evelina shook her head. "I guess he didn't have no religion; he never spoke of it. But you see Mrs. Hochmüller was a Catholic, and so when I was sick she got the doctor to send me to a Roman Catholic hospital, and the sisters was so good to me there—and the priest used to come and talk to me; and the things he said kep' me from going crazy. He seemed to make everything easier."

"Oh, sister, how could you?" Ann Eliza wailed. She knew little of the Catholic religion except that "Papists" believed in it—in itself a sufficient indictment. Her spiritual rebellion had not freed her from the formal part of her religious belief, and apostasy had always seemed to her one of the sins from which the pure in mind avert their thoughts.

"And then when the baby was born," Evelina continued, "he christened it right away, so it could go to heaven; and after that, you see, I had to be a Catholic."

"I don't see——"

"Don't I have to be where the baby is? I couldn't ever ha' gone there if I hadn't been made a Catholic. Don't you understand that?"

Ann Eliza sat speechless, drawing her hand away. Once more she found herself shut out of Evelina's heart, an exile from her closest affections.

"I've got to go where the baby is," Evelina feverishly insisted.

Ann Eliza could think of nothing to say; she could only feel that Evelina was dying, and dying as a stranger in her arms. Ramy and the day-old baby had parted her forever from her sister.

Evelina began again. "If I get worse I want you to send for a priest. Miss Mellins'll know where to send—she's got an aunt that's a Catholic. Promise me faithful you will."

"I promise," said Ann Eliza.

After that they spoke no more of the matter; but Ann Eliza now understood that the little black bag about her sister's neck, which she had innocently taken for a memento of Ramy, was some kind of sacrilegious amulet, and her fingers shrank from its contact when she bathed and dressed Evelina. It seemed to her the diabolical instrument of their estrangement.

XIII

SPRING had really come at last. There were leaves on the ailanthus-tree that Evelina could see from her bed, gentle clouds floated over it in the blue, and now and then the cry of a flower-seller sounded from the street.

One day there was a shy knock on the back-room door, and Johnny Hawkins came in with two yellow jonquils in his fist. He was getting bigger and squarer, and his round freckled face was growing into a smaller copy of his father's. He walked up to Evelina and held out the flowers.

"They blew off the cart and the fellow said I could keep 'em. But you can have 'em," he announced.

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Ann Eliza rose from her seat at the sewing-machine and tried to take the flowers from him.

"They ain't for you; they're for her," he sturdily objected; and Evelina held out her hand for the jonquils.

After Johnny had gone she lay and looked at them without speaking. Ann Eliza, who had gone back to the machine, bent her head over the seam she was stitching; the click, click, click of the machine sounded in her ear like the tick of Ramy's clock, and it seemed to her that life had gone backward, and that Evelina, radiant and foolish, had just come into the room with the yellow flowers in her hand.

When at last she ventured to look up, she saw that her sister's head had drooped against the pillow, and that she was sleeping quietly. Her relaxed hand still held the jonquils, but it was evident that they had awakened no memories; she had dozed off almost as soon as Johnny had given them to her. The discovery gave Ann Eliza a startled sense of the ruins that must be piled upon her past. "I don't believe I could have forgotten that day, though," she said to herself. But she was glad that Evelina had forgotten.

Evelina's disease moved on along the usual course, now lifting her on a brief wave of elation, now sinking her to new depths of weakness. There was little to be done, and the doctor came only at lengthening intervals. On his way out he always repeated his first friendly suggestion about sending Evelina to the hospital; and Ann Eliza always answered: "I guess we can manage."

The hours passed for her with the fierce rapidity that great joy or anguish lends them. She went through the days with a sternly smiling precision, but she hardly knew what was happening, and when night-fall released her from the shop, and she could carry her work to Evelina's bedside, the same sense of unreality accompanied her, and she still seemed to be accomplishing a task whose object had escaped her memory.

Once, when Evelina felt better, she expressed a desire to make some artificial flowers, and Ann Eliza, deluded by this awakening interest, got out the faded bundles of stems and petals and the little tools and spools of wire. But after a few minutes the work dropped from Evelina's hands and she said: "I'll wait till to-morrow."

She never again spoke of the flower-making, but one day, after watching Ann Eliza's laboured attempt to trim a spring hat for Mrs. Hawkins, she demanded impatiently that the hat should be brought to her, and in a trice had galvanized the lifeless bow and given the brim the twist it needed.

These were rare gleams; and more frequent were the days of speechless lassitude, when she lay for hours silently staring at the window, shaken only by the hard incessant cough that sounded to Ann Eliza like the hammering of nails into a coffin.

At length one morning Ann Eliza, starting up from the mattress at the foot of the bed, hastily called Miss Mellins down, and ran through the smoky dawn for the doctor. He came back with her and did what he could to give Evelina momentary relief; then he went away, promising to look in again before night. Miss Mellins, her head still covered with curl-papers, disappeared in his wake, and when the sisters were alone Evelina beckoned to Ann Eliza.

"You promised," she whispered, grasping her sister's arm; and Ann Eliza understood. She had not yet dared to tell Miss Mellins of Evelina's change of faith; it had seemed even more difficult than borrowing the money; but now it had to be done. She ran upstairs after the dress-maker and detained her on the landing.

"Miss Mellins, can you tell me where to send for a priest—a Roman Catholic priest?"

"A priest, Miss Bunner?"

"Yes. My sister became a Roman Catholic while she was away. They were kind to her in her sickness—and now she wants a priest." Ann Eliza faced Miss Mellins with unflinching eyes.

"My aunt Dugan'll know. I'll run right round to her the minute I get my papers off," the dress-maker promised; and Ann Eliza thanked her.

An hour or two later the priest appeared. Ann Eliza, who was watching, saw him coming down the steps to the shop-door and went to meet him. His

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expression was kind, but she shrank from his peculiar dress, and from his pale face with its bluish chin and enigmatic smile. Ann Eliza remained in the shop. Miss Mellins's girl had mixed the buttons again and she set herself to sort them. The priest stayed a long time with Evelina. When he again carried his enigmatic smile past the counter, and Ann Eliza rejoined her sister, Evelina was smiling with something of the same mystery; but she did not tell her secret.

After that it seemed to Ann Eliza that the shop and the back room no longer belonged to her. It was as though she were there on sufferance, indulgently tolerated by the unseen power which hovered over Evelina even in the absence of its minister. The priest came almost daily; and at last a day arrived when he was called to administer some rite of which Ann Eliza but dimly grasped the sacramental meaning. All she knew was that it meant that Evelina was going, and going, under this alien guidance, even farther from her than to the dark places of death.

When the priest came, with something covered in his hands, she crept into the shop, closing the door of the back room to leave him alone with Evelina.

It was a warm afternoon in May, and the crooked ailanthus-tree rooted in a fissure of the opposite pavement was a fountain of tender green. Women in light dresses passed with the languid step of spring; and presently there came a man with a hand-cart full of pansy and geranium plants who stopped outside the window, signalling to Ann Eliza to buy.

An hour went by before the door of the back room opened and the priest reappeared with that mysterious covered something in his hands. Ann Eliza had risen, drawing back as he passed. He had doubtless divined her antipathy, for he had hitherto only bowed in going in and out; but to day he paused and looked at her compassionately.

"I have left your sister in a very beautiful state of mind," he said in a low voice like a woman's. "She is full of spiritual consolation."

Ann Eliza was silent, and he bowed and went out. She hastened back to Evelina's bed, and knelt down beside it. Evelina's eyes were very large and bright; she turned them on Ann Eliza with a look of inner illumination.

"I shall see the baby," she said; then her eyelids fell and she dozed.

The doctor came again at nightfall, administering some last palliatives; and after he had gone Ann Eliza, refusing to have her vigil shared by Miss Mellins or Mrs. Hawkins, sat down to keep watch alone.

It was a very quiet night. Evelina never spoke or opened her eyes, but in the still hour before dawn Ann Eliza saw that the restless hand outside the bed-clothes had stopped its twitching. She stooped over and felt no breath on her sister's lips.

The funeral took place three days later. Evelina was buried in Calvary Cemetery, the priest assuming the whole care of the necessary arrangements, while Ann Eliza, a passive spectator, beheld with stony indifference this last negation of her past.

A week afterward she stood in her bonnet and mantle in the doorway of the little shop. Its whole aspect had changed. Counter and shelves were bare, the window was stripped of its familiar miscellany of artificial flowers, note-paper, wire hat-frames, and limp garments from the dyer's; and against the glass pane of the doorway hung a sign: "This store to let."

Ann Eliza turned her eyes from the sign as she went out and locked the door behind her. Evelina's funeral had been very expensive, and Ann Eliza, having sold her stock-in-trade and the few articles of furniture that remained to her, was leaving the shop for the last time. She had not been able to buy any mourning, but Miss Mellins had sewed some crape on her old black mantle and bonnet, and having no gloves she slipped her bare hands under the folds of the mantle.

It was a beautiful morning, and the air was full of a warm sunshine that had coaxed open nearly every window in the street, and summoned to the window-sills the sickly plants nurtured indoors in winter. Ann Eliza's way lay westward, toward Broadway; but at the corner she paused and looked back down the familiar length of the street. Her eyes rested a moment on the blotched "Bunner Sisters" above the empty window of the shop; then they travelled on to the overflowing foli-

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age of the Square, above which was the church tower with the dial that had marked the hours for the sisters before Ann Eliza had bought the nickel clock. She looked at it all as though it had been the scene of some unknown life, of which the vague report had reached her: she felt for herself the only remote pity that busy people accord to the misfortunes which come to them by hearsay.

She walked to Broadway and down to the office of the house-agent to whom she had entrusted the sub-letting of the shop. She left the key with one of his clerks, who took it from her as if it had been any one of a thousand others, and remarked that the weather looked as if spring was really coming; then she turned and began to move up the great thoroughfare, which was just beginning to wake to its multitudinous activities.

She walked less rapidly now, studying each shop window as she passed, but not with the desultory eye of enjoyment: the watchful fixity of her gaze overlooked everything but the object of its quest. At length she stopped before a small window wedged between two mammoth buildings, and displaying, behind its shining plate-glass festooned with muslin, a varied assortment of sofa-cushions, tea-cloths, pen-wipers, painted calendars and other specimens of feminine industry. In a corner of the window she had read, on a slip of paper pasted against the pane: "Wanted, a Saleslady," and after studying the display of fancy articles beneath it, she gave her mantle a twitch, straightened her shoulders and went in.

Behind a counter crowded with pincushions, watch-holders and other needlework trifles, a plump young woman with smooth hair sat sewing bows of ribbon on a scrap basket. The little shop was about the size of the one on which Ann Eliza had just closed the door; and it looked as fresh and gay and thriving as she and Evelina had once dreamed of making Bunner Sisters. The friendly air of the place made her pluck up courage to speak.

"Saleslady? Yes, we do want one. Have you any one to recommend?" the young woman asked, not unkindly.

Ann Eliza hesitated, disconcerted by the unexpected question; and the other, cocking her head on one side to study the effect of the bow she had just sewed on the basket, continued: "We can't afford more than thirty dollars a month, but the work is light. She would be expected to do a little fancy sewing between times. We want a bright girl: stylish, and pleasant manners. You know what I mean. Not over thirty, anyhow; and nice-looking. Will you write down the name?"

Ann Eliza looked at her confusedly. She opened her lips to explain, and then, without speaking, turned toward the crisply-curtained door.

"Ain't you going to leave the *ad*-dress?" the young woman called out after her. Ann Eliza went out into the thronged street. The great city, under the fair spring sky, seemed to throb with the stir of innumerable beginnings. She walked on, looking for another shop window with a sign in it.

THE END.

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AN OLD MAN WITHOUT A SON

By Robert W. Sneddon

Illustrations by Maud Squire

THE patron of the café looked up from the pages of *Le Journal*, took the cigar from his mouth, and stared aghast. Marcel, his head waiter, had just made an astounding request. He had said in that quiet voice of his:

"M'sieu, will you permit me to go off for the afternoon? I will be back at six o'clock."

It was amazing. It was unheard-of, incredible. He rubbed his blue chin with a fat hand in order to gain time to compose his thoughts. The old waiter stood patiently. It was plain something was in the wind, for he had on a new black tie and his shoes shone like a mirror.

"But, yes, Marcel, you can go. Yes. Perhaps you feel a little out of sorts? The weather, *hein?*"

"No," answered Marcel, his faded blue eyes smiling; "no, m'sieu, it is not that. No!"

"*Eh bien!* I ask no more. Go, *mon vieux.*"

"Thank you, m'sieu," said Marcel gratefully, and a few moments later, when he had taken off his white apron and his alpaca coat, he walked boldly out of the café, carrying the blue umbrella which was his constant and, if report were true, his only companion.

The patron watched him go, his brain still numb with surprise.

"Imagine," he said at last to the cashier, "in the twenty years he has been here he has never asked a day off, and now—now—what the devil is happening? It is a revolution."

"It is the spring, no doubt," giggled the stout cashier, patting her thick black hair coquettishly, "the old droll. Well, well."

"Nonsense," said the patron sharply. "He has seen too many springs come and go to worry about one more. A waiter has no time, if he is a good waiter, to think of the seasons. Winter! One sits inside. Spring and summer, we return to the *terrasse.* That means only so many more steps between the pavement tables and the bar. A waiter measures the seasons by the soreness of his feet. *Dieu!* What a life! I am content to be what I am, to sit at my ease, to read my paper, to talk with my clients, to take a hand at cards, and in the evening to check my accounts."

The cashier shrugged her shoulders.

"You are right. What a life! I myself am very content; I read, I sew, I knit. I have my admirers with their compliments. But this Marcel! He waits, and that is all. No one has heard him speak of friends or relatives. A solitary! Now and then a letter comes here for him. And that is all."

The patron grunted and took up his paper again. The cashier resumed her knitting.

"*Zut!*" the patron broke out again, "I hope he is not going to leave me. I shall not get another Marcel in a hurry."

"Leave you," purred the cashier, "*mon dieu!* Where would he go to? This is his home. Set your mind at ease, m'sieu."

"It is curious, nevertheless," soliloquized the patron. "Very curious. At six o'clock we shall see."

Meanwhile Marcel was walking slowly. He had forgotten his sore feet and that weakness at the knee-joint which assailed him after a long day of standing. For a few hours he was free from the incessant commands of the clients for drinks, for coffee, for the newspapers, the railroad time-tables, the writing materials, for the dominoes and the backgammon-board; free from keeping a wary eye on his subordinates, from seeing that beggars did not steal the lump sugar from the tables on the pavement and that the collectors of cigarette and cigar butts did not grow too daring with their pointed sticks. All that was forgotten in this wonderful new experience of seeing Paris again by day.

He looked into the windows of the stores with childish interest, fingered a book or two at a stall, and halted before a flower-seller who had caught his ear with her cry of:

"*Fleurissez vous, messieurs et mesdames.*"

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He bought a little bunch of violets and let her slip them into his buttonhole. The flower-seller, a brown-faced girl with a woollen shawl about her, regarded him kindly. There was about him a quiet air of dignity, and though his clothes were old they were neat and well brushed.

Suddenly the old man felt the need of taking some one into his confidence. And who better for confidences than a stranger?

"I am going to the railroad station," he said slowly.

"Ah, you are going to meet madame, m'sieu?"

Marcel shook his head. A faint, troubled smile crept into the corners of his clean-shaven mouth.

"Your son or your daughter, perhaps?" the girl suggested, trying to help him out.

"No, alas!" the old waiter sighed, "I have never married. I am nothing but an old bachelor. Look at my umbrella," he added whimsically.

The flower-seller smiled frankly into his face.

"Take care, m'sieu, it is leap year."

"What would you do with an old waiter, mademoiselle, who can say nothing but 'Yessir, immediately.'" His blue eyes were smiling down upon her as she made a mimic mouth of despair at his refusal. "No, I go to the station for another reason."

"Then I give it up. No! You are going to the country, perhaps?"

Marcel looked away from her.

"No, mademoiselle, nothing like that. It is a foolish fancy."

"It is springtime," she assured him; "it is the season of foolish fancies."

"It is this way," he told her, his tongue loosening: "I am waiter in the café at the corner of the rue de Rennes, for twenty years, and before that at the Café de la Paix. Since the day of war every one who comes there dins in my ears with their talk of sons or nephews at the front. And I who have never had a son—or a nephew—and I am too old to go myself. It is very hard, mademoiselle, to listen—to feel something—beat here, you understand, within my breast— It is very hard."

She nodded, her lips twitching.

"I have a little son, two years—*pauvre petit*—and my man is fighting somewhere——"

Marcel nodded gravely and continued: "Each day those others are sending gifts to their dear ones— They get letters— Oh, many letters come addressed care of the café. So I think to myself, perhaps among them there is one without parents—an orphan—but how to reach him? But to-day I hear a new levy is leaving for the front, and so I am going to the station. Perhaps, who knows—I may find one among those departing who will welcome the farewell of an old man without a son."

"It is a good thought, m'sieu. Assuredly you will find a godson," the girl said sympathetically. "You have a kind heart."

"*Mais non!* It is nothing," faltered the old man, "a whim, nothing else, but I must hurry or I shall be late. Meanwhile, madame, for your little one," and he slipped a franc into the pocket of her checkered apron.

"Oh, m'sieu! Thank you. I hope you are fortunate." She blushed slightly at her daring. "Perhaps you will tell me about it—some time—in passing."

"Truly—yes, if it will interest you," Marcel promised, and with an au revoir went on his way.

"Poor man," sighed the flower-seller as she turned to attract another customer.

Marcel hurried now. There was no more time to linger by the way though everything attracted him. He must reach the station. Soon he found himself in the crowd and was carried into the arched hall. What confusion there was! The recruits in their new uniforms of blue—blue of the horizon—what a delicate name! very awkward and self-conscious, surrounded by their relatives, their mothers, their wives, their sweethearts, who hung upon them in breathless wonder as they tried to speak lightly of what they would do in the trenches. They stood in little groups. Here one had his arms about his dear one and was whispering in her ear. Here a father was talking earnestly to his boy, holding the parcel he was about to give him.

A sudden jealous envy filled the old man's heart as he stood by the *consigne* watching and waiting. His quest seemed almost hopeless. There was none with-

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"Imagine," he said at last to the cashier, "in the twenty years he has been here he has never asked a day off."
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out some one to see him off. All at once he started. Leaning against a pillar was a young soldier smoking a cigarette and wearing an air of bravado. He was alone. Marcel watched him eagerly. Perhaps he awaited some one who was late. He was a young man with a sullen face, a slender yet well-built fellow of twenty, his hands in his pockets, his feet crossed. He was regarding his comrades with a curious air. When they looked at him he drew himself up, tossed his head, and blew a cloud

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of smoke; but Marcel noted that when he fancied himself unobserved he passed his hand over his mouth nervously and let his head sink dejectedly upon his breast.

The old waiter hesitated a little longer, then cautiously strolled over. The young man regarded him suspiciously with narrowed eyes and turned away his head.

"Pardon, *mon brave*," said Marcel finally. "You are expecting some one, perhaps?"

The young man turned his head sharply.

"No!" he mumbled defiantly—"no!"

"Ah, there is no one to see you off?"

"No, no, grandfather," snapped the young man and turned his back upon him.

Marcel did not lose heart. Evidently a person of a certain shyness.

"Then perhaps you will permit me to offer you a little something before parting. A bottle of wine, eh?"

The young man stared him in the face for a moment, then laughed coarsely.

"What do you want with me? It is some game, eh?"

"No, no," Marcel protested.

"Then what?"

The young man's face was full of suspicious ferocity.

"I see you are alone. So am I. What more natural than that we should share a bottle for luck."

The young man hesitated, then, after a prolonged scrutiny of Marcel, muttered ungraciously:

"*Eh bien!* I accept, but no tricks."

But Marcel in triumph was leading the way to the refreshment bar. The bottle was opened. Gravely he poured out two glasses and handed one to his guest.

"Safe return, my boy," he said.

"Thank you, m'sieu," said the young man in a gentler voice. "To your health. It is good wine."

"I am a waiter," Marcel explained with a glow of pleasure, "and I know a good year when I taste it."

A bugle sounded. A harsh voice outside cried:

"*En voiture, mes enfants, en voiture.*"

"I must go aboard the train," said the young man. "That is my sergeant."

Marcel pulled out his purse and paid the bill. His guest eyed it with greedy interest. They went out through the door, side by side, jostled here and there in the rush.

"Good-by, my boy, good luck and good courage," said the old man, and shook the young soldier's hand.

"Good-by, grandfather," muttered the young man. "I must go now," and he hurried through the gate.

The old man stood watching the recruits file through. All around him was a stillness. Some sobbed, others held their handkerchiefs tight to their lips. The gates clanged to. The little tin trumpet sounded, the flag waved, and the train moved out. For a breathless instant no one moved, and then there was a rush to the gates and a waving of handkerchiefs. Marcel put his hand into his pocket for his handkerchief and started with a shock.

His purse was gone.

A shrewd-faced man standing by noticed his distress as he searched again and again in his pockets.

"You have lost something?" he asked.

"My purse, m'sieu."

"There were several jailbirds among those just gone. Perhaps I can help you. I am a detective. Were you in contact with any of them, m'sieu?"

Marcel hesitated. He saw again the sullen face of the young man who had stood apart. He knew who had taken his purse. Should he speak? Perhaps the young man would expiate his crimes—and his purse—a trifle—it was little he could do for a defender of his country, so helpless himself.

"Do you suspect any of them," questioned the detective impatiently. "I can telegraph. Come, m'sieu, I am in a hurry."

"No, m'sieu. I suspect no one." Marcel lied calmly. "I must have dropped it. Do not trouble. It was only twenty francs and an old letter."

And he hurried away to escape further questioning.

At six o'clock Marcel returned to the café, donned his apron and his alpaca jacket, and resumed his old life without explanation to his patron of his experience.

He did not go near the flower-seller. What could he have told her?

Through the months that followed he

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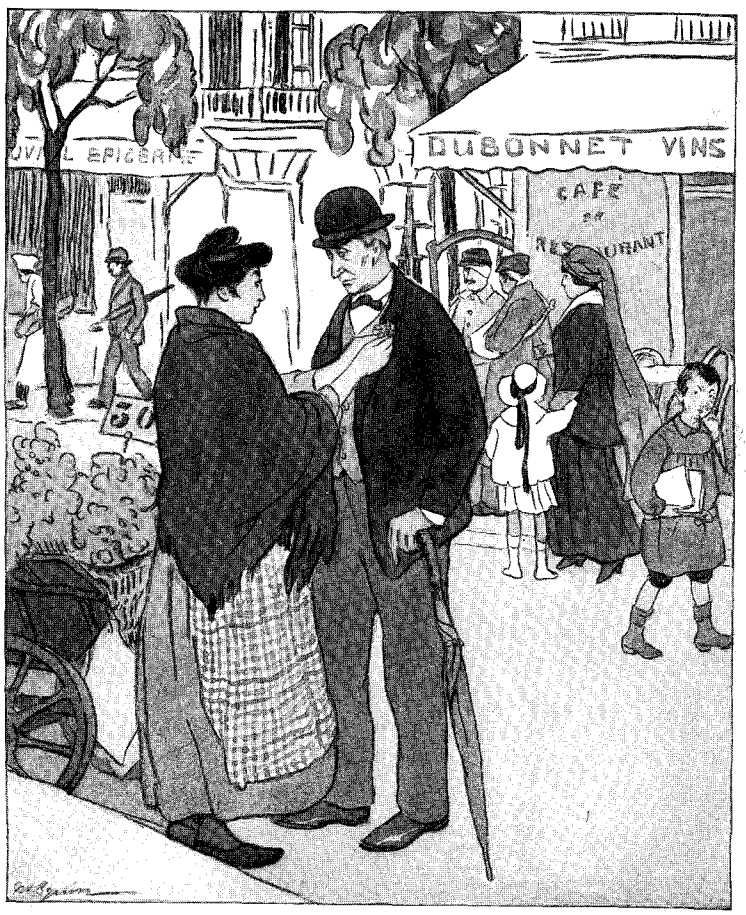
thought many times of his experience and always with a sigh. What was the young man doing? What a pity! His upbringing—his parents, perhaps, were to blame. Was he dead without a chance to set his legs upon the right path?

it and drew out a little parcel. He unfolded the paper.

"*Mon dieu!*" he exclaimed, "what is this?"

"The military medal," explained the messenger. "There is a note."



"Ah, you are going to meet madame, m'sieu?"—Page 598.

One day a soldier came into the café and asked for Monsieur Marcel Barrau.

"It is me, m'sieu," said the old waiter wonderingly.

"I have a letter for you from a comrade," the soldier said, and handed Marcel an old envelope tied about with a piece of string.

Marcel stared at the envelope. The handwriting was that of an old friend, a letter received many months ago at the café. How, then, did it come into the hands of this soldier? Slowly he opened

Marcel drew out a scrap of pasteboard on which an uneducated hand had painfully printed in straggling letters:

"*Pardon, bon grandpère.*"

"But," he stammered— "I do not know—I—" And he sought for words.

"It is my comrade Bibi. When he was dying he made me swear I should bring this to you, m'sieu."

Suddenly there flashed into the old man's mind the memory of a sullen face, of a harsh voice which said "Good-by, grandfather," of a stolen purse which had

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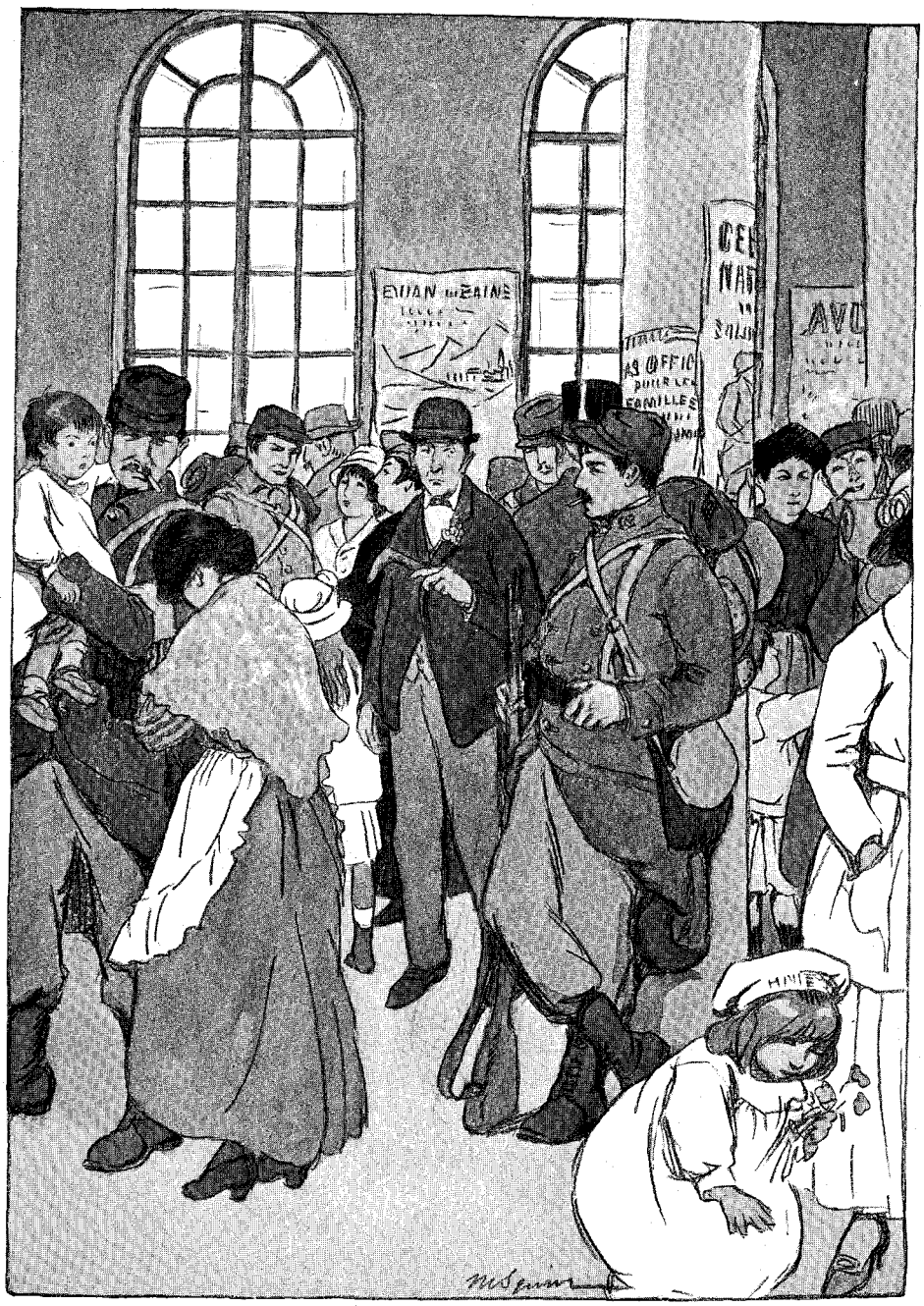

The old waiter hesitated a little longer.—Page 600.

contained the envelope. He stumbled and clutched the edge of the table.

The soldier coughed sympathetically.

"He called you his godfather, m'sieu. He was wounded in four places while bringing in the body of his captain, and died in hospital. But perhaps I have made an error?" he added anxiously as Marcel did not speak.

"No—no—*mon brave*—I thank you. I did not recognize the handwriting. It was, indeed, my godson who died so bravely. Will you not sit down and tell me of him."

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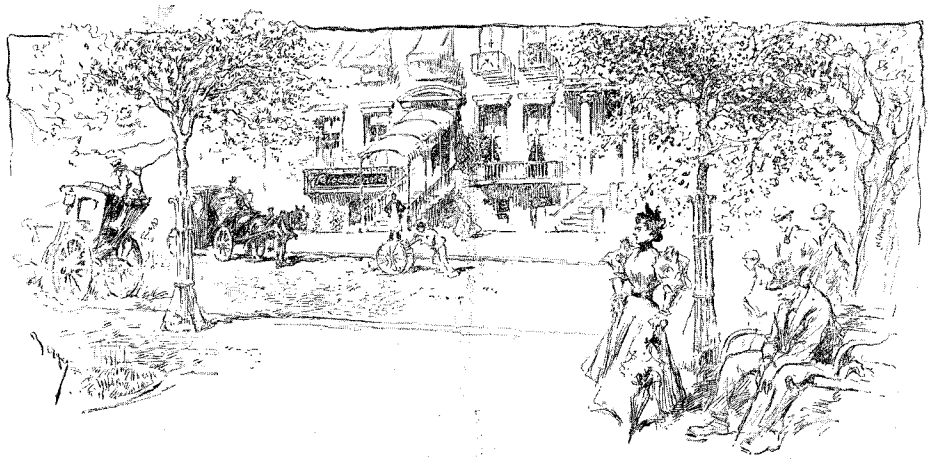

THE HUSBAND OF MADAME

THE CONFESSION OF A MUSIC CRITIC

By James Huneker

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER

I

IRVING PLACE at the time I write was not the street of tall buildings it is to-day. Rows of modest three-story dwellings, from Fifteenth Street to Gramercy Park, were occupied, for the most part, by their owners, and interspersed with comfortable lodging or boarding houses. The only thing that hasn't suffered a change is the sky-line at either end of the street; the park at the upper side and the familiar façade of the restaurant on Fourteenth Street are still there. Unchanged, too, is Washington Irving's pretty cottage at the corner of Seventeenth Street. Across from it I lived at Werle's, once well known as a private hotel. It was a joyous place, full of Bohemians, the cooking excellent, the "wine" usually brewed after the German method. A block away was Union Square, and below stood the Academy of Music—it still stands, sadly shorn of its ancient glory—and Theodore Thomas conducted his famous orchestra at Steinway Hall. The musical world congregated there; reputations were made or broken within its four walls, while Italian opera reigned at the Academy, and old Moretti gave you perfect spaghetti in his original home. The golden age of the cuisine, music, arts, and letters in our town, never to return!

I usually walked around Union Square for daily exercise; the park railings had been removed nearly two decades, but the Square was as yet unspoiled by tramps or disfigured by shanties. There were trees, shady seats, and the sound of fountains. Gloomy, barn-like structures did not hem in this park, and summer evenings it was a favored promenade of the residents of the vicinity. Several seasons I had noticed a ponderous dame of certain years and fantastically attired, escorted by a tall, elderly man with a grizzled beard, and had been informed that it was the celebrated singing-teacher, Madame Miramelli, or, to give her full title: Miramelli-Mario. The soldierly looking man was M. Mario, ex-barytone, and the manager of his wife's business affairs. She had a studio on Irving Place, one flight up, the basement having been converted into a Turkish bath. On the door-plates you read the rather confusing legend: "Mira-

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melli: Vocal Instruction"; also "Baths: Turkish and Russian, Down-stairs." However, the numerous singing pupils that streamed in from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. didn't seem to mind this jumbling of music and manners; and the "Madame," as she was invariably addressed, was too busy to bother about it. Curiously enough, whenever I passed the house her husband was either entering or emerging.

Madame and M. Mario.

He was a busy man. I did not meet him personally till later, and then by chance at the dear, old Belvedere House —now only a memory. It was at luncheon, and as we shared the same table I spoke to him about the excellent coffee. He elevated his shoulders, and in his reply I found less of the Italian and more of the Slav than I had expected from one of his appearance. He explained that he had spent twenty-odd years at the Royal Opera, Petrograd.

We slipped into an easy-going acquaintance, and met not only at Riccadonna's but at Morelli's on Fifth Avenue, also at Lienau's and Maurer's; at the latter resort for the Rhine wine. M. Mario's tastes were cosmopolitan. But no matter his whereabouts, at seven o'clock every evening he could be seen piloting his heavy wife around Union Square; she, fatigued though voluble, he, melancholy and taciturn. They did not give the impression of being well mated. One day, when I had occasion to call on him, the little maid-servant who opened the door shrewishly responded to my question, "Is M. Mario at home?" with "You mean the husband of madame?" That threw some light on their domestic relations, and when I saw him shovelling snow, carrying bundles or market baskets, or running errands, I realized his subaltern position in the artistic partnership.

I was then a music critic, and possibly

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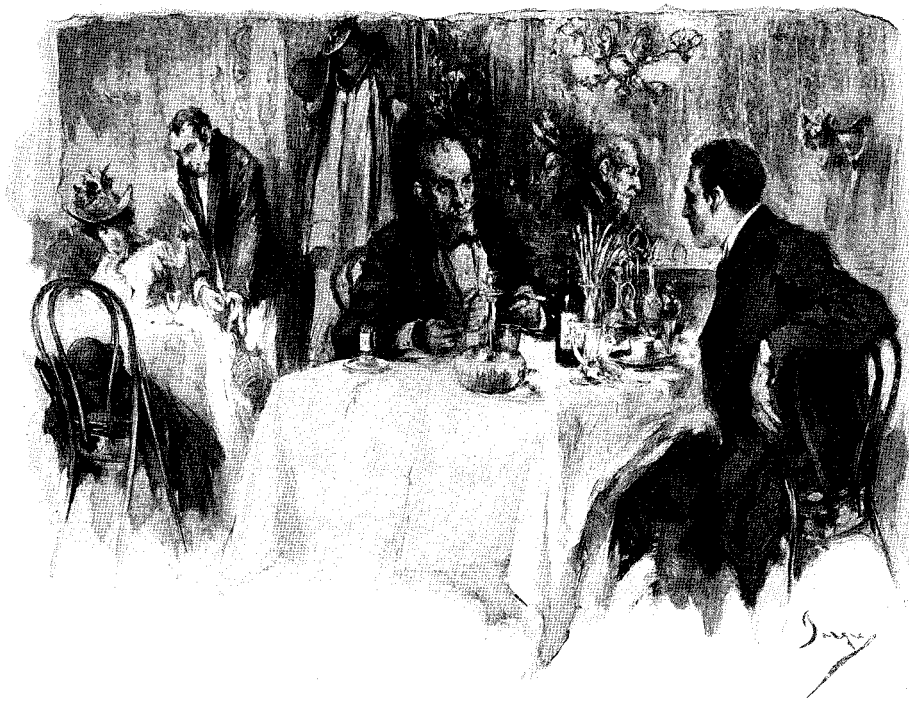

We slipped into an easy-going acquaintance.—Page 604.

the friendly advances made by M. Mario were prompted by professional reasons. Yet, he never hinted that his wife gave an annual concert at which her pupils brilliantly distinguished themselves. He possessed tact, was educated and a linguist. His clothes, while not of fashionable cut, were neat and clean. Perhaps M. Mario did take a drop too much and too often, though I'll swear I never saw him the worse for it. He seldom appeared at any of his daily posts after seven o'clock, so I set him down as an early bird till one night, returning very late from the opera, I saw him sitting on a Union Square bench, his head in his hands. It was moonlight, and I hesitated, fearing he might not like to be aroused. I suddenly changed my mind and, going to him, called out:

"Hello, old friend! What are you doing up so late?" He instantly arose, and I saw that he had been weeping but was sober. I joked and asked him to go to Lüchow's. He gravely refused.

"It is this way," he said in strangely streaked accent. "I was warm and couldn't sleep. I sometimes worry. I—" He stopped, hesitated, and quickly resumed: "Couldn't you come to madame's to-morrow morning, say about noon? I promise you a surprise. A young voice, bell-like, with velvet added to the crystalline quality"—he was strangely excited, as are all artists when a rare talent is discovered. I promised, though I dislike hearing novices, especially when the affair smacks of *réclame*. But the agitation of M. Mario was unmistakable, his interest sincere, and, thinking there had been a row in his family and that I would be doing him a favor, I said yes, and at noon the next day I passed the office of the Turkish bath on the first floor and achieved the studio of Madame Miramelli.

She was at her pianoforte, a battered instrument still serviceable, and she only inclined her head on my entrance. Evidently I was not *persona grata*. In the middle of the room was a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, not more. She was blonde and wore her hair in foreign fashion. She was indifferently clad; to

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tell the truth, I was taken by her face, not so pretty as attractive. Her features were irregular, her nose small and snub; but her large blue eyes (the clear eyes of a born liar) blazed with intense feeling and her mouth quivered. She was very nervous. No wonder. Madame Miramelli had been scolding her.

"Lyda," she screamed—a long last name followed, Slavic in sound and beginning with a z—"Lyda, you sing like five pigs! If you sing so to this gentleman, who is, I believe, a critic"—she lifted her savage old eyebrows as if with sardonic intention—"you will drive him out-of-doors. As for my beloved husband"—more pantomime—"he thinks you are to become a second Gerster or Nilsson. Don't disappoint him, for he is M. Mario, the greatest living ex-barytone, and a wonderful judge."

She would have kept on only that M. Mario entered and took a seat near the girl. His wife stared at him and his eyes fell. Shrugging her fat shoulders, she called out: "Again! Begin at the aria and skip the introduction." Then Madame Miramelli struck a chord. The girl looked entreatingly at M. Mario, who literally trembled. His expression was one of mingled fear and adoration. His eyes blazed, too; he folded his arms and his whole being became concentrated in his hearing.

The girl sang. He had not boasted; her voice was like a velvet bell. She sang with facility, though, naturally, the musical conception was immature. A promising talent, without doubt. When she finished M. Mario shook her hand, which limply fell as he released it; he led her to a seat, and to my astonishment and pity I saw that she was lame, sadly so, for her gait was almost ludicrous, so distorted was the movement of one hip. My gaze collided with the cross old woman at the keyboard, and if ever there was such a thing as infernal malice blended with hateful jealousy it was in her face. She held her silence, and feeling the tension unbearable I said some pleasant, conventional words to the timid girl, shook hands with madame—though why I can't say—and hastily left. M. Mario accompanied me to the street-door but did not ask for further criticism, merely thanking me for my kindness in giving so much of my "valuable time." I cut him short and escaped, though not without noticing the tears in his eyes. Decidedly an emotional man, or—an old fool too easily affected by a pretty face. But the lameness!—maybe that had aroused his interest; also disgust at his wife's sharp tongue and unamiable demeanor toward the poor girl. Ah! These ancient prima donnas and the tyrannical airs they display to their superfluous husbands. The husband of madame! It was a little tragedy, his; yet why should he become so tearful over the lame girl with the lovely voice and plaintive eyes? Madame was jealous, and the girl wouldn't be treated any too well because her husband was sentimental with the wrong woman. . . .

II

THE musical season had set in, and on the wings of song and symphony I was whirled away from memories of Irving Place and the Miramelli-Mario pupil. As the winter modulated into spring I occasionally thought of these people, but one warbler of the present is worth a dozen in the future, and it was May before I saw M. Mario. He pretended not to know me; at least, it looked so. I wasn't offended. I knew his odd habits and waited. In the evenings I resumed my old walks about the Square, more as an appetizer than a diversion. Precisely at seven o'clock the musical couple moved slowly through the park, and I took care to avoid them. They were, as ever, bored, and I noted that madame was no longer loquacious. This went on for a month, when one night I found M. Mario near the fountain, staring at the stars. I saluted, and was shocked by his altered appearance. He had become thin, neglected-looking, his linen not too new, and I must admit he wore a desperate air. He bowed in his stately style, and to my inquiry as to his health he kept silence. "Come and have a drink," I bade him; "it will cheer you up."

We went across the street to Brubacher's Café, where they played chess in those times, and I asked M. Mario to be seated. "And the girl, that pretty girl with the beautiful soprano—is she im-

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proving?" His eyes filled. "She is no longer with us," he answered. "Too bad," I commented. "She had talent, though I suppose her lameness would hurt her career; but there was Carlotta Patchap as you are, and still dangerous, you know—" He stopped me. "Say no more; the subject touches me too closely. Yes, Madame Miramelli is jealous. That girl—that girl—how shall I say it? My

I realized his subaltern position in the artistic partnership.—Page 604.

ti—" He raised his hands with a gesture of supplication.

"No," he whispered; "she was driven out-of-doors by my wife, by Madame Miramelli." I was utterly taken aback. Driven away because of petty jealousy! Then I saw the humorous side. "I fear you are a Don Juan, my friend. Can you blame your good wife! Such a handsome first love, she is dead; she was a great Russian dramatic soprano; and that girl—she is my daughter, she——"

I was tremendously excited. "Your daughter. Oh! Now I see all." "You see nothing," he tersely replied. I persisted. "But did your wife know the girl was yours?" He shook his head and took a sip of wine. I was puzzled. After all,

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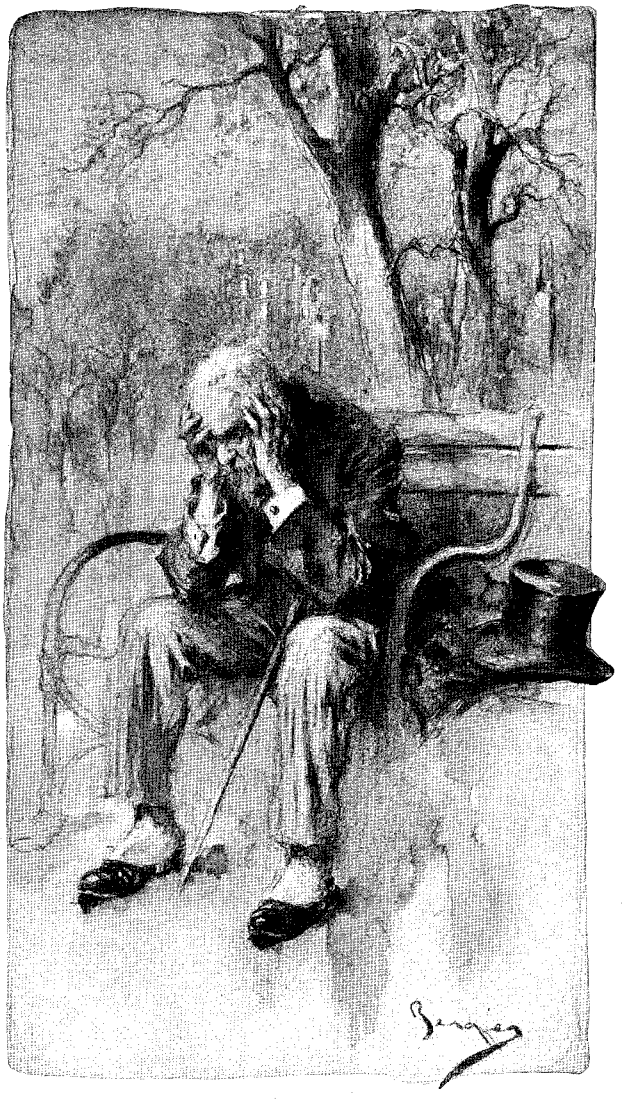
it was not polite to put such personal questions. I said: "Pardon me, M. Mario, but I can't help feeling interested." He pressed my hand. We must have sat silent for some minutes; then he exclaimed:



Sitting on a Union Square bench, his head in his hands.—Page 605.

"I was crazy to bring the girl to her, but I hoped for her artistic future. No, she doesn't know, she will never know. My wife was jealous of the girl's youth, jealous of me, of my own daughter——"

"Well, why didn't you tell her?" I hastily interposed.

"Why? Why? Because the girl doesn't know it herself; because I'm a miserable coward, afraid of my old she-devil; because—" He arose and without saying good-by went away, leaving me in a stupefying fog of conjecture.

That night for the first time the husband of madame did not keep company with her in the promenade around old Union Square.

III

I possess an indifferent sense of time; the years pass and leave but little impress on my spirit. Nevertheless, I'm sure I felt older when, on a certain evening at Carnegie Hall, I awaited without undue impatience the début of a well-advertised Russian soprano, Zelocca, or some such name. The affair was one of those tiresome mixed concerts in which a mediocre pianist, or violinist, or tenor with a bleating voice, or an impossible buffo-basso, participate. The only element of horror missing on this occasion was a flute virtuoso; but flutes and harps as solo instruments were no longer in the mode. However, as a seasoned veteran I settled down in my seat prepared for the worst. It came in the shape of a young woman who gave her audience a distorted version of the popular Chopin Ballade in the ingratiating key of A flat. She was applauded, I regret to say; but these concerts are the joy of the encore demons, who happened to be out in great force. The tenor sobbed an aria, I've forgotten what it was, *Deo gratias!* and then the bright star of the entertainment appeared.

A blonde woman of distinguished ap-

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"He thinks you are to become a second Gerster or Nilsson. Don't disappoint him, for he is M. Mario."
—Page 606.

pearance, at least thirty years of age, hobbled on the stage, leaning on the arm of her accompanist. It was Madame Zelocca, "the greatest living exponent of *coloratura* singing." I confess I was neither intrigued by this managerial announcement nor by the singer's personality. But what did interest me was the idea that Carlotta Patti had a successor. (You of this generation have probably forgotten the most brilliant member of the Patti-Barili family, Carlotta Patti, whose lameness did not prevent her from singing the Queen of the Night in "The Magic Flute.") Zelocca sang the bell song from "Lakmé," a mild, preparatory exercise to warm up her fluty tones. Yes, it was a marvellous voice, of wide range, extraordinary agility, the *timbre* of a fruity richness. And she sang as only an accomplished artist sings. When she limped off, after applause noisy enough to awaken even the critics, a compartment of my memory flew open and out popped the past—Irving Place and the white, hard light of a bare music-room, a lame girl singing in the middle of this room, and a sour-faced woman accompanying her; and the most potent impression—a middle-aged man devouring the girl with a gaze in which were mingled pride and humility. Of course, it was the protegée of Madame Miramelli-Mario. Why hadn't I recognized this lame singer?

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"No," he whispered; "she was driven out-of-doors by my wife, by Madame Miramelli."—Page 607.

And where was my musical memory if I couldn't remember the color of this brilliant voice! After all, a decade and more had passed since I first heard the girl Lyda, now Madame, or was it Signorina Zelocca? Much music had filtered through the porches of my ears since then. I was not to blame for my short memory—but hush, here she is again!

For her second number she sang with astounding *bravoura* the famous "Magic Flute" aria, followed it with some Rossinian fireworks, threw in "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home" as crumbs of consolation to a now frantic audience—in a word, she played at ease with the whole bag of prima-donna tricks. It needed no prophet to tell us that she was not only a great singer, but also a money-maker of superlative possibilities. Pardon my cynical way of putting things. The practise, year in, year out, of musical criticism doesn't make a man altogether an idealist. This young woman, with the opulent figure, lark-like voice, and homely though intelligent face, would surely be the successor to Carlotta Patti, Sembrich, Ilma di Murska, and other song-birds with gold-mines in their throats, but only on the concert platform. Her lameness was deplorable; she floundered rather than walked. Yet, such was the magnetism of her voice . . .

I pushed my way to the corridors, leaving a mob of lunatics clustered about the stage clamoring for more; true children of the horse-leech. Seeing that the front of the house was impassable, I tried to go out by the Fifty-sixth Street artists' entrance; but before I reached the door I was caught in a maelstrom of babbling, enthusiastic humanity. There must be some sinister magic in music that transforms sensible men and women into irresponsible beings. They call it temperament, but I think it is our plain, every-day, sensual souls out on a lark. As I was pushed and shoved I felt some one grab my arm. I turned. It was Mario. But Mario aged, so it seemed to me at the time, a quarter of a century. Perhaps it was the excitement of the moment, the uncertain light, and also the

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fact that it had been years since I had seen the barytone. His face was full of gnarled lines, his hair and beard snow-white; his large, dark eyes alone hinted at their former vitality. They burned with a sombre fire, and if ever a man looked as if he were standing on the very hub of hell it was poor old Mario. Why didn't I think of him earlier in the evening as the father of the celebrated Madame Zelocca! I whispered in his ear vague congratulations. He didn't hear me. His face was the mask of a gambler who has played his last and lost.

Gradually I fought my way through the phalanx of half-crazy humans, with Mario all the while tugging at my arm. We found ourselves on the street, and I hastened to tell him the pleasure I had experienced, adding:

"And you, weren't you proud to be the father of such a genius?"

"Yes," he muttered, "I was proud." His toneless voice surprised me.

She played at ease with the whole bag of prima-donna tricks.—Page 610.

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"But what did she say when she saw you, for you were her first inspiration?"

He answered: "I was her first inspiration." His echo of my words annoyed me. Was the poor chap mentally too feeble to appreciate the triumph of his daughter? I persisted in my question:

"Wasn't she glad to see you?" He stopped under the light of a lamp and looked at me slightly bewildered. Then he spoke in explicit accents.

"No, she wasn't glad. I went in after her first aria, which Madame Miramelli, God rest her soul"—he piously crossed himself—"taught her, and——"

"Well—well?" I impatiently interposed.

"Well, she didn't know me, that's all." His voice trailed off into a ghostly whisper. I became indignant. Such abominable lack of gratitude.

"I tell you the truth," he reiterated, "she had forgotten me, my face, my name, and, as she never knew I was her father—" He paused. I whistled my rage and incredulity to the heavens.

"Much must have happened to her in ten years. She forgot. She forgot—she is not to blame, only she forgot me—" He moved slowly down Broadway, this débris of a great artist, this forgotten father of a famous singer with a convenient memory. Later I wrote a glowing critical notice for my newspaper about his daughter, The Zelocca, which bristled with technical terms and was bejewelled with adjectives. Was she not a successor to Carlotta Patti?

IV

To go or not to go? I argued the case for hours before I finally decided to accept the prettily worded invitation of La Zelocca to visit her some afternoon, or, to be precise, the afternoon following the arrival of her note. I dislike informal little calls on prima donnas at hotels, where you usually find a chain of adorers, musical managers, press-agents, and anonymous parasites. Nevertheless, I went up to the Plaza, the Lord only knows why. Perhaps my curiosity, now aflame, would be gratified; perhaps the young woman would make an excuse for her cold-blooded behavior to her abandoned father. Who knows? Some such idea was in my mind when—after the pompous preluding of my presence—I knocked at the door of her suite in the hotel. She was sitting in a comfortable chair and gazing out upon the still, green park. I begged of her not to derange herself as she made a feint of rising, and saluted her with the conventional kiss on the hand—I'm bound to acknowledge a finely articulated, well-kept hand—and in return was warmly welcomed. Close by Zelocca was handsomer than on the stage. Her robust figure was draped in a well-fitting street costume and her shapely head had evidently been treated by a discriminating hairdresser. We conversed of the weather, of the newspaper criticisms (mine in particular!), and I went so far as to ask her about the box-office. Yes, it had pleased her; better, had pleased her manager—a jewel of a man, be it understood. She spoke in a silvery voice and with the cool assurance of a woman who fully realized her financial worth. We drank tea served in Russian fashion. I saw my opening.

"So you were in Russia before taking the Western world by storm."

"Ah, yes, *cher maître*" (I bristled with importance; I always do when I am thus addressed), "I studied hard in Saint Petersburg." (It was not yet Petrograd.) "And I benefited by my intimacy with the great Zelocca." I was puzzled. She quickly added: "I am a relative of hers. I took her name by her kind permission. My mother gave me a letter to her when I left New York. She was a friend—an early friend of my mother's husband."

Her mother! I thought, who the dickens is her mother? My face must have betrayed me, for she looked at me pensively (her eyes were truly glorious in their deceptive frankness) and murmured:

"Of course, M. Mario must have told you of my mother's death." I understood. She meant old Miramelli-Mario, and should have said stepmother. I nodded as sympathetically as I could (music critics are sometimes greater actors than the opera-singers they criticise) and replied:

"Ah, yes. M. Mario told me. But you say Zelocca still lives. He said to me, if I remember, that she was dead years ago." She seemed startled.

"He told you that— Ah! the miserable—" I jumped at my chance.

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"But, my dear lady, he is, after all, your father, and if I guess rightly your mother has proved your best friend. I mean your real mother."

She harshly interrupted. "My real mother was a she-devil." This sounded like the daughter of Mario. "She treated me as if I were a kitchen-maid." The dramatic manner with which this speech was delivered left me no doubt as to its sincerity. I was again at sea. She poured a torrent of words into my ears.

"My father, my father, that old drunken beast, my father! Ah! if you only knew the truth. How an *artiste* must suffer before she drags herself out of the mire. It was a vile swamp that home of mine on —on—" She paused for the name.

"On Irving Place," I interposed.

"Yes, on Irving Place. That Mario was not my father, he was only the husband of madame—and she—she was, I'm ashamed to say it, my true mother."

La bella Zelocca covered her face with her eloquent hands, and her shoulders sobbed if her throat did not. I was flabbergasted by this unexpected, this absurd revelation. What sort of a devil's dance had I been led, what kind of a sinister *im-*

"Madame."

passe had I reached. She continued, her face still hidden:

"A cruel, unnatural mother, a still crueller stepfather . . . he never ceased his persecutions . . . and I was too young, too timid, too much in fear of my jealous mother—who soon found out what was going on. That's why she was so disagreeable the day you called. She soon got rid of me—I was packed off to Russia to her sister. Oh! didn't I tell you that the other Zelocca is my aunt? No! She is; but kinder than my mother. Now you know why I wouldn't see the old rascal —who expected to live on me—as he lived on the bounty of two sisters—why——"

But I felt that my presence was becoming indecorous in this close atmosphere of family scandal. I stood up and took

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my hat. She sat bolt upright, stiff as a votive candle. Her expression was one of annoyed astonishment.

"Surely you're not going so soon, and not going without saying a word of sympathy? You, I felt, were one of my oldest and truest friends"—at these doleful words my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth from sheer terror—"and to whom should I appeal but to you!" I wriggled, but saw no way of escape. Then I burst out:

"In God's name, madame, what can I say, what can I do for you? This is the third time I've seen you in my life. I only knew Mario—that venerable scamp—superficially. Your mother—heavens! —your mother I've seen often enough—too often—" She beamed on me and became so excited that she, too, got on her feet, the while supporting herself with a gold-topped stick.

"Ah," she triumphantly cried. "I knew it, I knew it. You are the man I thought you were. You hated my mother. You despise her husband and you will, I'm sure, help me in my search, my search——"

The room began to spin slowly around and the grand pianoforte seemed to tilt my way. Perhaps Zelocca saw the hunted look in my eyes, a man as well as a music critic at bay, for she suddenly exploded the question: "You will look for him, find him, bring him to me?" I wavered toward the door, fearing heat apoplexy, yet I contrived to stammer:

"Find—find—who shall I find for you?"

"My real father," she fairly chanted, and her face was as the shining face of an ardent neophyte at some tremendously mystical ceremony. I vow as I left the room—on a dead run—that an aureole was foaming about her lovely head. I didn't stop sprinting till I reached the ground floor, ran across Fifty-ninth Street into the park, and, finally, at the Casino I threw myself into a seat and called for—oh, it wasn't water! After such a display of drab family linen one doesn't drink water. Any experienced social washerwoman will tell you that. By Jove! I was positively nervous with their crazy-quilt relationships. I pondered the situation. Was Zelocca an artistic liar, a wonderful actress, or simply a warm-hearted and too enthusiastic woman in search of a father? I couldn't make up my mind. I haven't yet. She may have suspected that my critical notice of her second concert might not be as fervid as the first on account of Mario's tale about her cruelty. I've known singers to tell worse lies for a smaller reason. But she had won her public, and press, too; her forthcoming appearance was bound to be a repetition of the *première* as far as success went. No, I give it up. I knew I'd go to all of her concerts and write sweet words of her distinguished art. I did. (Later she married her manager and lived unhappily ever afterward.) I'm beginning to regret now that I left her so hurriedly that afternoon. Perhaps she might have given me a clew. What a liar! Or a crazy woman? Her father—I'm beginning to believe that her father was M. Mario, the husband of madame, and that her aunt—oh, hang her Russian aunt!

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LONDON MEMORIES

[SECOND PAPER]

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

OUT of the flotsam and jetsam which the dark tides of Time deposit on the shallow shores of Memory, I clutch at the vision of a goodly company gathered in the private dining-room of the Savile when Gosse invited a group of his friends to do honor to Howells. Of our fellow guests I can recall with certainty only Thomas Woolner, the sculptor-poet, Austin Dobson, George Du Maurier, Thomas Hardy, and William Black. And I can rescue only two fleeting fragments of the talk. The first was a discussion of the reasons for the disappearance of revenge as a motive in fiction—a discussion which resulted in a general agreement that as men no longer sit up nights on purpose to hate other men, the novelists have been forced to discard that murderous desire to get even which had been a mainspring of romance in less sophisticated centuries.

Over the second topic there could be no general agreement, since it was a definition of the image called up in our several minds by the word *forest*. Until that evening I had never thought of forest as clothing itself in different colors and taking on different forms in the eyes of different men; but I then discovered that even the most innocent word may don strange disguises. To Hardy forest suggested the sturdy oaks to be assaulted by the woodlanders of Wessex; and to Du Maurier it evoked the trim and tidy avenues of the national domain of France. To Black the word naturally brought to mind the low scrub of the so-called deer-forests of Scotland; and to Gosse it summoned up a view of the green-clad mountains that towered up from the Scandinavian fiords. To Howells forest recalled the thick woods that in his youth fringed the rivers of Ohio; and to me there came back swiftly the memory of the wild growths, bristling up unrestrained by man, in the Chippewa Reservation which I had crossed fourteen years before in my canoe trip from Lake Superior to the Mississippi.

Simple as the word seemed, it was interpreted by each of us in accord with his previous personal experience. And these divergent experiences exchanged that evening brought home to me as never before the inherent and inevitable inadequacy of the vocabulary of every language, since there must always be two partners in any communication by means of words, and the verbal currency passing from one to the other has no fixed value necessarily the same to both of them.

II

AT the end of September, 1883, I received a note from Walter Pollock, telling me that the editor of the *Saturday Review* had resigned and that he was thereafter to be in charge of the paper; and he wanted me to become a contributor to its columns. I accepted the invitation, and during the eleven years of Pollock's editorship I wrote frequently for the *Saturday*, most frequently when I was in London for the summer but also occasionally when I was at home in New York, reviewing American books and criticising the plays performed in the New York theatres. My first article gave an account of the visits of various British actors to the United States; a topic timely in the fall of 1883, when Henry Irving was about to come to America for the first time.

The *Saturday Review* was then the property of its founder, A. J. B. Beresford-Hope; and Pollock was the third editor in its less than thirty years of life. Its editorial office was in the Albany, where it occupied G. 1., a little set of

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rooms on the ground floor, looking out on Vigo Street. The tradition of mystery still lingered in its management, and the contributors were supposed not to know one another; and when we visited the editor we were shown into one or another of the tiny rooms wherein we waited in solitude until the coast was clear for us to approach the editor without danger of meeting some other member of the staff in the short, dark hall. It seemed to me that this affectation of secrecy was a little absurd; especially did it seem so when I first attended one of the annual fish-dinners at Greenwich, which the proprietor was in the habit of giving every summer to all his contributors. I was present at two of these very agreeable gatherings, in June, 1885, and in July, 1886; and I think the second of these was the last occasion when the large body of *Saturday Reviewers* had the privilege of beholding themselves in mass.

I find that I have preserved not only the invitations and the bills of fare of these banquets but also one of the seating plans with the names of the guests, nearly threescore and ten; and I suppose that this is a list more or less complete of those who were then contributors to the London weekly which was still a power in British politics. I read the names of Mr. Arthur Balfour and of Mr. James Bryce, but I am inclined to believe that they had ceased to write before I began. The assistant editor was George Saintsbury; and among the most frequent writers were Lang, Dobson, Gosse, Wigan, H. D. Traill, David Hannay, William Hunt, Herbert Stephen, W. E. Henley, Richard Garnett and the editor's brother, the present Sir Frederick Pollock. E. A. Freeman had only recently withdrawn from the *Saturday* for political reasons, after having been an assiduous contributor for a quarter of a century; and his friend, John Richard Green, for years a most voluminous writer in its columns, had died in 1883. Although Green was primarily a historian he was also a very versatile man in his tastes, dashing off sparkling articles on social topics; and I was informed by one of his intimates that most of the somewhat sensational papers on the "Girl of the Period," which had enlivened the pages of the *Saturday* in the late sixties were due to Green and not to Mrs. Lynn Lynton, who was generally credited with their authorship.

As I glance down the seating plan I am reminded that I sat between Wigan and W. R. Ralston, the leading British authority on Russian literature; and in the course of our conversation I referred to a review bearing his signature which I had read in the *Academy* and which praised a recent American book on the epic songs of Russia, and I added that I had been patriotically pleased to find equally laudatory comments on this volume in the *Athenæum* and in the *Saturday*. Ralston smilingly told me that he was responsible for those two anonymous reviews of this American book as well as for his signed article. "I did not want to write about it three times," he explained, "but I felt that I ought to do so, since there is nobody else here who takes any great interest in Russian literature. It was a good piece of work, that American book; and if I had refused to write those reviews it would have had to go without notice—which did not seem to me quite fair to the author." It struck me then that it was fortunate for the author that Ralston had taken so favorable a view of the volume; but I also reflected that anonymous reviewing might readily put it in the power of a personal enemy to attack a writer from the ambush of half a dozen different journals.

The *Saturday Review* was not hospitable to outsiders; and I doubt if the editors even examined the voluntary offerings which might be sent in. The theory was that the paper had a sufficient, a complete, a regular staff, who had been invited and who had been tested by time. The editor had such confidence in his associates that he did not even read their articles until these came back to him from the printer in galley-proof. Of course, he had to arrange his table of contents for every number and to distribute his timely topics, so as to avert repetition and to secure variety. Generally I submitted the subject of any paper I proposed to prepare; but when I was three thousand miles away I sometimes went ahead and sent in my article without previous authorization. And I may confess frankly now that it was great fun for me, an

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American of the Americans, to say my say about American topics in the columns of the most British of British periodicals. About American politics I rarely expressed any opinion, because that topic had been for years in the care of one of the oldest contributors to the paper, although his long service had not equipped him with knowledge of the subject. Pollock called my attention once to an article on American affairs in the current number and wondered whether it was not all at sea in its opinions; and I had to answer that I had counted fifteen misstatements of fact in the first column, whereupon he shrugged his shoulders and explained that he was powerless, since he had inherited that contributor from the preceding editors. I was told, although I forget by whom, that the ancient light who thus devoted his mind to the misunderstanding of American politics was G. S. Venables, otherwise unknown to fame except as the man who had broken Thackeray's nose.

I think that not a few of the British readers of the *Saturday Review* may have been a little surprised by an article of mine, early in 1884, on "England in the United States," in which I tried to analyze the American attitude toward Great Britain; and certainly one American reader of the paper was struck by it, since it was taken as a text for an Easy-Chair essay by George William Curtis, who never suspected it to be the work of a fellow New Yorker.

During the first Cleveland campaign I prepared a paper on "Mugwumps," elucidating the immediate meaning of that abhorrent word, which had been totally misinterpreted in England, Lang having even gone so far as to rhyme a ballad with the refrain, "The mugwump never votes," whereas the main objection to him on the part of the persistent partisans was that he always voted. This article led to another in which I explained for the benefit of the distant islanders a handful of other "Political Americanisms." And in 1886, when the late R. A. Proctor, who made a specialty of science but who carried omniscience as a sideline, began to publish in *Knowledge* an ill-informed essay on Americanisms, I took delight in pointing out certain of his blunders, arousing him to violent wrath and also to a belief that the corrections had been made by Grant Allen, who was forced at last to appeal to the editor of the *Saturday* for a formal letter exonerating him from the accusation.

In 1894 Beresford-Hope sold the *Saturday Review;* Pollock ceased to be its editor; and the old staff ceased to contribute. It past into alien hands and its glory departed forever. It lost its distinctive character, once for all, and it became merely one among many London weeklies, only superficially to be distinguished from each other.

III

It was, I think, in 1881, although it might not have been until 1883, that I became acquainted with Charles H. E. Brookfield, who was a great friend of Walter Pollock's and a fellow member of the Savile. Brookfield was a character-comedian with an unusual gift for suggesting varied types, partly by ingenious make-up and partly by assumption of manner. It cannot be held, however, that he was an actor of high rank, for he could not carry a play on his own shoulders, and he was better in what are known on the stage as "bits" than in more strenuous parts. He was a member of the Bancrofts' admirable company at the Haymarket, where I saw him once as Baron Stein in "Diplomacy," the very British perversion of Sardou's "Dora." One summer when the Bancrofts were about to close the house, Brookfield subleased it for a season of his own, having found a friendly backer. "Angels," so it is said, rush in where fools fear to tread; and I doubt if the financial rewards of this summer season were as ample as the improvised manager had hoped.

Brookfield had a pretty wit of his own, and his clever sayings were current in London club circles. One of them, almost the only one that I now remember, was uttered the winter after his venture into management. One evening in the green room of the Haymarket, the "old woman" of the company was belauding the beauty of Mrs. Bancroft's hair, whereupon Brookfield went up to a mirror and arranged his own locks lovingly, remark-

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ing audibly, "My hair has also been much admired." And the old woman sharply inquired, "Pray by whom, Mr. Brookfield?" To which the ex-manager responded nonchalantly, "Oh, by *my* company—in the summer season."

It must have been one afternoon in the summer of 1883 when Brookfield and Pollock and I were chatting after luncheon in the smoking-room of the Savile that the talk turned upon "Vanity Fair." Brookfield remarked to me very casually, "My mother has a lot of Thackeray letters." When I asked for particulars, he explained that his parents had been very intimate with the novelist and that his mother had preserved nearly a hundred letters to them extending over long years and often adorned with characteristic drawings. When I inquired why this correspondence had not been printed, he replied that his mother had offered them without success to the London publisher who was the owner of the Thackeray copyrights. I knew that the law laid down by the English court when Chesterfield protested against the publication of his letters to his son, admitted the physical ownership of a letter by the recipient, while reserving to the sender the right to control publication; and I saw that the situation was a deadlock since Mrs. Brookfield could not sell her letters for publication without the permission of the owner of Thackeray's copyrights, whereas the publisher could not issue the correspondence unless she supplied him with the copy.

When Charley Brookfield went on to tell me that Miss Thackeray (now Lady Ritchie) had written to his mother a cordial approval of any publication Mrs. Brookfield might desire, I saw no reason why Thackeray's letters should not make their first appearance in the United States, where there was no recognition of the exclusive ownership of any British copyright; and I suggested that I should be glad to offer the correspondence to an American publisher, if the Brookfields would like me to do so. Charley thanked me and said he would convey my proposal to his mother.

Two or three times later in that summer of 1883, I asked Brookfield about the Thackeray letters; and I always received the same response, that his mother was arranging the correspondence. In the fall I came back to New York for the winter; and in the spring of 1884 I went over to London again. As soon as I saw Brookfield in the Savile I once more inquired about the correspondence; and he returned an answer as before—that his mother was at work over the letters. I returned home again in the fall, having heard nothing further. Then most unexpectedly in March, 1885, I received a cable message: "Advise publication Thackeray letters. Brookfield, Haymarket."

Thus authorized I went to Charles Scribner's Sons and explained the situation; and they told me promptly that if the correspondence was as characteristic as I believed it to be they would gladly acquire it. They suggested that copies of a few representative letters should be sent to them for examination. When I reported this to Brookfield I received a charming letter from his mother, which I showed to the publishers, who thereafter negotiated with her directly, my labors as an intermediary being no longer necessary.

James Russell Lowell, one of the few survivors of Thackeray's friends, was persuaded to go over the correspondence and select those letters most suitable for publication. Fortified by Lowell's assistance and by Miss Thackeray's letter of approbation, the New York publishers approached the London publisher who controlled the Thackeray copyrights; and they were able to arrive at an arrangement whereby the letters chosen by Lowell appeared serially in the opening numbers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE issued simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic. When at last the correspondence appeared in a volume, they revealed for the first time the high position that Thackeray was entitled to take among English letter-writers; and they confirmed the impression of sweetness and of strength, of kindliness and of courage, which earlier could have been only deduced from his more formal works.

That portion of the correspondence which Lowell had selected was acquired by Augustin Daly, and after his death it found a permanent resting-place in the

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collection of autographs and manuscripts gathered by the late J. P. Morgan. Those letters which Lowell in his discretion thought it wiser not to publish, in 1886, also came to America after Mrs. Brookfield's death. They were long a precious possession of the most ardent and devoted collectors of Thackerayana, Major Lambert, of Philadelphia; and at his death they were sold at auction one by one and scattered far and wide.

IV

Although I found at the Savile more men of my own age and of my own interests I was glad to be a guest also of the Athenæum, where Locker caused me to be invited in 1881, 1883, and 1884. To bestow on a young American man of letters the privilege of strolling through the spacious and lofty halls of the most dignified of London clubs was like conferring on him the power of beholding many of the men who had made the intellectual history of England. I used to see Cardinal Manning consulting the catalogue in the silent library and to gaze at Herbert Spencer playing billiards in the subterranean vault excavated under the garden in the rear to provide a pair of little rooms for the smokers, who were not then permitted to indulge their fondness for the weed above ground. I lunched at the Athenæum once with Lang to meet Robertson Smith, the orientalist, who was then engaged in editing the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Locker introduced me to Matthew Arnold, who consented to propose me for membership; and I may remark that the waiting-list was then so long that my name was not reached for eighteen years; and it was only in 1901 that I had the pleasure of receiving notice of my election. When we returned home in the *Servia* in October, 1883, I was delighted to discover that Arnold was a fellow passenger on that first visit to the America which interested him so keenly that he tried hard to understand it. I cherish the memory of the several protracted walks on the deck of the ship in the course of the voyage, whereby I was enabled better to appreciate the engaging simplicity of his character.

It was Locker also who made me acquainted with Alfred Ainger, the biographer of Lamb, and one of the wittiest and most charming of conversationalists. He was a friend of George Smith, the senior partner of Smith, Elder & Co., the publishers of the *Cornhill*, the magazine that Thackeray had started a score of years earlier, that Leslie Stephen had edited, and that had then been taken in hand by James Payn, with a consequent reduction both in its price and of its quality, much to the disgust of Ainger, who had an affectionate regard for the monthly as it had been from the beginning. Ainger knew that Smith was also the chief proprietor of the Apollinaris Co. and of the Aylesbury Dairy; and this moved him in his disappointment at the downfall of his favorite magazine to send to its publisher this merry jest: "To George Smith, proprietor of the Aylesbury Dairy, of the Apollinaris Co., and of the *Cornhill Magazine:*

"The force of nature could no farther go;
To form the third, she joined the other two."

One reason why the waiting-list of the Athenæum was so long was because the aged members found the club a haven of rest, so quiet that "few died and none resigned." Octogenarians were common and nonagenarians were less uncommon within its walls than anywhere else. This protracted longevity of the members of the Athenæum was brought home to me one chilly evening in 1883, when Pollock dined with me and when we were joined by Palgrave Simpson, the playwright, best recalled now by his adaptation of the "Scrap of Paper" from Sardou's "Pattes de Mouche." After dinner we went down to the tiny smoking-room, dug out of the bowels of the earth, and we took chairs in front of the little fireplace, not noting whether or not there were other members in the seats which ran along the walls on three sides. Of course, we talked about the stage, and we came in time to consider the historic accuracy of stage-costumes. I ventured to express my belief that Talma had been the first performer to garb a Roman of old in a flowing toga; this had been designed for him by David, and it demanded that he should don sandals on his other-

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wise bare feet. And I added the anecdote of the actress of the Français, who was so shocked by this departure from the traditional costume long familiar to her in the theatre that she cried out when her eyes fell on the actor's naked foot—"Fie, Talma, you look like an antique statue!"

Then most unexpectedly a voice from an unseen man behind us broke in: "That may be all very well. But the last time *I* saw Talma he played Hamlet in Hessian boots!"

Now, Talma had died in 1826; and here was an Englishman telling us in 1883 that he had seen the French actor more than once. Who was this belated survivor? Who could he have been? Neither Pollock nor Simpson recognized the voice; and we did not deem it polite to demand his name. In this second decade of the twentieth century the fact that I have been in the same room with some one recalling that he had seen an actor who died in the third decade of the nineteenth century, seems to link me more closely with the distant past. It was an experience highly characteristic of the Athenæum. And I may comment here, more than thirty years after this experience, that I think the memory of the owner of this unknown voice had betrayed him, and that it was not in Hamlet, but in the now forgotten "Stranger" that Talma wore Hessian boots.

On a hot evening in July, 1884, I dropped into the Athenæum to dine. It was getting late in the season, and the long dining-room was almost deserted, there being in it only two men at opposite ends of the hall. After I had given my order, one of these started to go out; it was Palgrave Simpson; he came over to me for a few words, and then went to the other solitary diner. In a moment he returned and said to me: "That is Lord Houghton over there. He is all alone this evening; and when I told him that you were an American he wanted to know whether you would not like to take your dinner at his table?" Of course, I accepted with alacrity. Simpson took me over to Lord Houghton, introduced me and left us. I knew Lord Houghton as the biographer of Keats, as the ardent advocate of a more adequate copyright protection for authors, and as the stanch friend of the Union during the Civil War. I had seen him when he came to America in 1875, and I had been introduced to him by Locker the summer before in the Travellers Club, a fact which I did not expect him to recall. He was then just seventy-five, but his vivacity was undimmed by years; and his friendliness of welcome to a young stranger from beyond the seas was undisguised.

I asked him if he ever intended to cross the Atlantic to see us once more; and he answered that his friends told him his best poem was "Never Again." He informed me that he had been one of the five members of the House of Commons who stood up for the North during the Civil War, two of the others being John Bright and Forster; and that he had always advocated cultivating the friendship of the United States. Then, perhaps in humorous explanation of his desire for amity between his country and mine, he drew attention to his own resemblance to the portraits of George Washington—certainly striking so far as the upper half of the head was concerned. He declared that Americans were then so popular in London society that Henry James had expressed dread of a reaction which might bring about a Yankee-Hetze in England as fierce as the Juden-Hetze in Germany. He relished the writings of certain American authors, Cable's "Old Creole Days" in particular and Mrs. Burnett's "Louisiana." He said that Tennyson had commended to him Mrs. Burnett's short story "Surly Tim," and that Hallam Tennyson offered to read it aloud to them, with the warning that his father would surely break down at one part. And at the pathetic point in the little tale Tennyson did break down, the tears rolling from his eyes.

In the course of our two hours' talk I chanced to mention that Charley Brookfield was persuading his mother to publish the letters that Thackeray had written to her and to his father. Lord Houghton said that he had always understood that Mrs. Brookfield was the original of the heroine of "Henry Esmond," an understanding confirmed when Thackeray's letters to her were printed three years later. He informed me that the Brookfields were among Thackeray's oldest and

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most intimate friends and that at one time Brookfield had been very jealous of Thackeray. "But don't say I told you so!" he added suddenly; and I should not venture to set this down here if the facts had not been made plain by the letters to the Brookfields, which were suppressed by Lowell only to become public property when the second half of the correspondence was scattered abroad after Major Lambert's death.

V

In those successive summers in London I went far more often to the Savile than to the Athenæum; and among those whom I came to know at the younger club was William Ernest Henley. Already in 1878 Austin Dobson had told me of the ballads and other French forms which Henley was writing in a weekly called *London*, then edited by him. Dobson also informed me that *London* was printing a series of strange tales, called the "New Arabian Nights," written by a very clever young Scotchman, Robert Louis Stevenson. I looked up the publication offices of *London* in some squalid side street, and I secured a lot of the back numbers, in which I read Stevenson's fiction and Henley's rhymes, not being greatly taken with the latter, which seemed to me then—and now also—to lack the brightness and lightness, the unpremeditated ease, and the certainty of stroke which had charmed me in Dobson's ballads and villanelles. It is not in familiar verse that Henley was to make his mark as a poet—in so far as he did make his mark—but in the sledge-hammer assertiveness of his intensely characteristic

> "I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul."

In the early eighties I saw a good deal of Henley. I attended the solitary matinée at the Prince of Wales Theatre on July 2, 1884, when "Deacon Brodie" was first tested in the fire of the footlights. I contributed myself (and I also procured other American contributions) to the *Magazine of Art*, which Henley was then editing; and I suggested to the editors of the *Critic* that Henley might be enlisted as their London correspondent. While this engagement was pending he wrote me: "I think I can manage the work—provided always that I'm not asked to praise Gladstone and that I can say pretty much (within limits) what I please. I'd rather like to try my hand at it anyhow." He had the chance to try his hand at it and he was not asked to praise Gladstone; but his connection with the *Critic* was finally terminated mainly because Henley in the fury of his Tory partisanship could not refrain from filling his letters with bitter abuse of Gladstone, abuse wholly out of place in the columns of an American periodical devoted to gentler arts than politics.

This exuberance of animosity was just like Henley. He had no assured income; he did not form new connections easily; he needed the money from this correspondence; but he could not refrain from freeing his soul in print, regardless of the editors who were employing him. He was radically uncompromising; and when Sidney Colvin got him the editorship of the *Magazine of Art* it was with the utmost difficulty that he was made to refrain from uttering in every issue his contempt for the craftsmanship of Gustave Doré, that prolific improvisor in black and white, whose books were being pushed by the owners of the review in which Henley was urgent to abuse them.

Henley was handicapped by physical disability; his mind was sturdier than his body. It was his misfortune also that in the land of his birth society is stratified, like a chocolate layer-cake, and that the man who is forceful enough to push himself up into a level above that in which he was born is likely to be made acutely conscious of his struggle in the ascent. Henley started on the lower rounds of the social ladder; he was self-educated, with yawning gaps in his equipment for criticism, and yet with superb self-confidence in the validity of his own insight.

The surprising attack that Henley made upon the memory of Stevenson was exactly what might have been expected by any one who knew Henley's fundamental honesty and his uneasy self-assertion. I doubt if Henley's article would have pained Stevenson as much as it did his admirers. After all, Stevenson was not a bad judge of character; and I

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think that even if he would deplore Henley's attitude, he would understand it.

While I saw a good deal of Henley in those summers in the eighties I saw Stevenson only once, although we had exchanged messages through Henley. I knew that his health was frail and uncertain and that he rarely revisited the club; and I doubted whether I might ever stand face to face with him. Then on the afternoon of August 3, 1886, he dropped into the Savile quite unexpectedly. For most of the two hours that he stayed, the talk was general and I can recapture few fragments of it. As the afternoon wore on, the others dropped out until Stevenson and I were left alone in the smoking-room. What I remember most vividly was the high appreciation of "Huckleberry Finn" that he expressed, calling it a far finer book artistically than "Tom Sawyer," partly because it was a richer book morally; and he wound up by declaring it to be the most important addition to the fiction of our language that had been made for ten years.

Another book that we discussed he did not hold to be so important; this was my own "Last Meeting," a brief novel which ought to have been a long short-story. It had at the core of it a romantic idea which I still think to have enticing possibilities for a more romantic writer than myself—the idea that the villain, after having shanghaied the hero for a long voyage on a sailing ship, would journey to its next port, so that he might repeat his marine kidnapping. I had sent the book to Henley with a request that he might pass it on to Stevenson; and all the news I had had of it was contained in a single sentence of one of Henley's letters to me: "R. L. S. says he wishes he'd found the shanghaing himself." And when Stevenson and I were abandoned by the others he expressed at once his interest in my idea as it was expounded toward the end of the tale. "It *is* a fine idea for a story," he declared; "but when you had found that, you ought to have thrown away all the earlier part of the story and have written straight up to the effect which alone made it worth while."

I knew that his words were golden; but honesty compelled me to confess that I had started with the fine idea and that if I had failed to lead up to it adequately, it was because I had mischosen my method. As a dramatist by inclination, I could never begin any narrative unless I knew exactly how it was going to turn out and unless I foresaw its devious windings. Stevenson's sole response was to say that it was a pity I had maltreated an effect worthy of a more appropriate handling. My blunder was in putting so purely romantic a motive in a more or less realistic setting of literary life in New York with its atmosphere of superabundant small-talk. Henley had written to me that the book "is dreadfully like your talk. Not that I don't like your talk; you know very well that I do. But talk is talk, and writing's writing, and both are best in their proper places";—and this has always seemed to me one of the shrewdest and soundest of Henley's criticisms. He went on, with equal wit and wisdom, to object to the "crackle of cleverness" in the conversation of my characters, which affected him "like the noise of an electric spark. I get tired of you and them, as I do of a high-tuned lunch at the Savile. I long for a few flashes of stupidity."

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GOD'S MATERIAL

By Charles Belmont Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

DAVID PRINDLE gathered up his change and his monthly commutation ticket and, through the grated window, smiled at the station agent. David said: "A fine morning for the 1st of December," but the thought in his mind was: "I have now in my pocket two dollars, and this added to the seventy dollars I have in bank will not pay the monthly bills, and I wonder which of the monthly bills I can best leave unpaid."

For five years now, on the first day of every month, Prindle had been facing the same question, whether it was better to rob Peter and pay Paul or pay Peter and let Paul wait. Every morning as he sat with his fellow commuters and smoked his pipe and tried to read his newspaper his thoughts were seldom far afield from the question of the high cost of living. The same thoughts usually filled his mind on the return trip, but no sooner had he left the stuffy, smoke-ridden car than such gloomy reveries took instant flight. His head held high, his shoulders thrown back, with long, swinging strides he swung along the broad country road that led to his home. And such a home! The very first glimpse that he caught of the white clapboard farmhouse never failed to cause the same old thrill. Evil reflections concerning unpaid bills, the long, dull routine of the day's work, the years of incessant struggle were forgotten, and the only thoughts that filled his tired, overworked brain were of the little house hidden among the trees and the figure of the girl sure to be waiting for him before the open door. That was about all there was in David's life—this one girl and the open door. And so intertwined were they in his heart and in his mind that they seemed like two happy dreams constantly fading one into another, both very distinct and quite inseparable. For it was in this same farmhouse that David and his beloved Angela had begun their married life. It was the only home they had ever known together, and (with the exception of a new roof and an addition which was to contain an oak-panelled library and a pink-and-gold bedroom for Angela) it was the only home they ever wanted to know.

For one year David had paid a modest rental, but at the end of that time, so satisfied were he and Angela that it was the best home in the world, they decided to try to buy the place outright. Therefore, having carefully counted their capital and such prospects as the future might have in store for them, they called on the agent of the property and briefly told him of their heart's desire. The agent admitted that the owner had no possible use for the house himself and would no doubt be glad to part with it on easy terms. These surmises proved correct, and in a week's time David and Angela once more met at the agent's office to sign the all-important papers.

The agent sat behind his flat desk, smiled a little mysteriously, and with one finger tapped the long, red-sealed deeds that lay before him.

"Mr. Dolliver, whom I represent," he began, "is willing to accede to the terms that you suggest. My client, however reluctantly, must insist on one condition which it is quite possible may deter you from buying the property."

David and Angela exchanged swift, unhappy glances, and then David nodded for the lawyer to continue.

"The original owner of the house, one Abraham Enright, decreed in his will that so long as the house lasted the eldest male member of the family of Enright should always have the privilege of occupying a certain room for so long a period as he saw fit. That was a long time ago—at least three generations—and although the property has changed hands several times that same clause has al-

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ways appeared in the deed. The eldest living descendant of Abraham Enright, if there is one, still has the right to occupy that room. I believe it is the one at the northern end of the house on the second floor."

"Then, as I understand it," said David, "although we own the house we are liable at any time to have a stranger wander in and settle down in our only spare room, and perhaps stay there until he dies?"

"Exactly," said the agent. "But I think it is only fair to say that since the condition was first made no one, so far as is known, has ever taken advantage of the privilege."

For a few tense moments David alternately turned his glance from the keen, smiling eyes of the lawyer to the deeds, and then back to the lawyer.

"Do you not think," he suggested, "if I saw your client and explained how——"

"Not a chance in the world," the lawyer interrupted. "To be quite frank with you, I don't believe he cares very much whether he sells the property or not. Personally, and I speak from a long experience, I consider the terms, in spite of this unusual condition, very favorable to you."

David glanced at Angela and saw tears slowly ebbing into the eyes that he loved the best in all the world. Without another word he reached for the deeds and quickly seized the pen the lawyer proffered him. Even with less hesitation Angela affixed her signature, and the little farmhouse, with the exception of its one absurd and annoying condition, was their very own.

When David and Angela had once more returned home they spent the evening in speculating on the probable personality, condition of life, and habits of the stranger who at any moment might demand a place in their household. The name of the creator of the unhappy condition was as unknown to them as was that of the present head of the house of Enright. They speculated about him that particular night and for the next five years, with occasional brief lapses, they continued to speculate about him. The oldest living inhabitant of the neighborhood could not remember an Abraham Enright and where he had gone and who were his heirs no one knew. But to David and Angela the present heir was a very real person and a distinct menace to their lives. During the five years of speculation their composite guesses had assumed the form and character of a real individual. According to this gradually conceived idea the mysterious stranger who was legally entitled to upset their lives was a rather elderly person with few humane or kindly instincts. Also, although David and Angela always referred to him as "the family skeleton," he was very short and stout, had a stubbly, iron-gray beard and a most ungovernable temper. This in their hours of depression was the ogre they always saw. They pictured the roly-poly form stumping up the road; they saw him standing in the doorway gruffly demanding entrance; and they saw him in their one spare bedroom—irritable, gouty, and, with his meagre, uncouth belongings, settled there for life. It was for the latter reason, perhaps, that of all the little home the spare room alone failed to grow in beauty and comfort. A typical farmhouse bedroom, cold, gray, and cheerless they had found it, and cold, gray, and cheerless Angela and David let it remain. It was as if they had prepared a vault to receive the remains of all their happiest and most cherished hopes.

However, apart from the always expected visit from the unwelcome guest, Angela and David had known five years of well-nigh perfect content. It is true that to keep the place in proper repair, to add to its simple comforts, to make Angela's flower-garden worthy of its lovely mistress had been no easy task, and had been accomplished not without many unmentioned deeds of sacrifice and privation. For ten years David had worked hard and faithfully for the company with whom he had found his first employment, but, fortunately or unfortunately, David had been born with a nature which contained sweetness and kindliness out of all proportion to aggressiveness or business acumen. Therefore, as is the usual fate of such personalities, he had become but a human cog in a great human wheel that with each revolution ground out many dollars for its owners. For ten years David had served his mas-

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ters well and just as far as he was allowed to serve them, and, then, when he had reached the office on the morning of that first day of December, he found the place filled with whispered rumors that chilled the hearts of the human cogs. Big Business had laid its steel hand on the wheel of human cogs and hereafter it was to play but a minor part in a really great machine. David and all the other human cogs knew that Big Business brought with it sons and nephews and cousins, all of whom must have jobs, and, late that same afternoon, the fears of David at least proved correct.

With a heavy heart he alighted from the train and with feet of lead he started to plod wearily over the brittle, frozen roads to his home. After ten long years! But the thought that was uppermost in David's mind was not one of reproach against the company but against himself. Human cogs of ten years' standing could not easily find new positions, and David knew this as well as he knew that with all the needs of his home pressing upon him he had been unable to lay by. During the period of their married life David had held no secret from his wife, and now, more than ever before, he needed the help of her love and of her fine, young courage. They sat down before the wood fire in the little sitting-room, and with no word of bitterness David told the tragedy that had come into their lives. After he had finished the two lovers sat in silence. Gazing into the crackling fire, her chin resting in the palm of one hand, Angela stretched out her other hand until it lay in that of her husband. For a few moments they remained thus, and then, suddenly, they were aroused from their unhappy reveries by the incessant tooting of an automobile horn, evidently clamoring for admission at their garden gate.

"Delmonico's," said Johnny Enright to his chauffeur, and, with a dolorous sign of discontent, fell back into the deep-cushioned seat of his limousine. To be whisked away in such a gorgeous, purple-lined chariot to a banquet at Delmonico's might have brought a smile of anticipatory pleasure to some young men, but not to Johnny Enright. Had it been a dinner with a few congenial friends, that would have been a very different matter, but of all the chores that his business life very occasionally forced upon him, the annual banquet given to the big men in his employ bored him the most. He hated the dinner with its innumerable courses, he hated the ostentatious souvenirs, the long-winded speeches, and, most of all, he hated the speech that he himself had to make. Had it not been for the latter he could at least have partially forgotten his dislike of the occasion by indulging in large libations of champagne. But as vice-president and the practical owner of the Universal Milk Company it was necessary for him to appear at his very best when the time came for him to address the officers and the district managers of that eminently successful concern.

The banquet itself proved to be very much like every other banquet, whether the price is five dollars a plate or five times that amount. The dinner proper once over, the old gentlemen at the speakers' table, one by one, arose and gravely threw verbal bouquets at every one present, including themselves. Johnny sat between two of these elderly, bearded persons and dreamily wondered whether he would spend the next day in town or go to Rye to play golf. And then he was suddenly aroused from his revery by a sudden break in the oratory which at least to Enright seemed to have been rumbling on for hours. A little way down the table a young man with a Henry Clay face and a rarely sympathetic voice was telling his elders something of the worth of Abraham Enright, whose sagacity and high principles had brought the Universal Milk Company into being and to whom every man present owed a debt of gratitude that none could ever hope to pay. From Abraham Enright the young and convincing orator passed to his son, John Enright, and, having properly crowned him with laurel, proceeded to decorate the present head of the house in a similar manner. With a flushed face and downcast eyes Johnny heard himself credited with a list of virtues to not one of which could he possibly lay claim. A few minutes later, confused and still blushing, Johnny himself arose and heartily thanked the young man for mentioning all the things that he should

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be and wasn't, but promised faithfully that the hint should not go unheeded. To his great relief the banquet came to a fairly early end, the mass of black coats and white shirt-fronts at last arose, disintegrated, and finally disappeared. With a huge sigh Johnny hustled into a fur coat, and, with all possible despatch, started for the nearest cabaret.

It was early afternoon on the following day when Enright awoke from a heavy sleep and rang for his servant. The strain of remaining respectable during the long banquet had been too much for him, and to make up for it he had one-stepped and fox-trotted and supped at the cabaret until the new day was well on its way. His first half-crystallized thought was of the beautiful young butterfly with whom he had danced away the early morning hours, and then his mind suddenly reverted to the boy orator with the Henry Clay face who had so glowingly described the great and good work of the three generations of Enrights. Perhaps the youthful district manager had said what he said because he believed it, or perhaps he thought that it would help him with the officers of the company and bring him instant preferment, but, whatever his intention, there could be no doubt that his words had sunk deep into the guilty, joyous soul of Johnny Enright.

For some time Enright lay gazing up at the ceiling, listening to his servant moving stealthily about the room, and then he cast a guilty glance at the clock. To his further chagrin he found that it was nearly half past three. Of course, it was too late for golf, and, as he had no dinner engagement, a long, dull afternoon and night in town faced him ominously. He was thoroughly discouraged at the outlook and he was more discouraged about himself. The words of the district manager orator returned to taunt him and upbraid him for not having lived the fine, useful life that his father and grandfather had lived instead of that of the pampered son of a multi-millionaire—a waster. And then, as he still lay gazing up at the ceiling, but now quite wide-awake, there came to his mind a talk he had had with his father just before the old man had died. The conversation that he now recalled so vividly seemed to fit in most curiously with the district manager's speech as well as his gloomy views concerning his own present worthless existence.

They had been sitting together in his father's study and the gist of the old man's words was this:

"To-day, my son, I have made you my sole heir, but, for certain reasons, there is one bequest I did not mention in my will. Your grandfather began life as a plain farmer. He was born and brought up on a little place that was known as The Oaks, near a town called Millbrook, in Jersey. As a boy he worked on the farm, and among his other chores he drove the cows to and from the pasture and milked them. Long before he died he established one of the biggest milk concerns this or any other country has ever known. When he was successful he moved to New York, but in a way he held on to the farm at Millbrook. He practically gave the place over to an old farmer and his wife, but he always retained the privilege of spending a night there whenever he saw fit. And, in spite of his town house and the big place he built afterward at Elberon, he frequently availed himself of the privilege. He contended that one night at the old farm not only did his nerves a world of good but kept his relative values straight. If the money came in a little too fast he would run down and have a look at the old cow pasture and the barnyard where he worked as a barefooted boy. And when he felt that his power was getting the better of his heart and his common sense he would spend a night in his old whitewashed room at the farm, sleep on a corn-husk mattress, and go back to town chastened and ready to help others who hadn't had his luck or his talent for success. When your grandfather died he left the old place to the farmer who had looked after it for him, but it was stipulated in the deed that the eldest male member of his family should always have the right to occupy his bedroom."

"And did you ever take advantage of the privilege?" Johnny asked.

"Not exactly," said Johnny's father. "The place had changed hands before I grew old enough and wise enough to feel the need of it. But several times I ran

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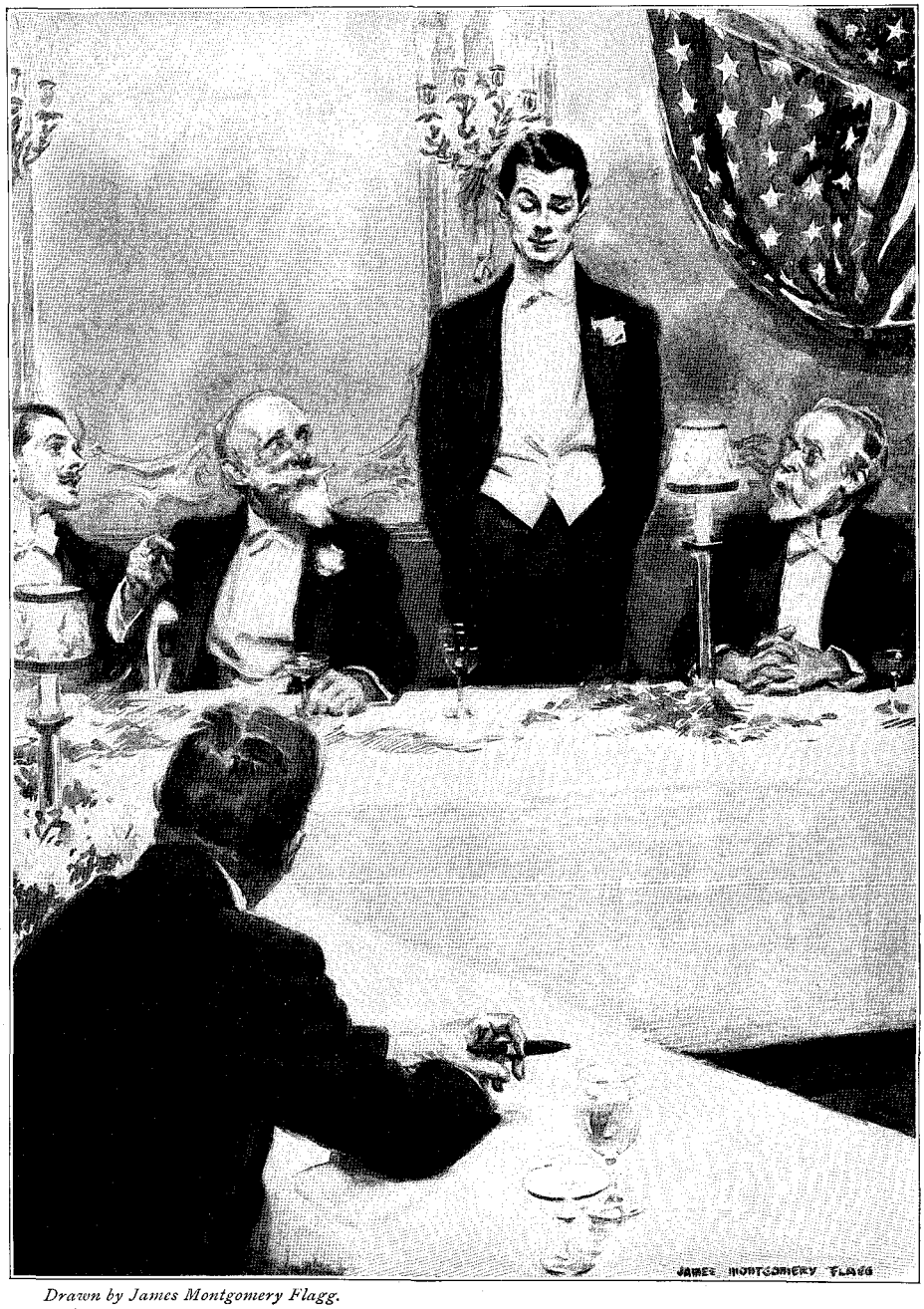

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

Confused and still blushing, heartily thanked the young man for mentioning all the things that he should be and wasn't.—Page 625.

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down there and looked at the farm where father had made his start, and I must say it always helped me over some hard place. Do as you feel best about it, my boy, but the privilege of spending a night, or as many nights as you choose, in the old house is yours, and I'm pretty sure that some of these days it might do you good to take advantage of it."

For the first time Johnny was old enough and wise enough to understand what his father's words had meant and his mind was already made up. Jumping out of bed, he ordered his chauffeur to report at once with his touring-car, told his servant to pack his bag for one night, and then proceeded to complete his hasty toilet. Half an hour later he was in his big gray touring-car, alone, and driving it toward the Fort Lee ferry as fast as the speed laws would permit. It was a fine, crisp December day, and the clear, sharp air of the North River made his blood tingle and drove away every vestige of the unhappy effects of the last long, hard night. The farther he went, the more times he lost his way, the more broadly did Johnny Enright smile at his adventure. It was already dark; he was soon to knock at the door of a house he had never seen and demand a night's lodging of people even of whose names he was ignorant. His mind, now alert and keen, fairly thrilled at the idea, and he compared himself to the imaginative heroes of the "Arabian Nights." The latter thought it was, no doubt, that made him decide to emulate the adventurers of the fiction of the Far East and present himself to his unknown hosts under an assumed name. Then, later, when they had rudely refused him admission, he would dramatically declare his true identity. Who, indeed, should say now that Johnny Enright was without imagination or that there was no longer the spirit of adventure throughout the land!

Thus it was, when David left Angela by the fire and went out to his front gate, the young man in the gray car introduced himself as Mr. Brown-Jones. The stranger also admitted that he had lost his way and was thoroughly chilled after his long ride. Ten minutes later Mr. Brown-Jones was before the Prindle fireplace and, with its help and that of a hot whiskey toddy that Angela had brewed for him, was gradually being thawed into a state of genial warmth. When, still later, Mr. Brown-Jones suggested that he continue on his way, Angela and David only laughed at the idea, and both of them insisted on accompanying him to the spare bedchamber to be sure that everything that could be done was done for the unexpected guest.

"We always have it ready," said David as he lighted the candle that stood before the sadly tarnished mirror. "We've been expecting a guest these five years."

"A long wait," said Mr. Brown-Jones. "You must have been looking forward to his coming with much pleasure."

David looked at Angela and smiled. "Hardly that, Mr. Brown-Jones," he said. "But it's a long story, and I'll tell you at dinner."

David not only told the story at dinner, but he told of all of his and Angela's fears as to the coming of this Enright—the ogre who might legally settle down on them, bag and baggage, for the rest of his days, and put an end to all their happiness. And then, while Angela talked, David wondered, now that he had lost his job, if there was to be any more happiness. Johnny Enright, alias Brown-Jones, smiled pleasantly at Angela as she chatted on, but he really heard nothing of what she said. For he, too, was wondering—wondering that any two people could find so much happiness in the world as these two babes in the wood on whom, by some curious whim of fate, he had so unexpectedly stumbled. After dinner, indeed until far into the night, they sat about the fire and, as the hours grew, so grew the confidence in each other of these three new friends. There was something so genial and gay, a certain human warmth about Mr. Brown-Jones, that, to Angela and David, it seemed to permeate the whole room and completely envelop their minds and hearts. So intimate became the talk that David even confided to the stranger the dream of the new wing which was to contain the oak-panelled library and the pink-and-gold bedroom for Angela. And then, when it was very late, and without knowing exactly why or how, David told of the great tragedy that had befallen them that very day. But,

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

Smiled as if a new and beautiful idea had just entered his good-looking head.—Page 630.

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although the stranger spoke words of sympathy, David, and Angela, too, were a little hurt to note how lightly he regarded the loss of a job. Indeed, in the very midst of David's tale of woe Mr. Brown-Jones clasped his hands over his stomach, gazed fixedly at the rafters, and smiled as if a new and beautiful idea had just entered his good-looking head.

Angela and David were up and about early the next morning, but not so early as the stranger, whom they found wandering happily about the barnyard.

"Never have I felt so refreshed," said Mr. Brown-Jones. "That room of yours is a tonic—almost an inspiration. It has given even me a whole lot of ideas."

It was at breakfast that Enright disclosed his identity and told them of the ideas.

"Down at Norfolk," he said, "I've got a houseboat waiting for me. It's a bit of a tub but rather comfortable. We'll drift down the canals to Florida, and play golf at Saint Augustine and roulette at Palm Beach. And then, if the notion seizes us, we can go to New Orleans for the carnival and a dinner at Jules's, or we can run over to Havana for some good green cigars. What do you say?—I'll even promise to have you back in time for Angela to do her spring planting. Besides that, by then David and I have got to begin our real life's work with the Universal Milk Company. The company mayn't know that, but we know it."

At the moment neither Angela nor David gave an answer; in fact, they never did give an answer in words. David tried to say something, but it was a rather sorry effort, and Angela, suddenly jumping up from the table, ran to her bedroom, from which she later returned with a nose much bepowdered.

True to his word, Enright brought them back just as the first crocus in Angela's garden poked its head into the warm spring sunshine. A few months of luxurious ease had in no way dimmed their love for the little farmhouse. As they turned the bend in the road and caught the first glimpse of it there was still the same thrill. The same old home—and yet, as they drew nearer, they found it was not quite the same. Evidently the fairies had been at work overnight, for there it was—the new wing. On close inspection they found the oak-panelled library, just as it had appeared in David's dreams, and a pink-and-gold bedroom—almost as exquisite in its loveliness as the loveliness of Angela herself. Everywhere, as they ran through the house like two laughing children, they found new treasures—treasures devised and created by the clever architect and the cleverer lady decorator, both of whom served under the golden wand of Johnny Enright. Everywhere they found something new to admire and to wonder at—everywhere except in one room, which they found just as they had left it. The golden wand of Johnny Enright had spared that one room. There it was, cold, gray, uncompromising—a hard-bound legacy, a reminder of other, simpler days.

TO A DESERTED GARDEN

By Evelyn Hardy

THY silent places birds do love;
The robin, wren, the thrush, and dove
All know thy cosey sheltered nooks,
Thy bending trees, thy trickling brooks.

No human gardener cares for thee
Like bird, like beast, like buzzing bee.
'Tis Nature tends to all thy wants,
She knows thy ways, thy secret haunts.

'Tis tonic to the tired mind
To walk within thee, and to find
A glimpse of Heaven there concealed
Which is not found in road or field.

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LOOKING YOUTH IN THE FACE

By Pearce Bailey, M.D.

ACCORDING to the German recruiting figures for 1910, only fifty-three per cent of their men of military age are fit for first-class service. There is, perhaps, similarity enough between the requirements of military service and those of the fierce industrial competition of civil life, and between us and the Germans, to sanction the guess, in the absence of statistics which might prove it wrong, that there is no great dissimilarity between the conditions as to the fitness of adolescents in this country and in Germany. If sticking at a useful thing, and excelling in it, and enjoying the process is an index of first-class ability, and if the reverse stamps ability as not first-class, we have proof and to spare that large numbers of our young men—and young women, too, whom military figures do not as yet include—are not fit for first-class jobs.

In that they recognize a relative inferiority at the outset, the Germans gain the opportunity of bringing capacity up to standard, or of allowing for deficiences. We make no such humiliating admissions, except in the case of the distinctly feeble-minded, whom the graded classes in the public schools partially provide for. We seem to cherish the agreeable hypothesis that all our boys and girls grow up equal, that all are first-class, and all alike fitted for the intense and varied requirements of modern life. On this hypothesis we plan complacently our educational and training systems. The disparity between what we wish for and what we get comes out soon enough, but not until the results are past remedying or, if remediable, have already involved great economic loss.

The proof of the error in our original hypothesis is furnished by the large numbers of persons who fail hopelessly, by those who waste time and money in changing occupations before they find one suited to them, by those who never find occupations in which they do well enough to be entirely independent. In the State of New York, with a population of nine and one-half millions, there are nearly three hundred thousand persons who are registered every year as unable to take care of themselves, either by reason of physical disability, mental defects, or criminality. For every one whose inefficiency leaves him stranded on State or private charity, there are doubtless three or four who, though practically of no constructive use, have escaped registration. It would, perhaps, not be far out of the way to assume that ten per cent of the adult male population of this State are, for some reason or other, and for shorter or longer periods, in a position of approximate if not absolute economic dependence.

The percentage of failures in our colleges is extravagantly large. It is least where the requirements for entrance are high. Seventeen per cent of one class was dropped from the academic department of an Eastern university well known for its rigid entrance examinations. In one of the best American schools of technology, not more than forty out of every hundred men entering receive diplomas at the end of four years. A recent review of ten consecutive classes in fourteen American colleges showed as an average result that from twenty per cent to twenty-two per cent of freshmen do not become sophomores and that from sixteen per cent to eighteen per cent of sophomores do not become juniors.

But in addition to this it is no secret that many of the young men who flock to our colleges, even if they do not fail in their studies, find out there that they are not fitted for the variety of education with which it was proposed to equip them. Doctor Stewart Paton offered, at one time, to examine and talk with Princeton students who were not doing well in college or who felt, for some reason or other, that they ought not to be there. He was so quickly overrun with consultations that he had no time left to do anything else, and was obliged to abandon his philanthropic plan. Life in college is life in

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miniature, and it is easy to believe that many of the failures which harass all vocations result from the worker being unequal to, or unfitted for, the profession or trade he chanced to choose. If only he could have found this out early enough, and have made a wiser choice, he might have saved his backers much besides anxiety, to say nothing of his own personal happiness.

The economic significance of this question is immediately apparent. The boy who goes to college and has to leave it, either for lack of interest or because he finds something that suits him better, pays more than any experiment ought to cost; the young man backed into some industrial venture at which he fails, has not only sacrificed the capital he represents, but has also impaired his chances of succeeding at something else. But in these, as in less ambitious apprenticeships, it is perhaps wiser in the end to admit unfitness and take the loss, than to keep on at a venture which is bound to be unsuccessful. Even if a man is not so unfaithful to his job that it will have none of him, even if failure is not absolute, by keeping on without hope of real success or harmony with his work he misses the elation that comes from adapted labor, and is assailed every day of his life by two persistent enemies of efficiency—discouragement and discontent. And this, too, is of economic importance, though viewed psychologically. For whoever is nailed to a career at which he never can excel lives under the cloud of his own inadequacy. Realizing that he has not obtained the respect for himself and from others necessary for his happiness and productiveness, and believing that he might have had better things under different conditions, he nourishes always a sullen resentment against the world.

We hear so much nowadays about alcohol and kindred social dangers that we are apt to forget that evil in some form is here to stay, in defiance of all crusades, and that a real emancipation from evil implies more than attempts to eradicate it. It implies also a strength to conquer it, whatever form it may take. All individuals must be protected during certain periods, and some individuals always; but a fundamental purpose in preparing any one for life should be to further a development which eventually will leave him so free that he can himself protect himself against the perils of his environment. Of the various means recommended for accomplishing this, work that interests and keeps a man cheerful is the one that has stood the test best. It arouses the consciousness of creativeness and the feelings of identity and self-reliance. It is such feelings that tap a man's best energies and so multiply his powers of resistance by ten. Without such feelings, energies find other outlets and show themselves as discontent and perversity.

It is particularly necessary not to forget this factor of personal feeling now in our day, when industrial organization has already so far invaded the domain of individual craftsmanship, and to compensate for this invasion by efforts undertaken to insure the task of each worker being the one for which he is best fitted, both mentally and physically. But this can never be done unless at the outset we recognize and arrange for the natural inequalities of men.

According to the dictionary, the purpose of education is "to bring out or elicit or develop from a condition of latent, or rudimentary, or potential existence." This definition recognizes the differences in individuals which our present modes of education recognize most imperfectly. By our methods, in the absence of some special *flaire* or aptitude, or of some defect which, as the French have it, "jumps to the eyes," all individuals of similar groups are educated along similar lines. We pay little heed to the character and distribution of the various individual qualities. Yet in some these may be too rudimentary to merit development along the lines of the group, while the particular potentialities of others may promise to repay a much higher elaboration than is possible in that group.

Certain inequalities are manifestly within the limits of the average and must be treated alike. Certain preferences, certain aptitudes, certain associations of brilliancy and weakness, overevaluation of emotional qualities to a degree to impair their practical usefulness, a strong mind tenanting a frail body, all of these, perhaps, have their best chance of finding

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balance or adjustment through the ordinary school, industrial, or college training. Perhaps no more insistent method could be devised to assort young men with the above characteristics than the one now in use. But the other large class, a class which physicians and teachers have brought to their attention constantly, and which corresponds to the forty-seven per cent of the German recruits who are unfit for first-class service, contains those who cannot make the best of themselves as personal units or as citizens, unless special efforts are made to adapt their education and their life-work to their individual requirements. Members of this class demand a more detailed attention.

Perhaps some day it will be possible to pick out beforehand the best occupations for all young men, whatever their capacity may be at the time of this all-important decision. But at present the necessity of interference for the purpose of allotting them is only insisted upon for those who are either not first-class or who require some special training before they can become so.

In countries which have a military service, the service itself provides means for a selection or sorting out of individuals in early life. Physical conditions are ascertained before entering the army, and capacities are determined by the way individuals react under the exactions of discipline, which are fixed and controlled. For months or years such men fulfil the conditions of a psychological experiment constructed for the purpose of determining capacity in respect to endurance, adaptability, respect for authority, self-control, and power of co-operation. In the absence of any such system in the United States, the question arises, should not some means be devised for obtaining the same or, if possible, even better results in civil life than are obtained by the tests incidental to military service. Would not even a peace-loving country be better off in the end if it made some effort to determine beforehand the possibilities and limitations of the young men on whose shoulders will so soon rest its political and social welfare?

The practical and immediate advantages to individuals and to industry of such a determination, as far as physical health is concerned, every one concedes. Such examinations ensure the recognition of and provision for tendencies which may become disabling if let go on unattended to.

For instance, boys with deficient chest expansion should not engage in occupations where there is much dust. Unless this defect can be remedied during the educating period, they should choose occupations which would develop their lungs. The adolescent with a strong family history of diabetes, and with a tendency to this disease himself, which may be determined experimentally, should not only observe certain precautions as to diet, but should choose a life which is as calm and equable as possible. The boy with a high degree of hypermetropia should not select an occupation which will always require accuracy and flexibility of vision, because after forty, with the loss of power of accommodation incidental to advancing years, his vision will decline. A hypermetropic surgeon is apt to become a menace to his clients when he gets to be forty-five.

The value of examinations of psychological characteristics meets with no such indorsement as does estimation of physical fitness. Character and personality are regarded as too complicated to be analyzed. People generally refuse to believe that psychology has reached a point where it can identify certain trends, correct many defects, and indicate the conditions under which character has its best chance of practical development. They fail to realize that the teachings of two closely allied sciences have, in recent years, amplified psychology and made it a trustworthy method for the understanding or solution of human problems. Comparative psychology has taught the enormous influence which racial history exercises upon our behavior, and abnormal psychology has furnished opportunities to study basic traits of character which in the abnormal are drawn with such rough lines.

Psychological methods can now, for example, indicate defects with great accuracy. They can show the difference between originality and a superficial brightness largely the result of imitation. They may ferret out aptitudes which had been

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dormant and not recognized, the recognition and cultivation of which may prove of inestimable value to the individual. They show very definitely tendencies which may lead to the formation of enslaving habits. All habits have a similar origin, the result of certain struggles of the individual with himself. The formation of the particular habit is determined by the personal and social conditions which exist at the time it is begun. When the habit is once formed, or even when the tendency to habit formation is pronounced without the actual formation of it, the type of the personality is usually recognizable by one skilled in such matters. Finally, the byways of habits are so characteristic that it is frequently possible to recognize the particular habit that an individual is addicted to, even in the absence of any facts on this specific point. For example, any one accustomed to dealing with drug habitués can make a fairly accurate guess, from behavior alone, as to the particular drug by which the addict is enslaved.

Information concerning the will can often be determined in a concrete way. Leaving entirely out of account the purely metaphysical question as to the nature of will, clinically it shows itself as persistence and determination. Its quality and usefulness to the individual is determined not only by its own strength, but also by the nature of the object on which it expends itself. If the object is imperfect, the will becomes negative instead of positive, so that instead of being constructive, it becomes a refusal to do this, that, or the other thing and is spoken of as obstinacy. There is no single test which reveals anomalies of volition, for the will is a summation of the general psychological characteristics of the individual. But such a summation furnishes invaluable information as to the person's capacity.

An especially important field for psychological examinations among a highly cultured people is an analysis of the way ideals are formed. In considering them sight must not be lost of the influence of example and surroundings. Colonel Henderson puts it concretely when he says: "If Stonewall Jackson had been a New Englander, educated in the belief that secession was rebellion, he would assuredly have shed the last drop of his blood in defense of the Union; if Ulysses Grant had been a Virginian, imbibing the doctrines of States' rights with his mother's milk, it is just as certain that he would have worn the Confederate gray." Energies are directed on the one hand and held back on the other by ideals; and whether an individual's ideals are suited to his particular capacities or to the environment in which he moves is an important factor in his personal efficiency. Such ideals are formed in the beginning by the imitation of those people, especially the father and the mother, by whom the child is surrounded in early years. Later, these are added to by the imitation of admired characters in history, in fiction, or in actual life, until finally a person's abstract idealistic conceptions are an amalgamation of these various components. At any point of this idealistic evolution, ideals may become inconsistent with reality, so that many individuals cherish aims which are quite at variance with common sense. Such views may be corrected or at least directed toward a level of greater usefulness, either by individual explanation or by the conditions of life. If no such correction takes place, it results that a person's ideals may limit his development in many lines of perfectly respectable endeavor, and, consequently, he or she, in order to succeed, must either abandon certain points of view or else choose some vocation with which they are not totally incompatible. A man's most cherished ideal may really be an ill-conceived notion or a prejudice. As such it may hinder his best expression for many years. Then in the light of a single experience, or as the result of the enlargement of all his experience, it suddenly is rolled away, and the individual emerges from his sepulchre something quite different from what he had been before. He always may have been remarked as a person of good intelligence and fine mind, and people may have wondered that he never got anywhere, and then suddenly he surprises every one by getting somewhere. It is along such lines that are to be explained the puzzling cases of people who develop late.

In view of the practical quality of the

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results of psychological examinations thus outlined, it is not unreasonable to suppose that much practical knowledge can thereby be gained concerning an individual, which may give a clearer conception as to his place in the world, and may even indicate the conditions which will lead to his fullest development. Even if it be granted that psychological investigations can do nothing for boys who are easily recognized as first-class, the second-class boys, who after all are nearly one-half of the whole, should derive much useful benefit from them. The boy who seems to have no special qualifications or special interests when he reaches the period when he should begin to prepare for his life-work is convicted by his own indifference of not being first-class. In the event of his parents having no employment or occupation ready at hand, he falls into something haphazard. Such a boy under present arrangements, may have aptitudes which could be experimentally determined, and which might permit him to excel at some particular calling, or he may have defects which definitely prohibit certain callings. There is another class of boys between whom and their parents there is disagreement as to what they should do. Each is, perhaps, controlled by an idealistic preference for some occupation, but the ideals do not coincide. Psychological examinations might determine whether the boy really had some leaning to or qualifications for what he wanted to do, or whether his ideals on the subject were purely imitative without solid foundation, and whether he would do better at the calling that his father wished him to follow. In deciding this question, the antipathy which not infrequently exists, although hotly denied, between parent and child would have to be considered. It has often been found, when a parent is determined on some one thing, and the son just as obstinately on another, that the divergence is not on the real issue, but on a personal antagonism which neither of the two admits.

There is another large class of boys and young men who are almost certainly predestined to get in wrong unless they are wisely directed in youth. There is some twist in their mental make-up, either congenital or acquired, which unfits them for certain lines of work, and if they follow these lines the result is not only economic failure, but physical and mental collapse. Such young persons are recognizable by a variety of signs. In some, at the outset there is much mental brilliancy, which deteriorates under the stress of discipline and hard work, and if hard work is persisted in they become moody or peculiar or even actually insane. The early determination of the temperament which is associated with this variety of personality is rarely made by either parents or teachers. If it were recognized and social conditions shaped to meet it, ultimate results would be quite different. The idiosyncrasies of this class becomes plain when they begin to seem alien to their surroundings or at war with them. Even in their school-days, and later in college, such persons present a disharmony with their environment; their development is irregular. While brilliant in one or two ways, they are stupid or abnormal in the way they react toward life. The whole personality is uneven and shows lack of dependability. In the work that they are made to do they are unhappy, obstinate, insubordinate, and both teachers and parents are surprised to discover that punishment makes no difference. There is no absolute standard by which such individuals may be judged as a class. On the contrary, each one is different, depending upon heredity, environment, early education, passionate prejudices acquired through individual experience, a lack of balance in learning, and a discrepancy in moral development, capacity, and ideals. Each requires a different social remedy. They are the boys that present the most serious problems that parents have to face, such as drinking, failure in studies, tendency to evil associations, criminal and immoral tendencies. The vast majority of these are the product of conditions and are not incurable delinquents. Could the fundamental disharmony be recognized early enough, and could conditions be changed, many of these boys might be saved from ultimate collapse and might become useful citizens.

Even if the value of such physical and mental examinations as have been outlined be recognized, doubt may be expressed if it would be practical, or even

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possible, to have them made in a satisfactory and economical way. The problem would be to secure all the available facts about an individual and to amalgamate them all into a final estimate of his particular capacity and promise. It would imply an organization with a large corps of examiners, highly competent in their various departments, and a controlling head which could co-ordinate all the results into a final estimate of the personality. It is readily apparent that no methods of medical or psychological organizations now in existence are sufficiently systematized to accomplish this end.

To meet such a need, Doctor Allan McLane Hamilton proposed, twenty years ago, the foundation of an institute for the determination of individual efficiency. The time was not ripe then, apparently, but now the times as well as psychology have changed, and it would seem that today such an organization were a perfectly practical enterprise.

On the physical side, such an institute would determine physical defects which might otherwise escape recognition, but which must be either corrected or allowed for if an individual is to have the fullest use of his life. Tests in this department would refer to all the organs of nutrition and of special sense, and would indicate any which needed further development for a high personal efficiency.

The mental examination would embrace the life history of the individual, year by year, from infancy up to the present—heredity, the circumstances of childhood, family relationships, early companions, mental shocks, habits, all would be given their due value in the explanation of the formation of the character. These would probably refer only to conscious life. To go into the unconscious might often be desirable, but would probably be impracticable for a scheme of this kind. The determining psychological factors which had been active in the development of character would be checked up by intellectual tests, such as those which refer to the capacity for concentration, readiness in making new adjustments, continuous efforts, ability to comply with controlled conditions, purposeful control of thinking processes, precision in mental operations. No one of these tests is reliable if taken by itself, but in conjunction with all the others they are valuable and suggestive. All the results, both physical and mental, together with the present conditions as to environment and prospects, would be drawn together into a final opinion. This would point out defects, emphasize features which needed special development, and would indicate those lines of endeavor from which the individual as constituted should be excluded; they might indicate those in which he would have the best chance to succeed.

Thus at first the institute would act as a deterrent, for, of the candidates who passed as first-class, little effort at the outset would be made to influence them or their sponsors in the choice of a career. It is quite possible, however, that as the institute proceeded, and as it acquired, as it would be its intention to do, a knowledge of the requirements of different occupations and the individual qualities which made success in them probable, it might eventually be in a position to give advice along these lines also. The great advantage of the final opinion would be that it would be as entirely freed from bias as any human opinion can be. It would not be an opinion of one man, but an inevitable deduction from a concrete mass of facts. No mercenary bias could be attributed to it, as the institute would under no circumstances undertake any treatment itself.

While the recommendations derived from these examinations would be immediately valuable, the main purpose of the enterprise would be very much more comprehensive than mere advice to individuals. It would be to establish principles as to the variations between individuals and to ascertain the conditions, now very imperfectly known, which are active in determining the evolution of character. The real end sought by the institute would be scientific. It would work out in this way. The records of the institute's examinations would be followed up at stated periods of one year, or three years, or five years later, and then would be found out how individuals whose characters had been determined at one given time developed and what the

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conditions had been which had shaped their development.

This plan of acquiring knowledge of later results immediately conditions the financial organization, for with an unstable class such as are found in charity institutions it would be impossible years afterward to keep track of the candidates who had been examined. In order to realize its main purpose, therefore, the institute would be obliged to deal with a provident class of which it could later get accurate information. By dealing with a provident class it would be self-supporting, for it would be proposed to charge such fees for the examinations as would not only be sufficient to meet the running expenses, but would supply a surplus which would be devoted to acquiring collateral information and to perfecting the records. To this end the institute should be under the management of trustees. All the workers of the institute should be salaried, and none of them would be financially interested in it in any other way. The surplus should be devoted to the study of trades and professions, their requirements and rewards; to the social influences that may be counted on in different communities, to the influences of different forms of education. The institute would endeavor to co-operate with boards of education and schools of social science and would organize classes for teachers and employers of labor. We believe it would set an example of how individual efficiency could be determined and improved, and would prove the truth of the same in a way to be convincing to private individuals, to boards of education, and to all who are unselfishly interested in the political welfare of the country. The number of examinations it could make would not, of course, be sufficient to effect any great impress upon social conditions, but it would point out the principles which as yet have not been established, for methods of dealing with individuals in a way to prevent their failure.

In this country public reforms and betterments come from the examples and demonstrations of individuals. The government is more active in prescribing penalties for offenses than in initiating preventive remedies for social defects. But there is an increasing tendency on the part of the government to adopt methods which have been proved useful by private enterprises. Such an institute would be able to demonstrate methods which would be useful to the government, and it is by such methods alone that individual character is to be raised. And after all the raising of the quality of the individual is, apparently, the only way possible for a democracy to raise the standard of public opinion.

THE SHEPHERD BOY

By Edward J. O'Brien

I saw him naked on a hill
Above a world of gold,
And coming by, so still, so still,
The sheep within his fold.

He strode along that golden air,
A rosy-bodied fool,
With wonder-dripping dreams as fair
As starlight in a pool.

He sang of old, forgotten springs
Of worship in the sky,
And longing passionate with wings,
And vision that must die.

His body and his spirit glowed
For joy that they were one,
And from his heart the music flowed
Into the setting sun.

I hurried as the light grew dim,
And left him far behind,
Yet still I heard his joyous hymn
Come faintly down the wind.

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THANKSGIVING DAY

By Martha Haskell Clark

THE little, wistful memories they woke with me to-day
Amid the pale-lit, primrose dawn that streaked the snow-clouds gray,
For when the first, wan light appeared upon my chamber wall
The little, wistful memories they waked me with their call.

Across my frost-ferned window-pane a hint of wood-smoke sweet,
Adown the hallways of my heart the tiny, stirring feet
Of dear and lost Thanksgiving Days, like children's ghosts astray,
And little, wistful memories that woke with me to-day.

The little, eager memories they crowded at my board,
They stilled the kindly stranger-voice that blessed our simple hoard
With low and half-heard whisperings in tones of other years,
That thrilled my trembling heartstrings through, and stung my eyes to tears.

The lighted room grows strangely dim, and through my lashes wet
I see in all its olden cheer another table set;
Oh present, dear Thanksgiving joy, with heartache underscored,
And little, eager memories that crowd around the board!

The little, pleading memories, I heard them where they crept,
When warm upon the wide-armed hearth the dying fire-glow slept;
They slipped small fingers into mine, and watched, while dimmed and gray
There paled the last red embers of each past Thanksgiving Day.

Oh God, while here for present good I bring Thee grateful praise,
I thank Thee too for all the joy of old Thanksgiving Days;
For voices stilled, and faces gone, in living presence kept
By little, tender memories that sought me where they crept.

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IT is one of the amusing anomalies of the English language that a long-drawn legal document is entitled a "brief" and that the end of the undergraduate's career in college is celebrated by a "commencement." It is also an anomaly that at this commencement some scholar in cap and gown will seize the opportunity to congratulate the graduates on the completion of their studies and to warn them as to the dangers and the duties which await them in the world outside academic walls, while at the same season some newspaper humorist in cap and bells will assure these ambitious apprentices to life that they are really lamentably ignorant and that they have everything to learn if they are ever to make places for themselves in this outside world.

Lo, the Poor Professor!

While it is at commencement in the spring that the college students find themselves targets for advice of all sorts, from all sorts and conditions of men, it is at the actual beginning of the academic year, in the fall, that the college professors are likely to hear themselves discussed and to have the disadvantages of their career pointed out to them. By some critics they are told that they are shamefully underpaid; that they are deprived of freedom of speech; that they are the hirelings of brutal boards of trustees and the serfs of autocratic presidents; and that they are poor creatures at best, accepting conditions under which strong men would never be willing to work. By another group they are informed that they are incompetent; that they are not inspiring teachers; that the programme of studies for which they are responsible is not adequate or satisfactory; and that they fail in their duty to the rising generation intrusted to their charge.

The professor reads these things and other things quite as absurd, and he knows them to be so absurd that he is not moved to protest. He is aware, better than any outsider can be, that the programme of studies is not perfect, that he may have a colleague or two who is not inspiring; that the president may seem at times a little too autocratic; that the trustees may not always take the broadest view of the immediate and of the ultimate necessities, and that his salary is not as large as he deserves and certainly not as large as he desires. He would willingly confess at all times that no university is perfect either in its organization, its administration, its equipment, or in its teaching staff. None the less has he faith and hope and charity; and he has a profound satisfaction in his own opportunity for work congenial to his tastes.

The position of the college professor in the leading American institutions has certain obvious disadvantages and limitations. In the first place, no one who accepts a professorship can ever hope to be a rich man; and, in the second place, he must forego, to a slight extent at least, that complete freedom of speech which is the right of every American citizen. He is condemned to petty economies for himself and his family; and he cannot express all his opinions at all times—not because he is in danger of dismissal but because he is loyal to the institution he serves, and because he feels he has no right to make that institution responsible for his utterances. An American university bulks so big in the eyes of the American public that the individual is merged in it and can speak only as a part of it. If Emerson had been a professor of Harvard, everything he said would have been credited to "Professor Emerson of Harvard"; and lesser men wisely think twice before using the university as a sounding-board. To say this is to admit that an aggressive and vehement radical is out of place in an institution, one of the chief purposes of which is to be the conserver of the heritage of the past—even if another of its chief purposes is to lead toward the bettering of the future.

The pay of the professor may be meagre, but it is certain. There is nothing aleatory about it; and he can cut his coat according to his cloth. Then there is the pension for his old age and for his widow if she should survive him. He has security of tenure—

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except in a few State universities where politics still meddles with education. His tenure is so secure that he is not likely to be dismissed even if he gets stale and becomes less efficient as a teacher. And this security of tenure is not likely to be affected by any expression of his individual opinions which he may make with due regard to his own obligation as a gentleman and a scholar. There have been perhaps half a dozen cases in half a score of years when a professor endangered his position by his utterances; but these instances are surprisingly few when we consider how many professors there are and how many utterances they have permitted themselves.

The professor's pay is not what it ought to be and not what it will be in the immediate future; but his tenure is secure; he is rarely overworked; he has a long annual vacation; and in the better and more solidly established institutions he can have a leave of absence for one term every seventh year without diminution of salary. Furthermore, his work is congenial and his associates are congenial. Above all, he is kept in the constant companionship of youth, which is an ever-renewed stimulus and inspiration.

Hail, the Rich Professor!

IN the address of welcome which President Butler made to the students of the summer session at Columbia in 1915 he expressed his hope that it would be borne in upon his hearers "that membership in a company of scholars, living the life of the constructive, forward-facing, productive scholar, carrying on the life, the work, the tradition of a great university, is the most satisfying occupation that has yet been offered to the ambitious American. I know of no career that offers such compensations; I know of no companionship that offers such satisfaction and such stimulus; and I know of no tradition that carries one on farther and farther toward living, or toward the real things of life and an appreciation and an understanding of them."

If this eloquent assertion of the utility, the dignity, and the beauty of the professor's calling is well founded—and it would be supported by the testimony of all who are really competent to express an opinion—then we might expect to find in the more important universities in the more important cities an increasing group of men of independent means who have chosen this vocation from sheer love of it, from intelligent understanding of its rewards and its opportunities. We might expect to discover in the faculties of these institutions men of inherited wealth who have deliberately preferred scholarly labor in a university to the less attractive toil of the market-place. And this is just what can be discovered. Any one who is familiar with the faculties of our leading universities is aware that each of them is likely to have among its foremost and most efficient members men of wealth—some of them even millionaires.

It is a hard choice that is put before the young man of wealth in the United States. What is he to do with himself? He can carry on the business at the old stand; but he does not really need the money, even if he often deceives himself into the belief that he does. He can go into public life, but there he is likely to find that his wealth is more or less of a handicap—unless he is content to buy himself an ambassadorship from time to time. He can, of course, acquire the art of tooling a coach-and-four; but if he happens to have a soul above the buttons of a groom he is not likely to find abiding satisfaction in this superfluous service to his fellow man. He can—and this choice is nobler and far more remunerative—he can train himself for usefulness as a trustee of libraries, hospitals, colleges, and public institutions of one kind or another, a form of service which offers unlimited opportunity for hard work with little appreciation.

If he wishes to shun luxurious ease he can essay the writing of history, as Gibbon and Prescott and Parkman did, all of them enabled to accomplish it only by the aid of the fortunes they had inherited. But authorship is not incompatible with professorship; and writing, delightful as it is, is not as delightful as teaching. To the scholar who is investigating the sources and who is enlarging the boundaries of knowledge, there is no stimulus equal to that which comes from contact with a group of graduate students, all intensely interested in the subject, all eager to receive, and all keen to discuss. And there is no discipline more profitable for the investigator than the necessity of meeting the inquiries of these alert students, of answering their piercing questions, of making sure that he is carrying the approval of his class as he goes

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forward. Of a truth, he learns more than he teaches.

Three times at least within the past quarter of a century has a man of inherited wealth been called to the presidency of one or another of the older universities on the Atlantic coast, and once the experiment was satisfactory, because the new president had been promoted from a professorship in which he had distinguished himself, whereas in the other two and less successful cases he had been called from outside. It would be unfortunate if the time ever came when the possession of private means should be a condition precedent to an American professorship as it is now to an American ambassadorship. But there will be advantages both to the individual and to the university when more men of private means take up teaching as a life-work.

FOR a long time I have been debating as to whether the flavor of Ellen could possibly be put on paper. I wanted to try to do it because Ellen is a fast-vanishing type. Twenty years ago it would have been as superfluous to write about her as to describe a buffalo to a prairie dweller in the fifties. Almost everybody had an Ellen in the kitchen then, and did not need to be told what a sweet-natured, fresh-colored, unsophisticated bit of Ireland was like. But times have changed.

The Flavor of Ellen

Ellen has been with us over three years. I do not know why she has not become in that time like her sophisticated sisters who spend Thursday (or more likely Wednesday) afternoons comparing notes on how many duties they have been able to compel their mistresses to remove from them, and how Katie Mullaney is getting eight dollars a week, with two in the family and the washing put out, and a man to shake rugs and wash windows, and no answering of the telephone.

I think we owe part of our immunity to Ellen's aunt, for, instead of going out with the girls of a Thursday (characteristically she prefers Thursday for her day off), Ellen usually goes to see her aunt. The latter is a delightful, white-haired person, almost as fresh-colored as Ellen herself, who lived twenty-seven years in one household, and only left the position because the last of the family died. She has now retired to enjoy a well-earned competence, to mourn her family, and to look after her niece.

Ellen's aunt knows where her niece spends every afternoon and evening off; she insists that she go to bed early instead of gallivanting on wash-day evenings; when Ellen goes shopping, her aunt goes, too, and looks to it that she does not spend too much of her earnings upon clothes or buy shoddy materials or flashy colors; and, best of all, to our thinking, she instils into Ellen that self-respecting courtesy and deference toward employers that is a lost art among most of the servants of to-day.

Ellen is not perfection nor anywhere near it. I do not mean to imply that. She is young; she is a scion of a race whose most precious heirloom is a blessed irresponsibility. No one could possibly expect her to put so much stress on cleanliness and order as a New England housewife, and she certainly fulfils that lack of expectation. She simply will not keep her kitchen utensils in any cut-and-dried place; her manner of sweeping shows that she thinks that even though the gods see everywhere they are too big and kind to look under bookcases and into remote corners for a little dust; she loves to rub the faucets and the boiler in the kitchen until the burnished copper is a feast for the eyes, but she seems to have an aversion to cleaning the silver. As my mother often complains, she never does so unless specially requested to attend to the matter, "though you would think she couldn't help seeing how tarnished it gets."

In vain do I point out to my mother that the kitchen is Ellen's home, her living-room in which she must entertain her friends, and that in burnishing the copper and thus giving the room that small measure of decoration within her power she is displaying the normal home-making instinct which my mother, being an ardent conservative, should rejoice to see; whereas, the silver being part of our home, Ellen cannot reasonably be expected to have such a personal interest in it. My mother only looks unconvinced and sometimes even makes a little incredulous noise which unmistakably resembles a sniff.

Like any child (the race to which Ellen belongs is essentially and eternally child-like—not childish, mind you), Ellen is very sensitive to praise and blame. To fail in

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anything and be blamed for it upsets her completely. She had made one or two pies with mediocre results, and we found her most unwilling to try again. For a time we sadly set this down to the fact that she must be acquiring the sophisticated belief that the mistress of the house should make all the desserts. Then one day Ellen made a pie and it was excellent. We said so, and Ellen's face became radiant. "I'll make you a pie every day if you'll only like them," she promised. Whereupon squash pie followed apple, and mince, squash, and cranberry, mince, until even the son of the family, who happily hails pie as a "male dessert," in contradistinction to "custards and such little messes," was forced to cry "hold, enough!"

On another occasion, when we were putting up preserves on a day which unexpectedly turned out to be the hottest of the summer ("I don't see how you dared ask her to do it," my neighbor had said; "I know mine would have left on the spot"), Ellen suddenly burst out: "Aren't we having a good time!"

Ellen has the spirit of Erin in her in many and diverse ways—in her patience with little children, in her love of animals, in her dimples and ready blushes, in her sweet (though sometimes quick) temper, in her whimsical sayings, and most of all in her soft, pretty accent. Much of the time she talks with very little brogue, but now and again she forgets herself to a rich, delicious breadth of speech. The first rainy morning of her stay she met me with the greeting: "'Tis a fine day for yoong doocks." Of course, the spelling is ridiculously inadequate to convey her pronunciation. The combination of the quaint saying and the quainter brogue was as poignantly, exquisitely Irish as the wail of an Irish folk-song.

One of Ellen's childlike weaknesses came to light when we had as guest a young girl who wore glasses. I noticed that Ellen seemed greatly interested in her, and the next day she confided in me that she thought her very pretty. "And how fine them glasses do look on her!"

"She hates them," I explained. "It's a great trial to her that she has to wear them."

Ellen's big blue eyes grew bigger and bluer. "Oh, Miss Ruth," she said, "I'd just love to wear glasses. I think they're beautiful. I'm always hoping I'll have to wear them."

My mother often complains sadly that Ellen is not so thorough about many things as she could wish. There is one thing, however, which Ellen does more thoroughly than any one I have ever seen—I refer to her blushing. A single teasing reference to the grocer boy, or the gas-man, or the laundryman, or any of the several functionaries who seem to spend more time in our kitchen than they did before the advent of Ellen, will bring the color surging up into her face. Redder and redder it gets until the bright blue eyes look two shades deeper blue in the midst of all that suffusion and her throat and neck, and finally her small, pretty ears, are touched with scarlet.

The son of the house avers that if you pointed a finger at her and said "blush" she would do it, and is with difficulty dissuaded from trying the experiment. Ellen, of course, is very much ashamed of her blushes and most indignant at her inability to control them. In vain we tell her that it is pleasant to see any one who still possesses that old-fashioned faculty. "'Tis not the truth you do be telling me," she bursts out with unwonted lack of deference. "'Tis a terrible thing to bloosh, and I do be always doing it when I have no wish to, and a great trial it's always been to me. Why, Miss Ruth, when two of us had been in some mischief in school they'd bring us face to face, and whichever one blooshed they'd punish, and I'd always bloosh, whether or not."

Ellen is not a chatterbox. She is too well-bred a servant for that, and the background of her reticences sets off her occasional flashes of confidential speech. I often wish she would chatter a little more, so piquant are the glimpses she gives me into the little Irish schoolhouse or into that alert, childlike mind that is forever silently reacting on this new world of ours.

Unless we should be as fortunate as her aunt's much-mourned family, I know that Ellen is destined to become only a memory within a few years, and I should like to have more of these flashes to remember her by. But, in any event, I shall always have stored away among the impressions that sum up my past life that pleasant consciousness of her sweet, simple, Irish personality, that I call, for lack of better phrasing, the flavor of Ellen.

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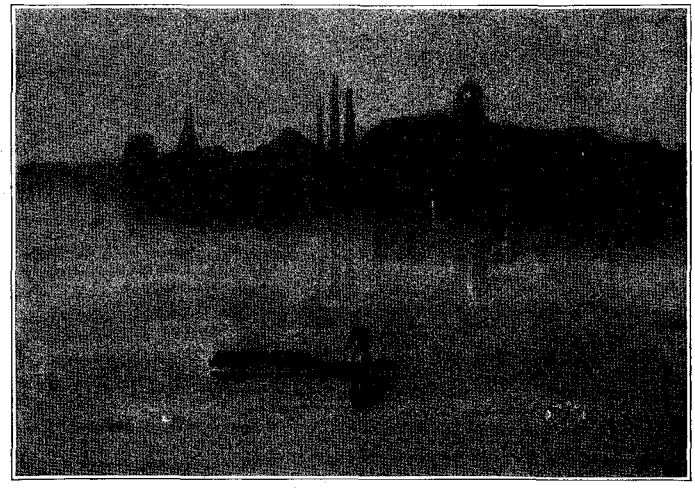
THE FIELD OF ART



Nocturne. By Whistler.

LITHOGRAPHY FOR THE ARTIST

LITHOGRAPHY, invented about one hundred and twenty years ago, has acquired such importance through extensive application to business needs that a taint of "commercialism" seems to hang about it in the minds of many people. And yet, not many years after its discovery by Senefelder, a number of artists showed active appreciation of the rich possibilities which it offered them. Here was a supple medium, not calling for a great amount of technical preparation, flexible to the artist's touch, which it reproduced with absolute fidelity—an "autographic art," directly expressing individual style and temperament without intervention of any engraver-translator; a process with a wide variety of possible effects such as no other one reproductive art offers. Crayon, pen, ink, brush, and scraper can be used on the stone, producing chalk drawings which may strike the octave from the lightest, most delicate gray to the deepest black, of a rich, velvety texture; tones rubbed in with a sauce of powdered crayon; washes done with pen and ink; lights brought out by scraping. And all of this to be printed in black and white or in color, as preferred.

The whole process is based on the lack of affinity between grease and water. The crayon or ink used in drawing on the stone is of a greasy composition, as is also the ink used for printing. To print, water is first applied to the stone, which accepts it only at the places not drawn upon. On the other hand, when ink is applied to the stone it adheres only to the portions actually covered by the design. The result, in printing, is a faithful facsimile, on paper, of the drawing on stone. To obviate the necessity of handling the heavy stone, the artist may draw upon "transfer paper," from which the design is then transferred to the stone.

Of course, despite this wide range of possibilities, lithography has its distinct limits to be respected by the artist—its character and its limitations must be understood by him.

The rich means of expression dormant in the stone were utilized in the first half of the nineteenth century, particularly in France. It is easy enough to find there strongly contrasted examples. Look at the shimmering, silvery-gray tones of J. B. Isabey and the rich, deep harmonies of his son Eugène; the elegant, suave, and at times subtle crayoning of Achille Devéria; the audacious handling of the medium by Delacroix in his "Lion de l'Atlas" and "Tigre Royal"; the crayon-and-scraper effects of A. de Lemud;

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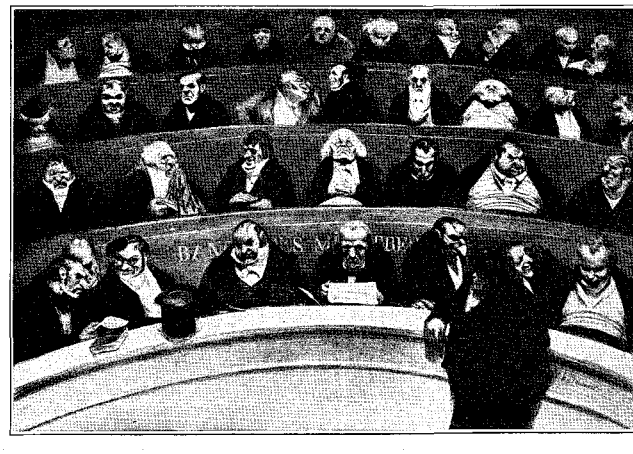
and the spotty wash-drawing results by A. Hervier. It was a period of brilliant achievement. The painter Géricault's revolt against a cold classicism found its echo in the "brilliancy and warmth" which, as Bouchot said, he brought into lithography. Decamps carried his qualities as a colorist into the gamut of tones bounded by the white paper and the darkest black that the crayon yields. The "Napoleonic legend" was carried on, with patriotic fervor, with military spirit, but also with humor, particularly by Raffet and Charlet. The soldiers of the "Little Corporal" move through an imposing array of lithographic albums and separate prints. Pictorial satire also found in lithography a ready and facile means of expression. From the mass of caricaturists—Doré, Philipon, Traviès, Jacque, Beaumont, Cham, Grandville, Vernier—there stand out two, Daumier and Gavarni, by sheer force of artistic personality. Different, indeed, in outlook and expression, with a difference that appears strongly also in the handling of the medium, thus farther emphasizing the range of the latter. A forceful pictorial satirist, an artist of compelling power, Daumier worked with a big stroke, with elemental force. Gavarni's touch, on the other hand, had the *verve* of elegance and brilliancy and expressed a trenchant wit.

The Bear Pit. By Menzel.

Among the publications illustrated with lithographic plates was the famous series "Voyages pittoresques en France," edited by Nodier and Baron Taylor. In that appeared two of the finest plates of the Englishman R. P. Bonington: "Rue du Gros Horloge, Rouen," and "Tour du Gros Horloge." They are of a noteworthy delicacy, the architecture bathed in an atmosphere that permits decorative detail to be surmised through suggestion, though no clean-cut definition of detail is disclosed. Bonington's clever countryman, J. D. Harding, was remarkably facile and dexterous, both in lithotint (wash effect) and crayon, with which he at times combined so vigorous a scraping of whites that the latter have an embossed effect in printing, the paper having been pressed into the deeply cut spaces. He has a certain kinship with Calame, the Swiss, from whom one may pass to Germany, where the work of Menzel is prominently noteworthy. In the six plates of his "Attempts on Stone with Brush and Scraper" (1851) he employed an ink wash, from which he scraped his lights. I recall no one who has employed this mezzotint process on stone in just the same way and with such virtuosity.



Le Ventre Législatif. By Daumier.

The wide-spread practice of this fascinat-

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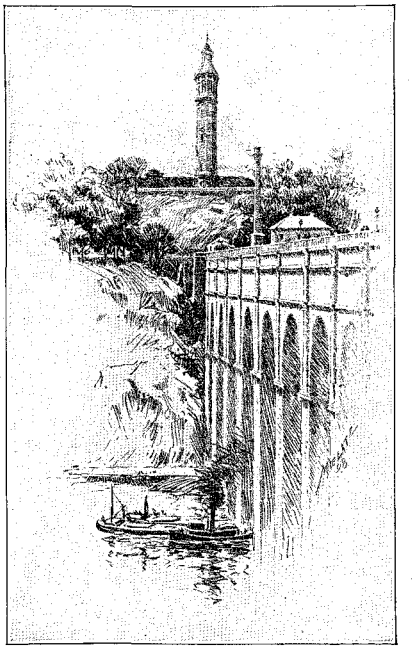
ing art ceased over a generation ago. Still, the process has never quite missed its appeal as a means of original expression, a "painter art." The last quarter of the nineteenth century particularly beheld artist-lithographers sufficiently large in number and varied in outlook and style to prove again both the many resources of lithography and its adaptability to changing views in art. Fantin-Latour, the "melomaniac" artist, enveloped his emotional interpretation of Wagner and other composers in a vaporous grain absolutely peculiar to his style. With his harmonies, sonorous yet delicate, you may, if you will, compare the fantastic symbolism of the mystic Redon or, running to opposites altogether, the irresponsible, gay frivolity of Willette. Continuing in the antithetical vein, there are the Oriental dreams of Bauer and the incisive precision of Veth in Holland; the firm, tight modelling of Greiner and the light touch of Slevogt in Germany; the broad vigor of Brangwyn and the silver-point delicacy of Legros in England. And if color work delight there are the resounding blast in the "Absinthe Drinker" of Lunois, the flat yet modulated tints employed by Kallmorgen, Volkmann, or Biese, and the almost evanescent color notes flecked upon some of Whistler's lithographic drawings. Whistler did some lithotints, evening or night scenes, with completeness of tonal effect, but most of his lithographs were crayon drawings—suggestive, like his etchings, born of the line and insisting on it, tremulously expressive of his nervously temperamental response to artistic mood. His light, joyous touch is different alike from the pale-gray crayonage of the earliest men and from the rich resonance, the throbbing color feeling in later work, such as that by Eugene Isabey or Huet. His tendency toward tenderness rather than richness, toward gray rather than black, is found, with different personal note, in Shannon and others of his day and ours.



High Bridge.

One of a series of New York views by C. F. W. Mielatz. Reproduced by the courtesy of the Society of Iconophiles.

With Whistler we have come near home. What have we to show here? In the early days Rembrandt Peale did (in the twenties) a highly creditable head of Washington. Thirty to forty years later there were issued, partly through the efforts of the late Louis Prang, some interesting drawings showing the quiet charm of J. Foxcroft Cole, the picturesque swing of

Tigre Royal. By Delacroix.

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Thomas Moran, the painter-like qualities of W. M. Hunt, the firm notation of Winslow Homer. Later, in the eighties, an attempted revival produced a few scattering essays from which one easily selects a drawing each by J. Alden Weir, who showed discriminating understanding of a new medium, and H. W. Ranger, who offered a remarkable rendition of a rainy day on a Paris quay. A little later Robert J. Wickenden did twoscore subjects (note "La Mère Panneçaye"), Mary Cassatt tried the medium just once, J. S. Sargent contributed one or two drawings of models of an unctuous, suggestive draftsmanship similar to that which we know in his aquarelles. And there is, too, that series of New York views (the "High Bridge" one of the most striking) done for the Society of Iconophiles by C. F. W. Mielatz. Mielatz has kept more strictly to etching, while Pennell has continued to intersperse lithographs, some with the crisp, gray, pencil-like strokes of his Holland scenes, others with the deep tones of his "Rouen Cathedral." It is characteristic of Pennell and of our time that he has told of the "Wonder of Work" (in New York, Wilkes-Barre, Niagara, and Charleroi, Belgium) and of the conquest of nature at the Panama Canal.

And right now, to-day, what are we doing? What do we find? Here a portrait of Ernest Lawson, by W. J. Glackens, there a few clever poster-portraits by Ernest Haskell, and recently some vigorous and characteristic work by George Bellows. I can recall only three of our artists who have continued to woo the process with some sort of fidelity, even intermittent; Albert Sterner has, from the days of his portraits with a Munich influence to such late productions as the "Pierrot Mourning His Dead Love," touched with Gallic grace. Arthur B. Davies paid court for a while, almost in secret; his dozen or so experiments are delightful examples of the sensitive adaptation of lithography to his poetic fancies. And then there's John Sloan, whom the process served well in a series of subjects similar to those illustrated in his etchings.

By courtesy of the artist and Frederick Keppel & Co.

In the Park. By George Bellows.

Would that we might see more! Just now it is all etching. Meanwhile, one can nurse the hope that some day more artists will awaken to the advantages of a process that is as light in its technical demands on their skill as it is rich in the resources it offers.

F. Weitenkampf.

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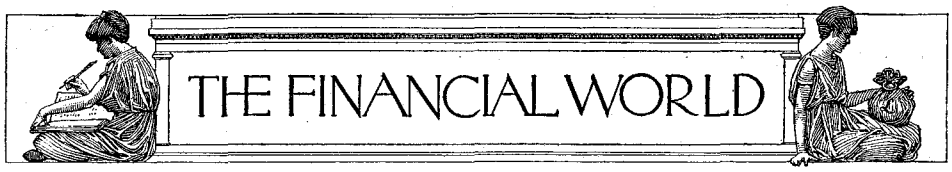

THE SPECULATIVE MARKETS

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES
Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

IN the autumn of 1914, the prevailing opinion among experienced financiers was that the European war would cause a prolonged and disastrously heavy fall in prices of American securities. A year later, the same practical observers of the situation had reversed their judgment. The actual economic movement of the intervening period had convinced them that the rise on the stock exchanges, which had then already occurred, was justified by the facts of the situation. But it was also usually remarked that the spirit of speculation which that advance in prices had stirred up was dangerous; that conservative influence ought firmly to be exerted to restrain the movement.

The Present Outburst of Speculation

Twelve months more elapsed, and the present autumn's outburst of seemingly unbridled speculation brought the verdict from some quarters that, violent as the rise in prices was, it normally reflected the actual prosperity; from others, that the movement had reached the danger point already and would end in trouble; from still others, that it was something greatly to be deprecated, but too powerful to be successfully opposed and too securely based to upset financial equilibrium. The judgment of 1914 was based on the mistaken theory that Europe's withdrawal of capital and gold would leave our markets helpless under the avalanche of sales of our own securities by Europe. The judgment of 1915 took account of the unexpected gold imports and of the huge export of grain and war munitions, but also of the history of other "war booms" and of the fact that the war must end. The judgments of 1916 were framed from knowledge of the extraordinary business profits and abnormally great personal wealth which the year had brought to the United States.

Precedents in History

CONTRARY to rather general supposition, the furiously excited speculation on the Stock Exchange this autumn was not in the least an unusual incident of a great war. Most people know that something of the sort occurred during our own War of Secession; but that had been commonly ascribed to inflation of the currency with depreciated paper. A very much older precedent occurred in England. In the very year when England's fight against Napoleon seemed most hopeless, "speculations in shares," we are told by the English economic historian of the period, "had already proceeded to a considerable extent," and, although the prevailing scarcity had brought prices of many necessities of life "to a height beyond any which they ever afterward attained," nevertheless the stock speculation "reached the utmost height in the beginning of 1808"—at the climax

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of Napoleon's victories. In the outcome, the speculation collapsed somewhat unpleasantly before war was over.

No economic observer has ever doubted what was the primary cause of that great stock speculation, or what was at least the secondary cause of the Stock Exchange speculation of 1864. Government's enormous and urgent purchases were bound to force up prices of all material used in war, even without a depreciated currency. Huge profits were made, not of necessity illegitimately, by a host of producers and manufacturers. Labor was in great demand at rising wages. Transportation enterprises were abnormally busy. These were the economic influences which found reflection in the excitement on the Stock Exchange, as well as in speculation on the grain and metal markets.

How Europe Has Headed Off Speculation

SUCH ruling influences have always hitherto been reflected on the stock exchanges of the belligerent states themselves. In the present war, however, European governments took early measures to head off such activities at home. The stock exchanges at London, Paris, and Berlin have been kept, since their complete suspension of business, early in the war, was terminated, under the strictest kind of public scrutiny. In none of them is trading permitted on the basis of extended borrowing of money. Some of them require, and have required since the war began, immediate cash settlement for every purchase. At Berlin, a year ago, signs of speculative activity, on the basis of Germany's victories in Russia and Servia, brought a very direct hint from Wilhelmstrasse that the movement must be stopped. Even shares of metal-making companies in England have risen comparatively slowly from the prices of a year ago. Stocks of a few shipping companies have advanced 20 per cent or more on the London Stock Exchange; one or two of them have doubled in value since the war began. Some mining shares are substantially higher. But the rise even in these came gradually. There has been no excited speculation; the great bulk of stock exchange securities has hardly moved. The actual "war boom" of the period has occurred on the markets of Japan, of India, and of neutral countries—above all, on those of the United States.

Curious Ups and Downs in America

THE successive stages in the history of the American speculative markets, since the war began, make up a curious narrative. Every one remembers what was expected from that quarter when Europe began fighting. The greatest banks and the oldest stock exchange houses of this country shaped their actual policy with a view to the probability of a disastrous fall in prices of securities, as soon as investors in the belligerent states should get a chance to sell their American securities. On the day when the New York Stock Exchange closed its doors, July 31, 1914, it was known that almost unlimited foreign selling orders were in New York brokers' hands, at prices (if such prices should be necessary to effect a sale) 10, 20, or 30 per cent below the previous day's quotations.

During the subsequent four months, the Stock Exchange refused to take the risk of reopening and confronting this avalanche. When trading in stocks began on the sidewalk, as it

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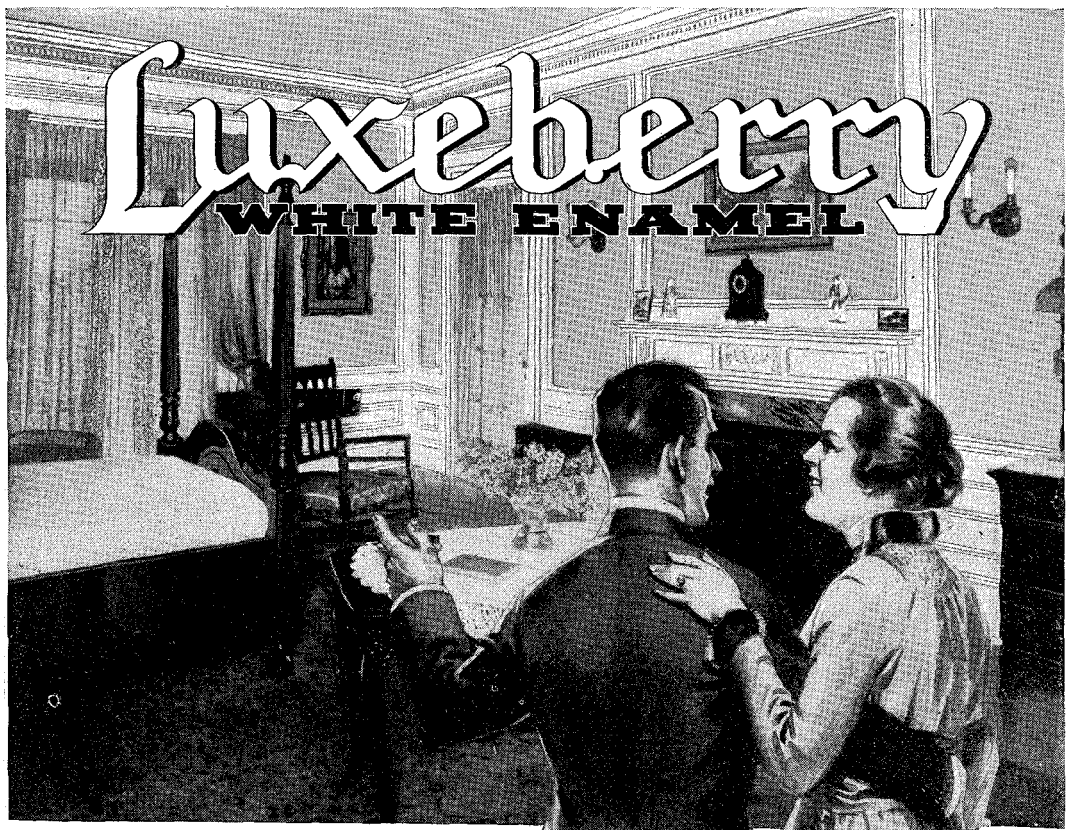

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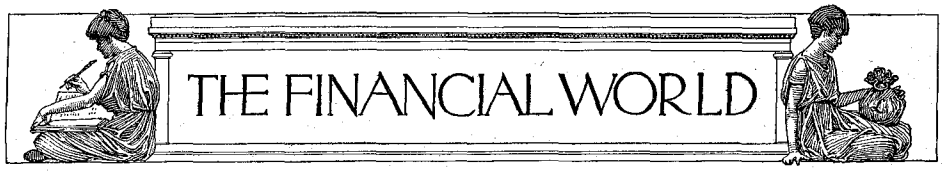

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was bound to do with the Stock Exchange out of business, banks were so frightened at the possible consequences of even so limited a market, that one banking institution actually threatened to stop advertising in newspapers which should print this "outside market's" prices.

When at last, in the middle of December, 1914, the Stock Exchange itself reopened, its governing committee

(Continued on page 85)

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(Continued from page 84)

limited the number of securities which might be bought or sold, and published a list of arbitrary prices, below which nobody was allowed to offer such securities. Yet on the very first day after resumption of trading, prices advanced. In a week they were rising sharply. Within four months, active speculative stocks were selling 15 to 25 per cent above their prices of July, 1914. In the autumn months of 1915, with prices rising violently, daily transactions on the Stock Exchange ran repeatedly beyond a million shares; the traditional sign of speculative excitement.

Now all this movement of financial values—especially the unexpected and unpredicted advance of prices immediately after the reopening of the Stock Exchange—arose, as we can nowadays see, from a correct view of what was about to happen in American finance. It was an episode which exhibited the stock market at its best, in its traditional rôle of foretelling the economic future. That indefinable quality known as "business instinct" led investors to buy even at the moment when they were shaking their heads over "European liquidation."

Events in American industry and finance swiftly verified the stock market's prediction; the country's enormous export of grain to belligerent Europe was followed (this at least could hardly have been foreseen in December, 1914) by the hundreds of millions of dollars in "munitions orders" placed by Europe with our manufacturers. By September, 1915, Wall Street had begun to take the position that the war was not only no hindrance

(Continued on page 86)

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(Continued from page 85)

to American prosperity, but that all our prosperity depended on its continuance. The decline in prices which occurred after the opening of 1916 was openly ascribed to the possibility of early peace as a consequence of Germany's overtures.

PEOPLE who understood the bad as well as the good effects of "war booms"—especially their dangerous possibilities if allowed to run absolutely wild—were more disposed to explain that check to speculation as a result of underlying conservatism. If so, the influence was effective until the autumn of 1916 was at hand. But the speculative mania which then broke out on the Stock Exchange bade fair to surpass in scope and violence all of its war-time predecessors. In particular, it was marked by these three not wholly reassuring characteristics: It was based far less on what was expected to happen than on what had happened already; therefore it ignored an unfavorable turn in any part of the situation. It took for granted continuance of the war for one or two years longer, and therefore threw aside the instinct of precaution. After the rise in prices had drawn a mass of outside speculators into the market, Wall Street began to talk of the speculation itself as a movement which nothing could check.

Facts That Stimulated Imagination

When the speculators looked around them, there was enough to stimulate imagination. One well-known "munitions company" whose shares were dealt in on the Stock Exchange, and whose largest annual net earnings before the war were $4,800,000, had

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earned $23,700,000 in 1915. Another manufacturing company, which had converted its machinery into plant for executing "war orders," had earned $11,000,000 in the twelve months ending with June, 1916, as against a previous maximum of $6,800,000. The huge shipping combination, which had been placed in receivers' hands two years before, and whose annual net earnings prior to the war never exceeded $9,500,000, was believed now to be earning at the annual rate of $60,000,000. The largest steel-trade corporation had earned in only the first half of 1916 nearly 90 per cent as much as its largest previous net earnings of any full twelvemonth period. American railway companies as a whole, as reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission showed, earned in excess of operating expenses, during the fiscal year ending with last June, 27 per cent more than in any preceding year.

Shares of all these various companies were bought and sold on the Stock Exchange. Like all other securities of sound corporations, they had been bought in quantity, not only by the usual investors but by the multitude of producers and manufacturers who had accumulated sudden fortunes by the "war orders" and the attendant home prosperity. These fortunes were described as the "backbone" of the rise in stocks. Wall Street cited the case of a single manufacturer of motor-cars, whose personal share of the profits from his company had risen to $34,000,000 in a single year. The war demand for petroleum for use in motor-cars had immensely enhanced the profits of the Standard

(Continued on page 88)

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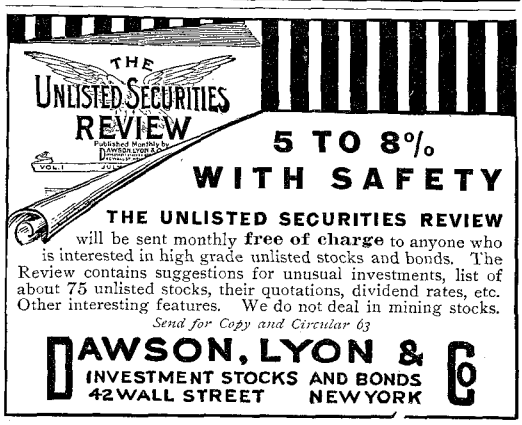

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(Continued from page 87)

Oil millionaires. It is not difficult to understand why knowledge of such facts as these should set on fire the speculative imagination.

NOW it might naturally be asked, why such admitted facts in the situation did not in all respects justify the Stock Exchange speculation. Why should there have been criticism or deprecation of the "million-share markets" and the exciting rise of prices? Even experienced Wall Street men would probably answer thus: First, what the Stock Exchange calls "discounting" increased prosperity through advancing prices is well enough when based on purchase of securities by practical men familiar with real industrial conditions; but it becomes a more doubtful sign of the times when its basis is buying with borrowed money, by outsiders attracted only through the sight of other men's speculative profits. Second, since the fact is admitted that with the ending of the war (and possibly before it), the present abnormal prices of materials and abnormal profits of companies making or transporting them must come down, it necessarily followed that the higher Stock Exchange prices themselves were carried in the "discounting" process, the more precarious was likely to be the resultant situation.

When the Danger Point Is Reached

Experience teaches that such financial movements begin to be actually dangerous when the belief is spreading that speculation need no longer be subject to the risks and uncertainties that ordinarily surround it. On such occasions, Wall Street usually hears the story that the financial situation differs so greatly from any in the past that old-fashioned precaution is out of date. Whenever the signs indicate that such a spirit is getting possession of a community, prudent financiers take their bearings with particular care regarding the general outlook.

That outlook is at the moment undoubtedly inspiring. The latest returns of the country's merchandise export trade, surplus of exports, gold importations, continue the extraordinary story of the past twelve months. Even some industrial phenomena of the day which business men dislike—such as the difficulty of obtaining labor except at rising wages—are themselves witness to the high pressure under which business activity is proceeding. There is perhaps only one visible cloud on the financial horizon; yet this is remarkable enough to warrant close examination.

Wheat Shortage a Cloud on the Horizon

IN every great war, the world's wheat market is always a matter of peculiar—one may say of historical—interest. Whatever privations may be endured through lack of the usual supplies, the army and the people at home must be fed. But the very first situation created by most great wars is that some wheat-importing state, whose home production is too small to feed its own people, will have broken off relations with some wheat-exporting states, and will thus be deprived of part of its usual supplies. The next development is apt to be that the surplus wheat, even of an allied producing country, will have been cut off from outside

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importing markets by the enemy's blockade.

Even a war of minor scope or importance always contains the possibility of involving other nations. When the United States declared war on Spain, in the spring of 1898, wheat went to $1.85 per bushel on the Chicago market, as against 64 cents a year before. From 73 cents a bushel, just before the Franco-Prussian War broke out, in 1870, the price rose to $1.31 only three months later. Neither of these wars involved interruption of the grain trade's ocean transportation. The wars of a century ago, however, created that situation on a very extensive scale, and the price of wheat at Liverpool, which had averaged $1.83 per bushel during 1803, the year of temporary truce between England and France, rose in 1805 to an average of $2.80, and in 1812, when the United States declared war on England, to one of $3.97, with a top price of something like $4.20, the highest in the grain trade's history.

Actual blockade of grain exports from producing states was always the immediate cause for this; but other causes contributed. Supply of agricultural labor is necessarily depleted by drafts for military service; smaller crops are planted and harvested. Extensive grain-producing areas are trampled over by armies. If, in addition, a season of harvest shortage intervenes because of adverse weather conditions, all other influences are emphasized. In Europe, Thomas Tooke tells us in his "History of Prices," written nearly a century ago, "the harvest of 1804 proved greatly deficient"; those of 1807 and 1808

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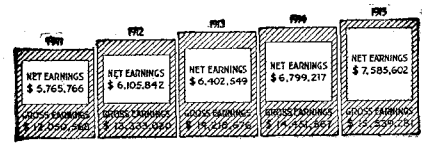

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(Continued from page 89)

"yielded only scanty crops"; in addition to which, "the enforcement of the Berlin and Milan decrees, coincidentally with the non-intercourse acts of the United States of America, . . . threatened to cut off all future supply, thus justifying a great rise in prices on the ground not only of actual, but of prospective, scarcity."

To Europe, indeed, the last-named years were a time of grinding famine. Histories of the period occupy themselves chiefly with military victories and diplomatic manœuvres. But the social history of England and the Continent, during the "great rise of the prices of corn and other leading articles of consumption, some of them to a height beyond any which they ever afterward attained"—a history not so often told—is a dismal narrative.

Now the point of immediate interest is, that the situation when the present war began seemed in many respects to foreshadow exactly similar results. England imported during 1913 (the last full year of peace) $251,000,000 worth of wheat or flour, of which $165,000,000 came from other countries than the United States. In the very summer when the war began, Europe's wheat harvest ran short, the shrinkage from 1913 being no less than 14 per cent. Among the great outside exporting countries, Canada's crop had decreased 30 per cent, Argentina's nearly 40 per cent. Aside from the United States, the whole world's wheat production of 1914 was reduced by 650,000,000 bushels, or not quite 20 per cent, from the year before, and the total was much the smallest in half a dozen years. This happened when control of the seas was in mo-

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mentary doubt; when Russia's crop (which is one-fifth of the whole world's yield), was cut off from export by the German and Turkish blockades, and when the fertile Danube countries were isolated.

Europe Saved from Famine by Our Great Wheat Crop

TO grain-importing states, this was a very serious situation. That belligerent Europe was not confronted by something much like famine at the very beginning of the war, was wholly due to a freak of agricultural fortune in the United States. The largest wheat crop we had ever produced before the war was the 763,000,000 bushels of 1913. In 1914, the harvest was 891,000,000 bushels; in 1915 it exceeded 1,000,000,000. In the very first year of war, therefore, when the consequences of the European war and the European harvest shortage would naturally have been most formidable, the enormous surplus production of the United States solved the whole dilemma. The American exports provided wheat enough for all. In the second year of hostilities, not only were our own grain crops larger even than those of 1914, but other nations also increased their yield substantially; the total harvest of the world being actually the largest in history.

The effect of our unprecedentedly large wheat harvests of 1914 and 1915 was to save belligerent Europe a formidable food shortage; but it also served to increase enormously the export trade and industrial prosperity of the United States. In the twelve months ending with June, 1915, when our total outward trade increased $404,000,000 over the year before, export of all breadstuffs increased $408,-

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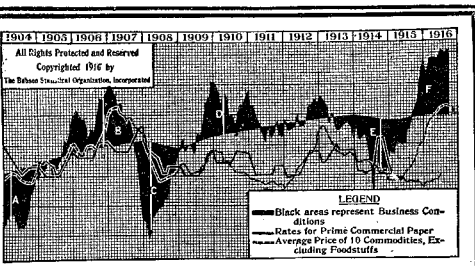
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(Continued from page 91)

000,000, and of wheat and flour alone, $281,000,000. In the same period, our export of manufactured goods (including munitions of war) had increased barely $60,000,000; the great increase in shipments of that sort came later. Yet revival of prosperity came before it. If belligerent Europe had never placed an order for war material with our manufacturers, the grain trade of the first year of war was enough to insure to the United States, on the basis of all previous experience, business revival at home and a powerful economic position in regard to the outside world.

THE American harvest of 1916 is now completed. The results, as reported in the government's estimates of yield, tell a different story from that of 1915 or 1914. Instead of the thousand-million-bushel wheat crop of a year ago, we shall harvest little more than 600,000,000 bushels; not only much the smallest American crop of the war, but the smallest of any in a dozen years. The grain trade's own calculations make it doubtful whether the United States has raised this year more wheat than will be needed for home consumers. It is fortunately true that a substantial unsold surplus was carried over from the great crop of 1915; but there is no good reason to expect repetition of our huge exports of the past two years.

This Year's Harvest Relatively Small

While this has occurred with wheat, the American harvest of other grains was estimated to have decreased 14½ per cent from last year, or more than 700,000,000 bushels. Estimates of the foreign harvests are as yet in a measure obscure and contradictory. But the grain trade in September estimated this season's wheat yield, even in other countries than our own, at a figure 400,000,000 bushels less than in 1915, making the whole world's output possibly smaller even than that of the first year of war.

THIS great change in the whole world's food production is bound to have profound effect on consuming Europe. Exactly how it will affect producing America, it is not altogether easy to say. The price of wheat, which stood at 87 cents per bushel on the day of August, 1914, when England went to war with Germany, which rose temporarily to $1.67 in February, 1915, but which fell below $1 early in 1916, rose above $1.50 this September. High prices for what the United States can spare for export will compensate to some extent for the fact that we have less to send abroad. High prices for what he sells at home will largely compensate the farmer for his smaller yield. But they will hardly make possible any such results as those of our grain trade with the outside consuming world in the first two years of the present war, and even with the "carry-over" from the harvest of 1915, they will give no such grain tonnage to American railroads as that of 1915 and 1914.

How the Shortage May Affect Prosperity

This is the one perplexing economic influence immediately in sight. Its effects on American prosperity may be offset or wholly superseded by the other powerful forces at work in our finance and industry—notably the stupendously large export of steel and other metals used for war material. It is nevertheless a reminder that recent conditions in the field of American trade are not wholly free from the possibility of change or modification, even while war continues. All such considerations have a part, on the Stock Exchange itself, in prudent men's "discounting" of the future.

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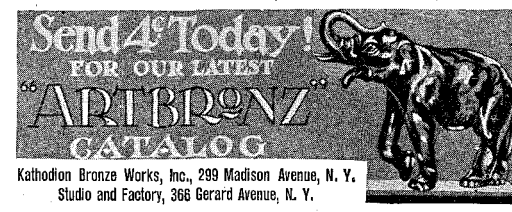

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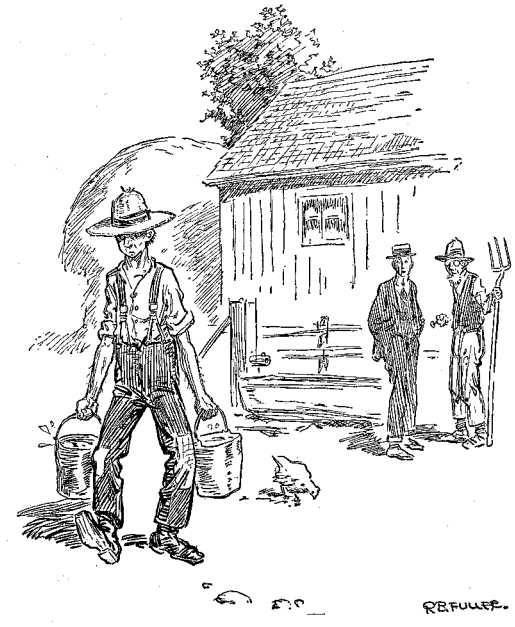

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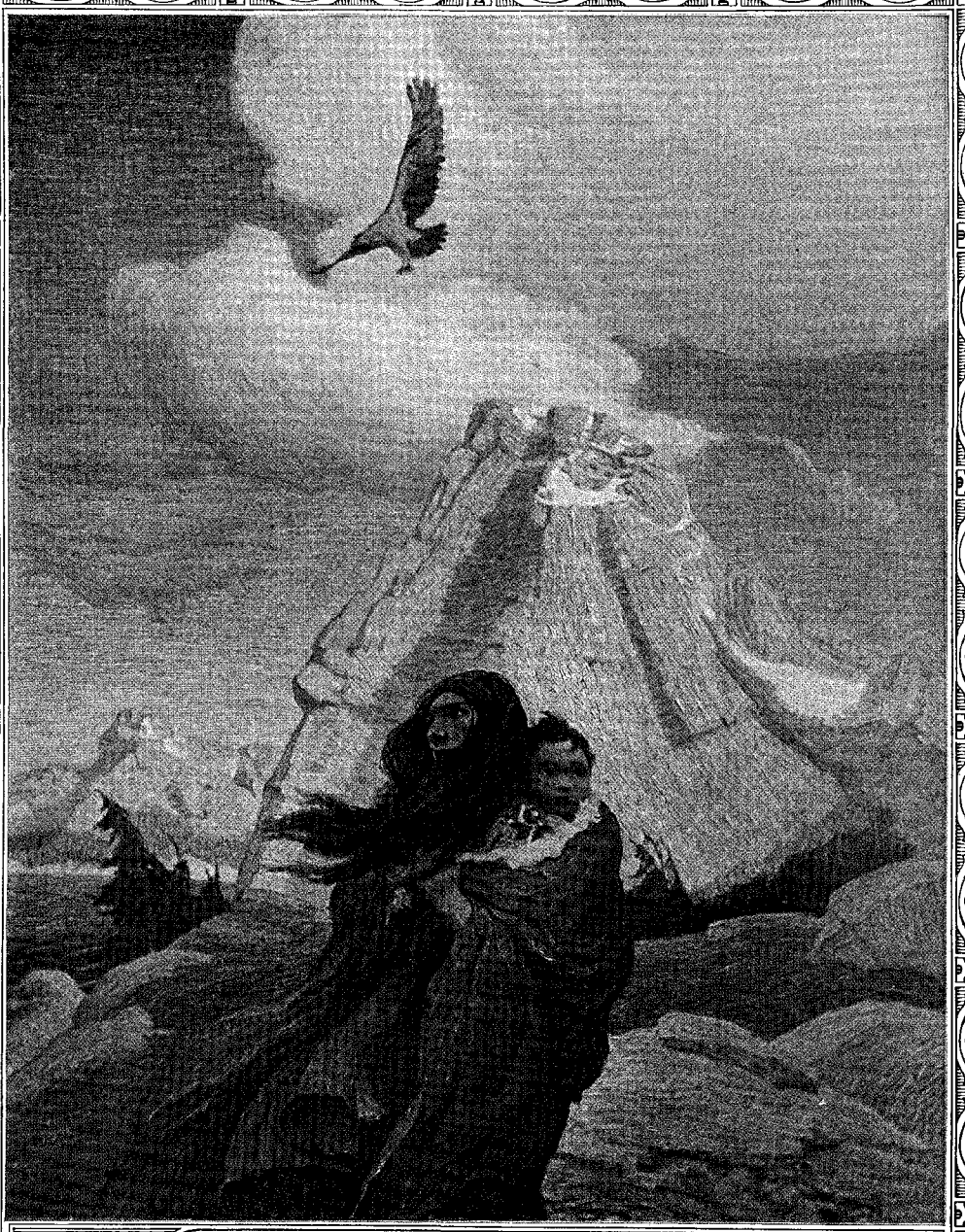

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